THE HEROINE OF PE-TANG

HENRY MAZEAU

NOV 27 1957

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Hélène de Jaurias, Sister of Charity
(1824–1900)

By

HENRY MAZEAU

CROWNED BY THE FRENCH ACADEMY

Translated from the French by an Ursuline,
Grandniece of Hélène de Jaurias

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TO THE READER

Dear Reader,

Allow me to present to you this first-born child of my pen, very probably destined to remain its only issue. Welcome him. Do not be surprised if he appear awkward and embarrassed. He is terrified at the idea of appearing in public. You will find him doubtless neither very prepossessing in appearance nor very elegant in speech. But I assure you he means well, and is not pretentious. His sole desire is to interest you by relating the life and revealing the merits of Sister de Jaurias, who was for forty-seven years a Sister of Charity and a missionary in China.

I have long hesitated before permitting this offspring of my brain to brave the light of day. Lacking confidence in him, I did my utmost to hold him back. I told him of my fears, and pointed out the risk of failure to which he was exposing himself. He would not listen; shaking his wilful head, he gazed obstinately towards the door. For the sake of peace I have yielded and am letting him go, repeating to him the mild reproof of Martial when he also discovered in his book a disposition to rove:

Aethereas, incaute, cupis volitare per auras,
I, fuge, sed poteras tutior esse domi.

Go, then, little book, since you wish it so. Go, without presumption, but also without fear, and labour in the vineyard of the Lord.

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Perhaps you will sometimes hear around you murmurs of praise. Do not therefore give way to feelings of pride. Such praise will come from your friends, and the fault of friendship, an exquisite fault, is that it judges too exclusively with the heart to judge impartially.

Perhaps too you will hear some who know your origin say among themselves: " How can anything good come out of Nazareth ?" Be not cast down. Continue on your way smiling and care-free, deaf to criticism as to praise, desirous only of doing a little good, and of revealing to men what you know to be so true—how admirable God is in his saints.

Moreover, you can count no longer on me. I have spent enough time on you, now I am abandoning you to your fate. I shall place you in the box of the Sisters of Charity, confiding you to St Vincent de Paul, the spiritual Father of Sister de Jaurias, and the Providence of abandoned children.

HENRI MAZEAU,
Priest.

PREFACE

NOT the least noticeable of the signs of our times is the modern development of the corporal works of mercy. Indeed, they seem to have become a passion—the Passion of Pity. We have pity for every calamity that can befall our fellow-man, for every ailment that can afflict him—nor are the horse, the dog, and the cat excluded from the sphere of our benevolent activities.

In these activities—good in themselves—two facts are apparent. First, that, as regards our own kind, the greatest and most pressing good of all—the care of souls—is entirely outside the range of modern benevolence. Provided the necessities of the body are cared for, the soul may be left to take care of itself. So long as operations are confined to feeding, clothing, nursing, and so on, modern charity is eager to be up and doing. But when any scheme of spiritual betterment is proposed, this same charity is by no means enthusiastic. Everybody is anxious to promote the welfare of the sick body; none—or very few indeed—display solicitude for the sick soul.

And here our modern benevolence seems to defeat itself, even from a temporal point of view. Our sick and wounded neighbour has been flung in our path, broken-winged and helpless. What an opportunity for us, while assuaging the ills of his body, to pour oil and wine upon those of his soul. Indeed, these last are, as often as not,

the more pressing of the two; for they react upon the first and, not seldom, delay or impede the very good we are endeavouring to effect. To put the matter at its lowest : if our sick and wounded man leave us with a mind that has ceased to look bitterly on men and things—become a better citizen in fact—we have done more to bring about his reclamation than any legislation or " scheme of reform " will ever effect.

Secondly, the absence of the most important element of all—personal service. Nearly everyone will *say* kind things; very many will *give* and give largely—especially when the giving does not involve self-denial. But few there are who will *do*—give personal service. And, even of these last, how many will bind themselves to a life-time of such service, regardless of preference or convenience ?

The Catholic Church has never lost sight of the fact that her sole reason for existence is the salvation of souls. Incidentally, she not only permits, but encourages, her children to undertake all manner of good works which, while they minister to the great object in view, also afford opportunities to those who engage in them of showing that they are ever mindful of the second part of the Great Commandment: to love one's neighbour as oneself. But all these good works for the benefit of the neighbour are, in her eyes, only means towards the furtherance of the task whereunto she was set by her divine Founder. And she knows full well that, whatever amelioration be effected in social conditions or attention lavished on the ailing body, if the spiritual condition be left unimproved and the sick soul untended, her efforts are—from the standpoint of her divine commission—unprofitable.

Furthermore, she recognizes the value of personal service in its fullest sense—*i.e.*, the devotion of a lifetime to the particular work in question. While she is ever ready to accept and encourage the services of those who can only bestow part of their time and substance upon works of mercy, her predilection is for those who will leave all they have and remain unhampered by family ties, in order to be free to go whithersoever the glory of God and the good of souls may call them—binding themselves by solemn obligations to continue in the way upon which they have entered for the term of their sojourn here on earth. Such an undertaking is not to be embarked upon lightly, and, indeed, is only permitted to those who, after due probation, display adequate signs of having been called by God to his service in this or that work.

Among the numerous bodies of devoted men and women who have thus consecrated themselves to the service of God in his poor and needy, none are more conspicuous than the Sisters of Charity, founded by St Vincent de Paul. To them, country, climate, conditions, dangers present no obstacle; for them the sole question is: Where or what is the necessity? And they straightway set about meeting it. A vocation to such a body should satisfy the aspirations of the most spiritually-minded, for it requires the highest degree of self-sacrifice.

That this is no exaggeration, the following pages will show. In them we have the life-story of a young lady of noble family, who might blamelessly have devoted herself to a life of domestic usefulness and social distinction, electing the austerity and obscurity of a Sister of Charity instead. The earliest years of her religious life were spent amid the troublous times of the middle of the

last century in France, and formed, so to speak, no bad apprenticeship for what was to follow. But the country where she will long be remembered and venerated is China —the "Flowery Land," as it is poetically called; land of unceasing labour and suffering as she found it.

The full story of her life is told in the ensuing pages with touching simplicity—not unfrequently in the words of her own letters. Without making any attempt to forestall the narrative, we may briefly notice one aspect of missionary life in China to which Sister de Jaurias makes no more than passing allusions here and there: the special difficulties and needs of that vast empire.

As regards the first, it is noteworthy that, in the beginning, the Chinese were absolutely tolerant of religion pure and simple. In fact, when France assumed the protectorate of the Christian Missions, the first passports issued by Baron Gros, in 1860, were in favour of twenty-eight missionaries who were living secretly yet safely in the provinces—which they could hardly have done without the connivance of the people in whose midst they lived. Since that day, and up to the close of last century, the feeling of the Chinese towards missionaries has changed. The European nations, intent only on material advantages, have emulated one another in their efforts to "open up China," as they are pleased to call it—*i.e.*, obtain for themselves "concessions," "spheres of influence," and so on—all at the expense of the Chinese, who thus saw themselves being gradually deprived of all that was best worth having in their own country. Consequently, the Chinese soon commenced to look askance at the European missionary, as the agent in advance, not of the benefactor bringing spiritual goods to them, but of the malefactor anxious only to

relieve them of the temporal goods they already possessed. Hence the widespread and ever-increasing hostility to missionary work in any form.

As to the special needs: it is heartrending to read of the callous indifference that prevailed in China during the course of the last century, not only as to the well-being, but even as to the fate of infant girls. Boys were valued and cared for; girls neglected, sold, or even destroyed. Here, then, was the opportunity for the Sister of Charity: to care for those who could not care for themselves, be mothers to those whose own mothers had cast them out.

Finally, not the least of the difficulties of missionary life in China, during the period under consideration, was the appalling sanitary conditions under which every duty had to be carried out. These were better hinted at than described. Mgr. Favier, the Vicar-Apostolic of Pekin, was once asked how the population could resist cholera while living in Pekin. "Cholera!" replied he, "it could never enter. It would be asphyxiated at the gate."

Amid all these difficulties and dangers, Sister de Jaurias lived and worked for upwards of half a century. And perhaps the hardest trial of all was the last. Many a one, who has laboured and done good work, dies happy and contented in the spectacle of some visible and tangible result for the exertions of his life, and the assurance that his successor will commence at the point where he is now leaving off. It seemed good to Almighty God that, in the case of Sister de Jaurias, this should not be so. In 1900 there occurred the memorable Boxer Rising, which culminated in the siege of the foreign legations, the Catholic cathedral and establishments in Pekin.

In the course of the operations, the orphanage was reduced to ashes; and the relieving force found the orphans houseless and the Superioress, Sister de Jaurias, stricken with paralysis and at the point of death. Thus, her life, which had commenced by sacrifice—the sacrifice of family and friends—was continued by sacrifice—lifelong exile from her native land—and completed by sacrifice—the ruin of the work of years, the material results of so much labour and suffering. But the spiritual results remain: so many young lives rescued in order to become good Christian women—mothers of Christian families, or perchance servants of God in the native Religious Congregation—who might otherwise have perished.

Hélène de Jaurias awaits the resurrection of the body in her peaceful tomb in Pekin. But her example still animates those whom she left behind on earth; and we may confidently hope that her prayers are, even now, constantly ascending to the Throne of Grace on their behalf in heaven.

BERTRAM WOLFERSTAN, S.J.

(*Author of "The Catholic Church in China."*)

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The Heroine of Pe-Tang

CHAPTER I

LE CHÂTEAU DE JAURIAS

ON the frontiers of Perigord and Charente, within the confines of Nontronnais, there extends a strip of land, which, with its gloomy forests and monotonous stretches of heath, exhibits an aspect as severe as that of a landscape in Palestine. Here and there on the summits of the hills, or grouped forlornly in the depths of the valley, a few clusters of trees cast a sombre shadow on the distant and gloomy horizon. Soft undulations, extending from the uncultivated hills to the more fertile valleys, appear in the distance like billows in a motionless sea. Formerly opulent, with immense vineyards, producing costly wines, this country was attacked by phylloxera, that dreadful scourge of the vineyards, and, like many others, has not yet recovered its prosperity, retarded as it is by the difficulties of an unfruitful soil, and a fatalism to which its inhabitants have resigned themselves. The vigorous vine-plants, which were its ornament and wealth, have disappeared. The hills are no longer covered, as in times past, with luxuriant foliage. The eye is saddened by stretches of land clothed in short, burnt grass, through which the white and sterile limestone shows itself. In the spring-time the country is a little brighter. The corn waves

its tender green blades in the valleys; the trees display their foliage, and a chastened element of joy and life makes itself felt there. But the hills sullenly and obstinately retain their yellow tint; for them there is no spring.

In the midst of this austere scenery, almost midway between what was once the arch-presbytery church of Gouts and the ancient convent-chapel of Rossignol, stands the Château de Jaurias. This castle, which is built on a rather elevated tableland, looks towards the once celebrated hills of Rossignol; only its spires are visible from the other parts of the horizon. Modest in its dimensions, it is remarkable only for its style which is aptly called Louis XVI. Structures of this kind are rare—products of a troubled epoch which accumulated more ruins than it raised monuments. Situated near the village of Jaurias, the Château was constructed about the year 1770 by Denis Aubin de Jaurias, Musketeer of the Royal Guard. It replaced a more ancient building. The oak trees, several centuries old, which yet exist in its neighbourhood, attest the existence of an antique signorial habitation in this country in which vegetation is of slow growth and old trees are very rare.

The family of Jaurias is one of the most ancient in the country. The few public records which the Revolution did not destroy, and which have come down to us, prove that the family settled in 1560 in the district of Jaurias, which was a dependency of the barony of Mareuil. In this barony the Oubys held the office of royal notaries. Leonard Ouby exercised it, notably at the end of the seventeenth century and at the beginning of the eighteenth, until 1729. His son Jacques Ouby married about 1720 the illustrious Marie de Champagne, De-

moiselle de la Jauffrenie, and took the title of Lord de Jaurias and Jauffrenie.

Of the seven children of this marriage, one, Leonard, the eldest, married Marguerite de Vars Bosredon, and became councillor of the King at the Parliament of Aix. This office raised the holder to the rank of the nobility. His son François-Denis, heir to the family estate, had the title of Ecuyer, and became one of the first company of the bodyguard of Louis XVI, into the ranks of which only the nobility were admitted. He remained there until the dissolution of that body in 1789. He then retired to Jaurias where he lived, as is testified by the deed of amnesty obtained for him on the 13th of March, 1804 (24 ventôse XI), " occupied in superintending the cultivation of the land, winning the affection of the citizens by his virtues and kindness, and acquiring great popularity by the continual benefits he lavished on the poor."

At the beginning of the reign of liberty, when the Constituent Assembly decreed the creation of municipalities, François-Denis de Jaurias was named Mayor of the " Commune " of Gouts by the unanimous suffrage of the citizens.

In 1792 a secret order recalled the old bodyguard of Louis XVI, whose life and liberty were threatened.

François-Denis departed at once, leaving at Jaurias his wife and children whom he was not to see again until the revolutionary storm was over. Powerless and sad, he witnessed the events of the 20th of June. He was one of the few who escaped the massacres of the 10th of August; and when he saw his King dethroned and a prisoner, knowing himself too compromised to remain in France, he went into exile.

The servant who accompanied him, Sicaire Boutonnier, returned to France in January, 1793. He was denounced on the 1st of December of the same year by Jean Bernard, surnamed Biotte. Summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal in Dordogne, he was condemned to death on the 22nd of April, 1794, and beheaded the next day at Périgueux, in the Place de la Clautre.

While her husband was fighting for his King, his wife, Charlotte-Julie de Tessières de Miremont, remained at Jaurias, occupying herself with the education of her nine children. The family estates were nearly all confiscated and sold as national property. In the struggle which the poor wife had to make against the spoilers to save a little of her patrimony, her only consolation in the midst of persecution was the reading of rare letters that came from her exiled husband—letters which this noble and faithful man, faithful to God, to his King, and to his wife, signed with his blood. His military duties and his fidelity to his oath did not cause François-Denis to forget his obligation as a husband and father. He was anxious above all about the education and moral training of his children. He endeavoured to direct them as far as distance and the uncertainty of communication permitted. The letters which he addressed from his exile in Westphalia contained an admirable Rule of Life.

In recommending above all the love of God and the love of the poor, he laid down principles to which his family were always faithful. We shall witness the admirable results of his counsel in the life of his granddaughter.

After long years of wandering God permitted the exile to return to his own fireside. Family life, the deprivation of which had been such a source of sorrow to him, was once more enjoyed. He practised under the eyes of his

children the counsels which he had given them when absent from them. This joy was of short duration: the proscribed man had suffered too much. He died on the 15th of September, 1805, one year after the decree of amnesty which had been granted in his favour.

His son, Antoine-Aubin, became at twenty years of age head of the family. His home, which Eleanor de Tessières de la Bertinie soon came to adorn, was always a serious one. Husband and wife had seen much suffering and many tears; God had the first place in their hearts and always kept it.

From the depths of his exile François-Denis had written: "Practise the religion of your forefathers and always keep in mind the thought of eternity." So in the family, the divine precepts and laws of the Church were scrupulously observed. Numerous children came, giving a little life and joy to the old mansion, saddened for so long by anxieties and persecutions. Among these children, a girl, Hélène-Anais-Marguerite, was to be particularly blessed by God in the wonderful virtues she possessed, and in the great work which, strengthened by those virtues, she performed. Hélène-Anais was born on the 1st of May, 1824. She was the sixth of eight children. She was baptized on the day after her birth. It is said her pious mother, receiving her from the arms of her godmother, exclaimed: "Something tells me your goddaughter will be a nun." She was nursed away from home, contrary to her mother's custom, whose feeble health rendered this deviation from the family practice necessary. But as soon as she no longer needed the care of a nurse she was restored to her mother and took her place in the home circle.

At this time people led a more intimate and a closer

family life than they do in our days; their hearts, united in the same faith, were joined in mutual affection. They knew nothing of the great dissensions which are desolating those modern families from which God has been banished. "The family and the fireside," writes a freethinker, "are the refuges where we would all like to find repose after futile efforts and lost illusions. We come back tired to our home. Do we find rest? By no means. What are we to talk about? Things concerning the interior life, religion, the soul, God? No. If you venture to say a word of these things while at table, or by your fireside, or at the evening meal, your mother shakes her head; your wife contradicts you; your daughter, by her silence, disapproves. They are at one side of the table, you are at the other."[1]

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the principles which up to this time had regulated family life were still sufficiently regarded to exercise their influence upon it. The father was indeed the head of the family. He had complete control; his will was obeyed and his authority respected as if it were an emanation of the authority of God himself. The mother endeavoured to model herself on the valiant woman of the Gospel. She was the centre of affection around whom the family group gathered. Living but for her husband and children, she was indifferent to outside approbation and attractions. As a housekeeper she always performed her share of the household tasks willingly; for in those days the fingers of high-born ladies did not disdain such homely duties as spinning. But the principal care of the mother of a family was the education of her children. She formed their characters, she implanted in their young minds the

[1] *Le Christianisme et les temps présents*, Monseigneur Bougaud.

first idea of God, she delighted their childish imaginations by telling them wonderful and touching stories from the Old and New Testament, and thus planted in their souls the seeds of virtue and faith. So deeply rooted were these virtues that the most violent passions and the most dangerous errors could not succeed in stifling them entirely.

It was in such surroundings, in the bosom of a large family which realized the ideal of the Christian home, that Hélène-Anais grew up. Her first years were spent entirely in her mother's company.

M. de Jaurias was of an impetuous nature, authoritative, and exuberant. He unsparingly exhibited wonderful energy. Before break of day the whole house was awakened by his somewhat noisy activity. The small lantern which lighted him on his morning round had become legendary, and the servants grumbled at this first dawn, a forerunner of the true one which rose at the clarion notes of chanticleer.

God had blended in the soul of Hélène-Anais a happy mixture of the qualities of her father and the virtues of her mother. He had sown the seeds of a strength that nothing was to weaken, a perseverance that no obstacle could overcome, and, at the same time, an unalterable patience and gentleness which the most rebellious natures could not resist; to these qualities was added a calm self-possession that the gravest events, the most bewildering dangers, were powerless to disturb.

All these gifts, so necessary to those in authority, showed themselves from her most tender childhood. One day, when she was four years of age, a fire broke out in the neighbourhood of the Château de Jaurias. Everybody was excited; Hélène-Anais alone did not lose her

composure. Approaching her mother, she tried to reassure her by saying: "It is the devil who started the fire; do not be afraid; God will put it out."

Hélène-Anais always had a vivid conception of the devil as the deadly enemy of man. The father of evil was not for her a vague idea, a cause of sin and misfortune more or less precise, but a cunning enemy, living and active. Her letters reveal to us that, while fighting against his work, she had a clear idea of how to struggle with him. This sturdy hatred of the devil had its source in a great love for God, a love which became more intense and expressive when Hélène-Anais had the happiness of receiving her First Holy Communion.

The Jansenist heresy, which for many years had desolated a part of the Church in France, was on the decline. The Holy Table, which for a long time had been kept through a misguided idea of respect at a dread and mysterious distance, was rendered more accessible and approached more frequently. At the bidding of the Holy Father, and under the teaching of the Bishops, people were coming back to sound Catholic doctrine; but notwithstanding all this, the influence of the Jansenist poison was still felt in certain districts.

The old formulas about the magnitude of God and the unworthiness of man, about the purity required to approach him who sees a stain in the angels themselves, were still imposed by the authority of custom, chilling fervent souls and retarding them in their eager love for the Holy Eucharist. Some of the clergy themselves were, in a certain measure, under the influence of these ideas; in some parishes the custom was to admit children to Holy Communion only at a comparatively advanced age.

Hélène-Anais was fourteen years of age when she

received her First Holy Communion; and even then it was a privilege which she perhaps owed to the pious education she had received, and the serious preparation which preceded it.

It was on the day of her First Holy Communion that she clearly heard the call of God. Eager for self-sacrifice, pure and free from any tie, she had felt for a long time the desire to give herself to God. This feeling, at first vague and somewhat wavering in her naturally pious soul, was intensified by the grace of Holy Communion. Hélène-Anais felt herself called to the religious life; but under what form and in what Congregation?

At that time convents were few in number, not widely spread as in our days. The Congregations dispersed by the Revolution were only being slowly reorganized. The old members, detained either by fear or the lax customs of an easier life, had in a great many cases hesitated to join their communities again. Vocations were rare. The Religious Orders concentrated in cities, limited their field of action to a restricted circle. Jaurias was far away from any central point; and at that time travelling was slow and tedious. Hélène-Anais had seen few nuns, if indeed she had seen any.

One day a book, whose title has been forgotten, fell into her hands. On the first page there was an engraving of a Sister of Charity of St Vincent de Paul. This was a light which pierced the darkness and revealed the way to be followed. Her doubts ceased; and Hélène-Anais knew with certainty that God wanted her to be a Sister of Charity.

Her mother was her habitual confidant; to her she used to unveil the secrets of her soul and the different phases of her interior life. She told her of the call of God; of

her inclinations and desires. What great joy for this pious mother!

When her father was acquainted with these desires he welcomed them seriously and respectfully. God asked him for his daughter, and he recognized the rights of God too well to refuse her to him. But he considered the child too young to make so serious a resolution, and asked her to wait and reflect. He remembered that his dearly beloved father, whose word was sacred, had written from his exile: "To belong to a Religious Order one must be definitely called, because once the vows are taken they are indissoluble and must be faithfully kept. Therefore I counsel you to take the step only after mature reflection, and not at too early an age."

Hélène-Anais patiently submitted to her father's wishes, and awaited God's good time. But her soul was consumed by a burning thirst for the religious life. To while away the time of her tedious waiting and to make it profitable, she practised some of the duties to which Sisters of Charity devote themselves.

The Château de Jaurias was, by tradition, the refuge of the distressed. Its doors, like the hearts of its occupants, were opened wide to the poor and unfortunate.

The brusque ways of the Lord of the Manor were not much feared, for they were always accompanied by some act of kindness; but the smiling beneficence and the unwearied devotedness of the ladies of the castle were especially dear to the unfortunate. The poor did not stand on ceremony about taking up their abode at Jaurias even for a considerable length of time. Hélène-Anais and her sisters made themselves the benefactresses and nurses of the guests whom Providence sent them. In such noble actions the young ladies found their only pastimes.

One day an old beggar without home or family halted at this hospitable threshold. He was welcomed. Hélène-Anais at once monopolized him. He was her " poor old man." How he was nursed, petted, and spoiled ! The old vagrant, accustomed to the hard life of the roads, thought himself already in the heaven of which the charitable child often spoke: the ideal heaven of a vagabond is a warm resting-place where a comfortable bed and plenty of bread are to be found.

After a while the poor man became so ill that more experienced care than that of his young nurse was thought necessary. M. de Jaurias arranged for him to be sent to the hospital in Périgueux. On his arrival there the authorities refused to receive him, upon what grounds we do not know. The cripple returned to Jaurias in the small cart in which he had left it. When Hélène-Anais heard of his return, her joy caused her to lose her habitual calm; she rushed into the house clapping her hands and exclaiming: " What happiness ! my dear old man has come back !" The poor cripple never again left the place. His last days were brightened by the affection which was shown him, and he died blessing, in the name of the God of the poor, his young benefactress.

It was not only among the poor that Hélène-Anais exercised her devotedness and underwent her apprenticeship as a Sister of Charity. One of her sisters, whose tender piety corresponded well with her own, fell sick of a long and painful malady, during which Hélène-Anais took up her post at her bedside. She exhorted and encouraged the invalid, speaking unceasingly of heaven. She used to say to her: " When you are in heaven pray that I may be a nun."

The death of this sister raised an obstacle to the

realization of Hélène-Anais' desire. She did not dare to add to the great sorrow of her parents the heart-rending anguish which her departure would cause. There was also another reason which delayed her departure for a time. A few months before her sister's death Hélène-Anais had suffered from that awful epidemic called the "sweating sickness," which claimed so many victims in the middle of the last century. So terrible was this sickness that the memory of it would cause those who were witnesses of its ravages to shudder.

For a time Hélène was so ill that all hope of saving her was lost. She grew better because God had his designs regarding her; but she remained so weak that for many days she was subject to long swoons. Her mother said to her: "My daughter, you cannot think of being a religious with such health; besides, no convent would take you." These words rent the soul of the pious child, but she did not abandon her hope. She prayed with so much humility and fervour that God answered her prayer. The fainting fits became less frequent, and at last disappeared, never to return. When her health improved, and the sorrow of her dear ones had become less keen, Hélène-Anais felt she ought to respond without further delay to the call of God, which was more imperative than ever.

She discreetly reminded her parents of their promise. Still inconsolable, they hesitated to grant all that was asked of them. Of course they accepted the separation, but they wished it less complete: too great a distance dismayed them. They proposed to Hélène-Anais to enter a community of the diocese of Perigueux; but she had other ambitions, and felt attracted elsewhere.

There was at Bergerac a community of "La Miséri-

corde," the members of which dedicated their lives to the service of the poor. In its aims and in its works, this community resembled very closely the order of the Sisters of Charity, differing only in the Rule and dress. At this time the Mother-Superior was Mère du Pavillon, a cousin of Madame de Jaurias. Informed of the vocation of the young girl and of her parents' desire, she gladly opened the doors of her community to her. Hélène-Anais came several times to the Convent for a short stay. Here she was able to study the Rule at leisure and to try the life. Both seemed well suited to her inclinations. The works in which the "Miséricordiennes" were engaged were those that she also desired to perform; still she did not succeed in coming to a decision.

The wish to satisfy her parents and the prospect of serving God under the prudent and gentle direction of her cousin, Mère du Pavillon, inclined her towards the community. But she felt strongly that God wanted her elsewhere. A persuasive yet imperative voice, the voice of vocation, unceasingly resounding in her ears, brought trouble to her heart. Full of anguish on account of these uncertainties and struggles, she earnestly asked God to give her the necessary help to do his holy will.

God answered her prayer. One of her married sisters was living at Bordeaux, and Hélène-Anais went to spend a few days with her. The church of St Louis was near the home of the young couple. The pious girl spent many hours there. It was there she saw for the first time the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul. They had a house in the parish, and not having any chapel or chaplain they faithfully attended the parish church in obedience

to the counsel of the blessed Foundress, Louise de Marillac, who used often to repeat to her sisters: " Be good daughters of the parish." It was not long before they noticed the dignified and pious mien of this girl, whose eyes followed them so longingly. Even before they addressed each other, a current of sympathy had established itself between the nuns and the young stranger. They soon became acquainted.

Sister Catherine Meyer was Sister Servant of the St Louis House. Hélène-Anais went to see her. She opened her heart to her, told her of her aspirations and hopes, and made her acquainted with the obstacles which prevented her from following her vocation. Sister Meyer had no difficulty in recognizing in the young girl a soul strong and gentle, straightforward and simple, such as the holy Foundress of the Order loved.

The ardent desire of Hélène-Anais to become a Sister of Charity was increased by the wish, no less ardent, of Sister Meyer to secure for her community this girl whose dispositions were so perfect. Together they agreed to hasten the end and to gain the authorization for which they were waiting.

A letter was sent from Bordeaux in which Hélène-Anais told her parents her intention of not coming back to Jaurias and of entering the community without delay. After reading these lines the mother wept. The father would not allow his authority to be ignored and his wish to be disobeyed. He left for Bordeaux at once and brought his daughter home.

The poor child, always submissive and humble, followed him with death in her soul. It is true that she had her father's promise to allow her to follow her vocation when she was of age. She knew that a " gentilhomme "

was scrupulously faithful to his word, but there were yet two years to wait for the fulfilment of that promise; two long years during which her soul would remain in anguish, struggling between the Will of God and the paternal will. In spite of her sorrow she resumed her ordinary life, showing a joyful face to everyone, and taking only God and her mother into the secret of her tears. But the mental suffering endured so quietly was not long in undermining and weakening her constitution. Her soul, carried away by the memories of the delightful hours passed in the Convent of St Louis, vacillated between her home and the place where her desires and hopes called her. The forlorn body languished and drooped. The ardour of the longing, repressed through obedience, consumed it. Her overburdened heart performed its functions badly. The child was dying because she was not allowed to live the religious life.

Then the father understood that God was stronger than he. As a Christian, he humbly submitted his will to the Divine Will. He gave his consent and blessing to his daughter, and brought her back to Sister Meyer, who received her as a postulant.

CHAPTER II

PARIS AND AMIENS

IN the accomplishment of his designs here below, God makes use of human instruments to realize his ideas and to execute his will. In founding the Order of the Sisters of Charity, he seems to have taken care to reduce to a minimum the co-operation of men. One would say that he wished to make this work exclusively his own. It is true that he chose two holy souls to lay its foundations, St Vincent de Paul and Mademoiselle le Gras, but they were ever, to use their own words, but simple instruments in the Divine Hands, having no other merit but that of being wonderfully docile to the Divine Will.

When, urged by the love of God and their desire to win souls for him, they gathered around them a few girls willing to devote their lives to the service of the poor, they had in view at first only a local benevolent society, the work of which was to be of a restricted nature; they little suspected how far Providence was to lead them. It was with great apprehension, and almost in spite of themselves, that, absorbed and borne along by the Divine Will, they found they were establishing a Religious Order. It was with no exaggeration of humility that St Vincent de Paul used to say: "If you are asked how the Order was founded, you can answer truthfully that you do not know."

This work was fruitful because in a very special sense it was Divine.

When St Vincent de Paul was Curé of Châtillon, he had established in his parish charitable societies for helping the poor. Ladies of the aristocracy united with the wives of the citizens in organizations of which the special object was to visit and help the poor in their own homes.

Good naturally tends to spread. The " Charities," as these societies were called, soon increased and spread to almost every parish in Paris. The noblest ladies of the Court became members; but, zealous as were these devoted women, they could not attend to all who needed help, or relieve the sufferings of all who were in distress. To help them St Vincent called upon working girls, peasant girls by preference, who became the servants of the servants of the poor.

These ignorant and timid girls, these " servants and washerwomen," gathered under the patronage of Mlle. le Gras, were the first seed from which the vigorous and fertile tree of the Order of the Sisters of Charity was to grow.

Their holy founders did not desire to make them nuns. St Vincent often repeated: " If asked if you are nuns, answer that you are not." What the name " nun " then implied did not correspond at all to the ideal the Saint had in view. Shut up in cloisters, bound by solemn vows, nuns had intercourse with the world only through the narrow gratings of their parlours. St Vincent wished that his daughters should be especially consecrated to the service of the poor in their own homes, and had no intention of making a hard-and-fast Rule out of the injunctions he gave them. But repeating that they were not worthy of the title of nuns, he declared " that they should work for their own per-

fection, as do the Carmelites; give themselves up to the service of the poor as the 'Hospitalitières,' and to the instruction of girls as the Ursulines."

Their Rule, as we have it now, is unlike any other, and may be contained in these words: "The Sisters of Charity have for their monastery the home of the sick; their cell a rented room; their chapel the parish church; their cloister the streets and hospital halls; their grating the fear of God; their enclosure obedience, and their veil modesty." They are bound by simple vows which they renew in the secret of their hearts and the plenitude of their freedom every year on the Feast of the Annunciation (March 25). After promising chastity, poverty, and obedience, they add: "I consecrate myself for one year to the corporal and spiritual service of the poor and sick, our venerated masters."

Not content with their original work of visiting the sick poor in their homes and assisting them, they soon established homes for the insane, for foundlings, societies for the assistance of galley slaves, and missions to pagan lands.

In the words of the Vicomte de Melun: "St Vincent de Paul, by founding the Order of the Sisters of Charity, wished to present to mankind the piety and fervour of nuns, the experience of doctors, the affection of mothers, the enlightened patience of teachers, and the humble devotion of servants. It is in vain that evil multiplies its forms; the Sisters of Charity are more clever and ingenious than the powers of evil. Whether it be ignorance among children, sickness in the hospitals, wounds on the battlefield, crime in prisons, slavery in Africa, barbarism in the deserts, the Sisters are always ready to fight and to triumph. They bring relief and peace into the midst of sorrows and struggles, dress the wounds not only of

the body, but of the soul also, following the example of our Lord, who converted while he cured."

Bishop Baunard writes: "Thus the Sisters of Charity are respected where others are not. They may be driven out by fanatics, but whatever happens their place cannot be filled either beside the sick or with the children. When justice and common sense reign, they will be recalled. They are like the last picture, the last resource of religion in a country where men have forgotten God."

It was these servants of the poor, so wonderful and humble, that Hélène-Anais joined.

The postulantship spent with Sister Meyer, her teacher and friend, lasted but for a short time. On the 1st of February, 1844, she was received into the Seminary of the Order. We know nothing concerning her novitiate. None of the few letters, which the somewhat austere regulations of the Seminary allowed her to write, have reached us. The pious affection which gathered with such minute care the documents enabling us to keep her memory alive was powerless to give us information. We have but the testimony of the official report of the Order certifying "that the Seminary Mistress had the consolation and joy of acknowledging her as a girl of good judgement, intelligence, piety, and virtue."

After long months spent in prayer, silence, and humility, the novice was considered to be possessed of virtue strong enough, and to have made a preparation serious enough, to be admitted among the Sisters.

On this occasion her happiness was so great that it gave vent thus: "You wished me to have the cornette!" she wrote to a friend of hers. "You are right. It was all I needed to make me happy. How beautiful are the lives of Sisters of Charity! To perform our duty and fulfil

our mission, these are sacrifices; but looking at them with the eyes of faith, nothing seems more beautiful than to employ each instant of our life in furthering the glory of God." She adds: "How many consolations accompany the religious life! How sweet it is to do good to our fellow-men, especially when we see our Lord himself in the person of those whom we serve."

This happiness did not render her selfish. Her thoughts often fled to Jaurias, where she had left her dear ones.

The religious life is not exclusive and tyrannical; it does not dry up the heart; on the contrary, instead of breaking family ties, it strengthens them. Under its influence, family affection, which it approves and blesses, is purified by sacrifice and rendered less selfish by giving up earthly property.

Sister de Jaurias, although very busy attending to the wants of those whom the Sisters of Charity call "our lords, the poor," did not forget her relatives but remained closely connected with them by means of letters and prayer. She writes: "Every day I like to recommend my dear ones to Almighty God. I recite a long litany made up of their names." She was indignant with those who maintain that the religious life is incompatible with filial love. "Those who say such things do not understand much about the religious life. I confess that if I thought my parents had such ideas of me it would break my heart. Our Lord does not command us to forget our own. If it were so, this holy vocation with which I am delighted, which I prize a thousand times more than my life, would be to me but a hard slavery. No, our Divine Spouse does not forbid us family affection; on the contrary, he commands it."

On another occasion she insisted: "I need not assure

you that your daughter loves you, and that, after God, no one is dearer to her." This affectionate union of Sister de Jaurias with her relatives was continually revealed in her letters. In the midst of the events of her missionary life, in spite of heavy responsibilities and serious care, the joys which consoled them and the sorrows which afflicted them were shared by her.

When her novitiate was completed, Sister de Jaurias remained in Paris. She was sent to the house of the Sisters of Charity situated in the parish of Saint-Pierre-du-Gros-Caillou. She did not spend quite a year there, but this was long enough to win the appreciation and love of the community. She already showed herself the model Sister who, later on, was to deserve this most worthy praise: "The Sister who speaks little, goes out seldom, and never wastes time."

From Saint-Pierre-du-Gros-Caillou, Sister de Jaurias was sent to Saint-Leu-d'Amiens, where she remained eight years.

At that time France was restless and disturbed. The refusal of electoral reform had just brought about the overthrow of a dynasty. The people, thinking their freedom in peril, revolted at this refusal, and made barricades of paving-stones. Men, full of illusions but with generous souls, had taken power into their own hands, and, being unfit to exercise it, did not know how to restrain within proper limits the passions they had imprudently unchained. They had been carried away in spite of themselves by the revolutionary wave. Their inexperience and weakness had opened a door to dictatorship and rendered repression necessary. It was a terrible state of things. For five days the streets of Paris were darkened with pools of blood. Archbishop Affre

was among the victims. A messenger of peace, he had come forth between the soldiers and the people, hoping to avert the massacre, but was struck dead on the barricade. His last words were: " May my blood be the last shed." Alas! It was not the last! Before the insurrection ceased five thousand corpses lay strewn on the principal streets of the capital.

These events had their effect in the provinces. In the cities, especially the manufacturing cities, great excitement prevailed. The fear that the revolution would begin again was disturbing commerce and paralyzing industry. Work ceased in most of the factories, and at Amiens especially misery was great. Sister de Jaurias writes: " My heart is bleeding because I am unable to relieve the suffering. Here the workmen are in great distress; the workshops provide but little work, so that idleness and misery prevail. These are two very dangerous wounds. How sad it is for a Sister of Charity not to be always able to cure them."

In the performance of her duties, Sister de Jaurias had plenty of opportunity of realizing this distress. Her visits to the homes of the people made her well acquainted with it. This visiting the poor in their homes was the chief work for which the Sisters of Charity were established, and so it has always remained.

The holy Founder writes: " Whatever may be your office or duty you must attend first to the visiting of the poor and sick." When the Duchesse de Liancourt one day suggested that these tiresome and often dangerous calls should be discontinued and alms given instead at the dwelling-house of the Sisters, he declared that this would be " disorder and ruin to the new Congregation."

This duty, so much valued by St Vincent, was allotted

to Sister de Jaurias. In these turbulent years when public services were in a disturbed state, the Sisters of Charity and other Sisters devoted to the service of the poor, as they were known to be closely in touch with the people, were usually asked to distribute the alms given by the "communes," or other offices, for the relief of distress. To the public funds they added alms given by private charity, and their disinterestedness and prudence were always to be relied upon. A disastrous experiment had just been made. The Revolutionary party aimed at inaugurating a kind of charity, independent of God; the State had taken upon itself the burden of abolishing poverty. Alms were to be replaced by national pensions, because alms were held to be degrading and contrary to human dignity. On the *Grand Livre de Bienfaisance Publique* were to be recorded the names of the feeble, the aged, widows, orphans, and foundlings. Not a single one of these pensions was paid. This famous *Grand Livre*, each page of which was blank, was closed, and men returned to the former mode of charity given in the name of God through those who, for love of God, became servants of the poor. This experiment was tried one hundred years ago. It has since been forgotten, but in our days it is being revived.

Sister de Jaurias was entrusted with the charge of distributing the alms, the results of public and private charity. Alert and smiling, she used to go about, carrying her "potager" and medicine basket. A little hope, comfort, and resignation always penetrated the most wretched lodging she entered. She was not like those public officials, who stiffly and arrogantly disposed of tickets for bread with suspicious formalities, and under mortifying conditions. She personified Christian Charity

in the affectionate, simple, and respectful manner in which she gave assistance. Sister de Jaurias knew how to spare feelings made more sensitive by misfortune. She looked upon the poor as the representatives of our Lord. She was not satisfied with dressing their wounds, nursing them in their sickness, helping them in their misery, but entered into intimate relations with them, taking an interest in their business, talking about it, giving advice, encouraging and even scolding them sometimes, but very gently and unwillingly.

The marriage of Napoleon III was the occasion of great festivities. The Sister writes: "These feasts, in addition to the carnival, are the cause of great disorder. My dear poor are sometimes drawn into the current, and then I have to scold; a thing I do not like doing." These reprimands of Sister de Jaurias were taken in a good spirit because they were inspired by affection, and the poor felt that they had the esteem and sympathy of the one who was scolding them. And so it was. If she saw their defects she was quick to appreciate their good qualities. She refused to believe that poverty is necessarily a crime. Sister de Jaurias was not one of those bitter and exacting persons who require from the poor extraordinary virtues, and to whom could be applied with a slight change the well-known taunt: "Considering the virtues required from poor people very few millionaires would be found worthy of being beggars."

The winter of 1853 was severe. Misery increased to a great extent. Sister de Jaurias was sad because of being unable to relieve the suffering. She marvelled at the resignation with which it was borne. "For ten years I have been in the service of the poor, and have never seen them suffering as they are now. They

are dying of hunger and cold. Trade is very bad; groceries as well as bread are dear. The poor have lived through all this by a kind of miracle, which I can explain only by raising my thoughts to the Father of the poor who sustains them by his Providence. I admire the resignation and submission of those in distress. Their example confounds me."

"Our house is the refuge of every distressed person in the city. We are far from being able to attend to their needs, despite the large sums of money which are confided to us. Nevertheless, the poor are patient, resigned, and gentle. I find this touching and very beautiful, because hunger is a bad counsellor."

Sister de Jaurias gave the poor all her time and strength. She had found the secret of obtaining their confidence and conquering their hearts. They felt they were loved, and had faith in her wisdom. They relied on her judgement. She was their friend and confidant. They did not wait for her to come and bring the kind words and good advice in which she used to wrap up her alms; they came themselves, asking for encouragement. The office she had opened for the purpose of interviewing them was always besieged. She writes to one of her own sisters: "You complain that I did not write about myself. What am I to say? I have so little time to think about myself that I sometimes forget that I am on earth. I spend the whole morning visiting the houses of the poor. After dinner I sit in a little room where I listen to tales of poverty. I scold one, I console another, I aid this person, I refuse aid to that person. I do what I can. That is my life, and in this way time passes rapidly."

Obedience to her Superiors removed her from her office of nurse, comforter, and almsgiver. She submitted,

but not without regret, especially as at that moment an epidemic of cholera rendered her duties more dangerous, and therefore more meritorious. She writes: "Every kind of scourge is visiting the population of Picardy. Cholera has caused many ravages here. I have not had the happiness of attending the cholera patients this year, as it was not my duty. This is a great privation to me, because in these sad circumstances, apparently so trying to human nature, God gives so many graces that we are conscious of neither pain nor fatigue, only of an unutterable happiness which we feel but cannot express. If in the lives of Sisters of Charity there are many sacrifices to be made, there are also many consolations and aids to salvation."

The new duty assigned to her, although more modest and hidden, required the practice of rare virtues. She was charged with the education of young girls. "One of my Sisters, whom I loved dearly, has been changed. This dear Sister was with the children. I have taken her place. I miss my poor, whom I had to give up, but I try to be resigned, since God wills it so."

In accepting this new office and devoting her whole heart and strength to it, Sister de Jaurias knew that she was working in the spirit of the Congregation.

St Vincent de Paul desired his Sisters to extend their zeal to all forms of charity, leaving no misfortune, either physical or moral, without help or remedy. He declared that one of the principal miseries of the soul, and one of the most serious obstacles to salvation, is ignorance. He ordered the Sisters to fight against it unceasingly and mercilessly. As well as being nurses he wished them to be teachers also. But he did not mean them to teach the children of the upper classes—these have already many means of education. Hearing that the Sisters of the

House of Bernay had accepted among their boarders the daughters of the Duchesse de Montemart, he ordered these to be sent back to their family, saying: " Such work is not suited to the Sisters of Charity." They were to devote themselves exclusively to the education of the poor, and the schools they directed should be entirely free. He said: " I hope God will be glorified if the poor can easily, and without cost, send their children to school." St Vincent de Paul, in establishing these free schools, was not a precursor, just as the authors of our modern Education Acts are not innovators. He did but follow the old tradition which has been established for centuries by the Catholic Church, which the Positivist Taine has called " that great instrument in the cultivation of lands and of souls."

St Vincent desired this free education to be as complete as possible, but above all to be Christian. " Be careful to teach these poor girls, not only what they are to believe, but also how they are to live good Christian lives."

The teaching Sisters were directed not to speak to their pupils in a pedantic manner but with simplicity and clearness. They were to teach natural science, the catechism, and the practice of virtue.

Sister Marie de Jeoffre, who knew the early history of the Congregation so well, declared that Sister de Jaurias was a faithful copy of Blessed Louise de Marillac; like her she thoroughly fulfilled her duty according to the instructions of St Vincent de Paul. Above all she was diligent in sweetening and illuminating her teaching by always linking it up with the thought of God.

Although she fully appreciated the value of the work she was called upon to perform and was strengthened by the fact that she was doing it in the spirit of obedience,

still she felt a little frightened at the importance of this new duty and asked for prayers. She wanted, she said, the graces necessary to be able to direct in the paths of virtue the young souls that were confided to her, and the knowledge which would enable her to adapt herself to each of them, " For," as she adds, " the young people of the present day are not easy to guide." However, her work was not without consolation, nor were her efforts without results. She established a Congregation of the Children of Mary which made wonderful progress. She established also a class for the study of the Catechism of Perseverance for the elder girls of her sewing-room and it met with immediate success.

" These dear girls give me great consolation. Every Sunday I have in my Catechism class seventy young girls between eighteen and twenty years of age. What would you say if you saw me, like a preacher, surrounded by those big girls, some taller than I am and some almost as old ? You would say, I think, Almighty God likes to make use of the weakest and most abject to do his work."

But Providence had other designs upon her, and it was not long before she was taken from the full and active but obscure life she was leading in Amiens.

St Vincent, in his passion for the salvation of souls, did not shrink from the idea of sending his Sisters to perform their apostleship of charity in pagan lands. The place of the Sisters of Charity is always there where God is unknown and souls are in danger of being lost. Before his death he had sent several apostolic colonies to Canada and Madagascar. This ardent zeal, which urged the Sisters of Charity to travel thousands of miles in search of souls in order to bring them to God, has not slackened. Now, as in the early years of the Foundation,

each departure for distant missions causes an emotion which shakes the whole Society and makes the hearts of the Sisters throb with hopes and desires. So we may say of the present daughters of Louise de Marillac what she herself said of their elder Sisters when the large African island was opened to their apostleship: "There are few of our Sisters who would like to know that the expedition to Madagascar has to go without them."

Sister de Jaurias, moved only by the generosity of her soul and her passion for the extension of the Kingdom of God, felt the desire awakening within her to consecrate her life to the conversion of infidels. Her great humility persuaded her that she did not deserve such a favour, but, according to custom, she had to open her heart to her Superiors and reveal her desires. She did it with simplicity and confidence, resolved to accept the Will of God whatever it would be. This Divine Will was soon manifested, and in a better way than the good Sister expected. She had wished to be sent to a missionary country, above all to China, to work unknown for the salvation of her brethren. Providence heard her prayer and answered it. She was appointed to China as Superioress of one of the Houses of Ning-po.

Sister de Jaurias welcomed this news with joy mingled with anxiety. The responsibilities of her new office alarmed her. Not indeed because she dreaded work or shrank from sacrifice, but she feared she was not equal to the dignity of her task, and dreaded spoiling God's work on account of her limitations. However, she accepted everything with humility, relying on the support given by obedience. "I have been appointed Superioress. This was a thing which I feared above all things. Our good Master has imposed it upon me; I must submit. But I

confess it costs me a great deal to do so. Indeed, I have seen to-day that our Lord likes to make use of what is weakest and least capable."

Ambition should have no place in a life devoted to the service of God. Founders of Orders have no words harsh enough to stigmatize it. Offices are considered neither as advantages nor honours, but as real burdens which add to the already heavy yoke of the religious life.

The Sisters of Charity are no exception. Amongst them, perhaps more than in any other Order, the exercise of authority seems to be feared, and if there is any competition among them, it is to have the joy of obeying rather than the responsibility of commanding.

It was in this spirit that Sister de Jaurias accepted the Will of God expressed by her Superiors. The first anxieties over, she thought only of consecrating without reserve the resources of her intelligence and the calm energy of her will to her new duties.

But before sailing to this distant land where she was to end her life, Sister de Jaurias had to inform her family of her departure. The letter in which she did it overflowed with joy and grief. "How much my heart is suffering, knowing that I am going to grieve you so deeply, my kind father and mother! But God's Will manifested itself so clearly in my soul, I could not in conscience refuse. I am chosen to go to China. I have had this desire all the time I have been in the Convent. I did not dare to think too much about it, knowing my weaknesses and limitations. It was my duty to let my Superiors know my feelings, and then I placed myself in their hands. They have now thought it fitting to call upon me. You understand that I had to comply with their wishes. You desire your daughter to fulfil her duty

and you will not blame me. Seven of my Sisters leave with me. We are happy! Doubtless our poor human nature is suffering. We are heart-broken on account of the cruel sacrifices we have to make; but if I could let you know the peace and joy I feel in the midst of my troubles you would be consoled." On finishing she spoke again of this joy that she could not control: "Oh! above all, do not judge your daughter harshly. No. Her heart has not changed towards you. On the contrary, I have felt very deeply the sacrifice, but I repeat I am happy, so happy, I cannot express it."

They were ready. The day of departure was settled. The missionary Sisters, with tears, bade farewell to their Mother-House, the cradle of their religious life, and to their companions who regarded them with holy envy. They left for Dieppe on the 25th of July, 1855. The Superioress-General, the Rev. Mother Montcelet, accompanied them part of the way in order to show her special esteem and love. She left them only on the deck of the steamer which was to bring them to London, where they were to embark on the *Nightingale*, an American vessel bound for China.

CHAPTER III

FROM DIEPPE TO NING-PO

SISTER DE JAURIAS had never before seen the ocean, and the sight of it delighted her. She confessed that she could have remained long hours in contemplation of it. This immensity in motion, the charm of which captivated her soul, threw her into a reverie. But she did not have much time for dreaming. After raising her heart towards the "Creator of the ocean," and uniting her homage to the homage of the waves "whose endless and resounding motion perpetually chants the glory of God," she recalled the fact that she was a Mother-Superior, that she had charge both of souls and bodies, and that the cares of material life were henceforth to be her share. She hastened away to busy herself in looking after the welfare of her Sisters.

Although the steamer which was to bring them to London was small and crowded, Sister de Jaurias had hoped that the little travelling community could practise their spiritual exercises. But sea sickness, that troublesome visitor lurking in the sides of the ship, was not slow in letting the passengers feel his hateful presence and rendered community life impossible.

The young Superior, who was the first to feel the effects, as seemed befitting, was also the first to recover, and she could not refrain from laughing at the sight presented to her. She laughed heartily, but confessed that "the experience is amusing only when it is a thing of the past."

In London the missionary Sisters were welcomed by the Sisters of Mercy, who for many years had been established in England. The vessel not being ready to sail on the appointed day, they took advantage of the genial hospitality offered them longer than they had intended. This hospitality was in true English style. The missionary Sisters cheerfully began their apprenticeship to foreign ways. Sister de Jaurias says: "We had some little difficulty in eating boiled potatoes instead of bread, together with large slices of underdone beef. But what seemed most queer to us was to drink tea or coffee during meals. This coffee is far from being as good as papa's," she adds.

The Sisters occupied their spare moments in London in performing works of mercy. They visited the patients in the Protestant hospitals, and Sister de Jaurias praised English courtesy. "We visited the hospitals and were welcomed respectfully and with consideration, despite our religious habit, the wearing of which is forbidden here by a law now in abeyance."

On the 28th of July the *Nightingale* was ready to sail and they went on board. "We sat in an armchair supported by ropes. By means of a pulley we were raised to the level of the deck, and with a light whirling movement we were placed gently on the ship."

The little apostolic group was composed of twelve persons—eight Sisters, three Missionary Fathers, and a Brother. Rev. Father Rouger, who died a Bishop in Kiang-Si, was the Superior. He was cheerfulness and kindness itself, but the community was not hard to manage if we believe one of Sister de Jaurias' companions who says: "Cordiality and union were the charm of the voyage and helped us to bear cheerfully the unexpected disappointments and mortifications."

The crew consisted mainly of Englishmen, but the captain was an American. They were all Protestants, but respecting the beliefs of others they endeavoured to make the practice of religion easy to everyone. Sister de Jaurias declares that she and her companions were always grateful for the courteous toleration shown to them.

Three Masses were said every morning. The Sisters were also permitted to receive Holy Communion. It was a privilege very much appreciated by Sister de Jaurias. She writes: " How can I fail with such strength at my disposal?" On Sundays religious ceremonies were more solemn: High Mass, sermon, and Vespers. On those days the Sisters wore their dear " cornettes " which they could keep on only for a few hours, because the wings, which soon become limp in damp weather, hung in a pitiful way.

The Rule was kept as much as life on board permitted. Sister de Jaurias gives us an account of these days, the monotony of which was relieved by prayer and work. " We rise at half-past four. We hear three Masses and receive Holy Communion every day. Afterwards we go on deck, where we say our prayers and do our reading; or we work until one o'clock. Then we go downstairs to dinner. Recreation follows until three o'clock. Community exercises keep us occupied until six. Supper and recreation last until eight o'clock, which is retiring time. Our days pass quickly when so regulated. Our Order gave me Sisters who deserve my affection, and whose goodwill relieves me of a great deal of the burden of office."

The *Nightingale* was fitted out with English comfort and even with a richness that frightened the Sisters' humility. Sister de Jaurias declared that she felt bewildered in those beautiful reception halls, glittering

with gold, adorned with fine paintings, and furnished with soft sofas and mahogany furniture. She felt embarrassed by the tall, stiff, and attentive steward standing behind her chair and serving at table, because, she adds, "I have long since lost the habit of being served."

The first days of the voyage were very painful. The Channel had no mercy on the passengers. The wind was violent, the waves lashed the sides of the ship unceasingly. Seasickness, with which the passengers were already acquainted, did not fail to reappear. The seasickness they had felt from Dieppe to London was not very bad and did not last longer than a few hours. Its return was awful. For fifteen days it tortured the travellers. Sister de Jaurias writes: "During these sad days we suffered dreadfully. We felt seasick all the time. A great loathing for food, an extreme weakness made us so faint that we had not the courage to move our limbs. One day the eight of us were confined to our rooms, without the necessary strength to give each other a glass of water." On the ocean, which was not so rough, seasickness soon disappeared and regular community life was begun again.

This idle life was a little dull for Sister de Jaurias. Her active nature felt hampered and her zeal wanted an outlet. She looked around to find some good work to do, and found it.

The Commander of the *Nightingale* had with him his wife, who was an American and a Protestant. It was not long before this lady was attracted by the charming and refined Mother-Superior. The Sister, who had an aim in view, did not hesitate to make her company as attractive as possible. Perhaps there was a soul to be saved.

Life on board rendered inevitable some relationship between the Sister and the Protestant lady. This relationship, at first a little strained owing to their mutual ignorance of their respective languages, soon became courteous, and then cordial and affectionate. These two were destined to understand each other and were soon united in a warm friendship. Sister de Jaurias did not lose a single chance of pleasing her new friend, and with her kind attentions she endeavoured to combine a hope—that of influencing this soul and opening it to grace.

On the Feast of the Assumption, after the solemn offices of the Church which the Captain's wife attended, Sister de Jaurias offered her some needlework, asking her to accept it as a " Souvenir of the Mother of Christians." The lady bade her husband write a note in French to the Sister, expressing her gratitude and sympathy and asking for her prayers.

On another occasion, the 8th of September, the Feast of the Nativity of our Lady, Sister de Jaurias again offered her friend some exquisite embroidery made by one of the Sisters who was an expert at the work. In return for this kindness every one of the Sisters received an Indian silk handkerchief. These gifts somewhat disturbed the community, for the Rule forbade the Sisters to receive anything whatever for themselves, and the beautiful material would be very much out of place on the Sister of Charity's coarse habit. On the other hand to refuse would offend the donor and perhaps turn from the truth this soul already half won. Sister de Jaurias took it upon herself to settle the matter. When she spoke to the poor lady, the latter complained at first that it was because of her being a Protestant that the Sisters did not wish to accept anything from her. Sister de

Jaurias quickly reassured and consoled her, making her understand that if obliged to refuse gifts for their own use, they might accept them for future missionary work. The silk handkerchiefs were taken back, and in their place she gave the Sisters bountiful alms. The diary of her voyage does not tell us the ultimate result of the intercourse between the Protestant lady and the Sister. In spite of the prayers, example, and prudent exhortations, the lady persevered in her errors, because Sister de Jaurias ends the story of her attempt by these words: "What a pity that this person, so kind and gifted, remained in heresy! Had she joined our holy religion she would have loved it and practised it fruitfully, and would have become a saint."

This somewhat monotonous life, made fruitful by some attempts at conversion, was not without events, sometimes painful and serious, sometimes humorous.

On the 15th of September, the ship passed the Cape of Good Hope. In this dangerous region the sea was very rough. Seasickness was again prevalent. Sister de Jaurias writes: "It was in vain Father Rouger promised to reward us if we would eat. We looked a gloomy party at table. However, our meals were somewhat exciting and were cheered by many humorous incidents. Sometimes everything on the table was upset; decanters, glasses, bottles, jumped about, and, dashing against each other, were smashed. Soup spilled into our laps without ceremony. What was on our plate speedily passed on to the plate of our neighbour. So, unwillingly or willingly, we were obliged to share our repast. The waves were so strong that when we wished to get up we fell backwards; and when we tried to walk we stumbled like tipsy people, and despite ourselves we danced a gallop."

These days of bad weather were saddened by two fatal accidents. " A poor sailor fell into the sea. All endeavours to save him were in vain; he was swallowed up by the waves before our very eyes. Unhappily a similar accident happened a few days later. The Commander was all the more grieved because he was very kind to his sailors, who seemed to be very fond of him."

It was in the neighbourhood of this fearful " Storm Cape " that a collision occurred, in consequence of which the *Nightingale* nearly foundered. " On a dark night we came into collision with an unknown ship. Our sails were torn, our rigging broken, and a part of the deck torn away. But Providence protected us and Mary watched over us. We are destined to arrive in China and we shall arrive."

But all the incidents of the voyage were not so sad as those just related. Some of them, on the contrary, made great fun for the small community. The Sisters often enjoyed a hearty laugh, having peaceful consciences. Sister de Jaurias herself, reserved and grave, but not at all morose, also enjoyed a bit of fun—" a little too much," she acknowledges. " The open air obliges me to wear glasses. These give me the dignified appearance which is so necessary for a Superior. I look very young," she adds, " every one of my Sisters being older than I. But we must be excused for laughing on seeing the austere and grave Father Rouger in the middle of the deck, thrown backwards and forwards, tossed from side to side, and at last falling head foremost on to a heap of ropes. Sister Vincent, who went to help him, also fell, after being whirled around many times. At the same time Father Thierry saw his cap float away, and

become the prey of the porpoises that were following the ship." Sea-birds came to rest on the deck sometimes, and their arrival was welcomed as a happy omen. "The poor tired travellers were welcomed with pity. We gave them something to eat and petted them, and put pretty collars with pious words on them and let them go with the mission of bringing to distant and unexplored countries the sacred names of Jesus and Mary engraved round their necks."

The Captain's announcement that land was near caused great excitement amongst the Sisters. For many long hours beforehand impatient eyes were searching the point of the horizon where it was to appear. Sister de Jaurias tells us that her heart was full of emotion and her eyes were full of tears, when from the top of the mast they heard the cry: "Land at starboard." It was on the 23rd of October. For three months they had seen only sky and sea. The *Nightingale* was in sight of Java. On the left, in the distance, the silhouette of Sumatra was shrouded in mist. The Missionaries and the Captain went on shore; the Sisters remained on board. It was not long before they received a visit from the natives. A flotilla of boats surrounded the ship, bringing to the crew and passengers foreign products such as cocoanuts, pineapples, and bananas. The Superior bought fruit for her Sisters. The Rule did not forbid it, and whenever the Rule and her spare savings allowed it, Sister de Jaurias enjoyed giving her companions a little treat. She knew how to render these gifts still more pleasing by her manner of offering them.

With a very strong appreciation of picturesque and beautiful scenery, she admired the grand mass of verdure with which the huge tropical vegetation adorned the

island. She was struck by the manner of the Malays, and by their beauty, which was enhanced by the many-coloured garments they wore. "We were delighted by the majestic appearance of the owners of these boats as they stood at the prow of their barques in their white turbans and pink cotton garments. They superintended the work by a sign or a whistle, and looked like wonderful statues. When they make a gesture they look like princes giving orders to their subjects."

From Java, the voyage was stormy and disquieting. The winds grew variable. Without any warning the weather changed from almost a dead calm to a storm. Coral rocks at the level of the water and quicksands threatened the sides of the ship. The Commander was worried and nervous; for eleven nights he had not gone to bed, according to the testimony of Sister de Jaurias. She adds: "I found great pleasure in watching him give orders to his sailors; he reminded me of my father. Active and eager, he was always the first at work."

The last two days of the voyage were the worst. A severe storm arose; the sea was boisterous, and the billows dashed tumultuously against the ship, shaking it violently and causing it to creak. The bewildered Sisters thought that their last hour had come, and very timorously surrounded their Superior. She gently quieted them, assuring them that in spite of the evil spirit and the storms which he was causing, they would arrive at their destination to work in the field of the Master.

At last, when the storm was stilled and the sky cleared, they were able to see in the distance the land of China, to which they were coming in order to win it for Christ. However, it was not Chinese territory that they were

about to enter. The seaport was the island of Hong-Kong, in the native language "The Sweet-Smelling Water Island," which belongs to the English. At the end of the Opium War, 1841, the Chinese Government ceded it to them by the Treaty of Nanking.

When Sister de Jaurias arrived there she was disappointed. She expected to see an Oriental city with its houses of many-coloured bricks covered by the characteristic roof elevated at the corners. Instead of which she saw in the distance the long and narrow avenues of an English city, with rows of gloomy and inartistic-looking buildings, beneath the shadows of which poor wooden or mud-plastered huts crouched as if ashamed. Extending out on to the street were the wide shelves on which the small Chinese shopkeeper displayed his goods.

The crowd that thronged the wharf was motley and cosmopolitan. Europeans of every nationality; sun-burnt Hindus, retaining their dignified manner and calm look in the midst of the feverish excitement of the port; Malays, restless and talkative; the Polynesians; the half-bred Portuguese from Macao; all busy and anxious to sell their wares. But those who interested Sister de Jaurias most were the Chinese. They were easily recognized by their broad-striped clothing and by their national pig-tails. They could be seen slipping quietly through the crowd, silently shuffling along in their felt shoes. Business men by instinct, aided by their natural ingenuity and unhampered by conscientious scruples, they can by their cleverness and patience obtain results which amaze the most expert Europeans. So, after sixty years of foreign rule they had succeeded in getting back, piece by piece, the island which force of arms had taken from

them. To-day the most beautiful palaces of Hong-Kong with the surrounding plantations belong to them, and the English conquerors are now the tenants of the conquered.

When they had landed and watched for a while the excitement in the port, the travellers turned their thoughts towards their lodgings. The Missionaries were to be the guests of the Missionary Fathers in the city. The Sisters were expected by the Sisters of St Paul-de-Chartres, who had established an orphan asylum at Victoria, and had managed it successfully for eight years. The passengers were bewildered for a while after landing. The Sister says: "We were surprised not to feel the motion of the ship, and we walked with the staggering step of an intoxicated person. This would have mortified us a great deal had we not known that we were not noticed."

Missionaries and Sisters found after a while that no attention was paid to them. Their hosts, not knowing the hour of the arrival of the vessel, which was uncertain on account of the bad weather, had not come to the port to welcome them. Lost in the midst of this busy and indifferent crowd, they were beginning to feel anxious when an Englishman very kindly and politely offered his services.

The Missionaries first followed their guide. While the Sisters were waiting for their turn, standing near their trunks, they saw coming towards them a Chinaman with a white beard. His head, from which a pig-tail hung down his back, was covered with a red cap. He was dressed in yellow trousers and a smock-frock; his shoulders were covered with a kind of blue camail; his round shoes had a two-inch paper sole; he was holding an umbrella

also made of paper, illuminated with odd paintings. The stranger bowed before the Sisters, and welcomed them with a very loud " Sit nomen Domini benedictum." Then in the most perfect French he welcomed them. He was a Missionary Bishop who had been working in China for twenty-two years. Expelled from his vicariate by the persecution, he was waiting on the frontier for an opportunity and means of rejoining his flock.

While under the direction of this Prelate, dressed as a Mandarin, Sister de Jaurias and her Sisters were going towards the house of the Sisters of St Vincent they met the latter. They had been told of their arrival, and were hastening to meet them. Sister de Jaurias writes: " It is when people are thousands of miles from their country that they truly appreciate the happiness of meeting their compatriots."

After resting for a few hours, Sister de Jaurias wished to hear about the work of those who sheltered her, and studying this, she made good use of the time she had to stay in the house.

The Sisters of St Vincent were principally engaged in looking after Chinese children who were forsaken by their parents. This was very soon to be the mission of Sister de Jaurias. From the first she liked the work. She was moved by the condition of these poor foundlings. She writes: " People bring many children to the good Sisters. They buy them because everything is sold in China, even dying children. A little child is bought for a shilling, who would otherwise be cast into the sea or devoured by the beasts. This is the usual fate of little girls who are sick or deformed. These poor little ones almost always die, but they die after baptism,

and go straight to heaven. The Superior told me that a certain person often brings them to her. It was believed that before all knew of the Convent, her trade was to drown these poor little creatures in order to relieve parents who, according to their own idea, had too many children.

It was in Hong-Kong that Sister de Jaurias had the happiness of attending for the first time the baptism of a little Chinese infant. Here is her account of what happened. "This morning, while making our thanksgiving after Mass, the good Sisters called us to witness a sight that was new to us. A boat had just arrived carrying nine children. We attended the sale. These poor little ones were placed on the ground. They were wrapped up in old rags. The Sisters were trying to buy each child as cheaply as possible, in order to be able to buy a greater number. Several were dying, others sick or crippled. In this condition they were cheaper. At last the bargain was finished. With what joy did we take these little ones to clean and nurse. Each of us took one in her arms, and brought it to the Chaplain of the Convent, who baptized it. Oh! how happy I was at that moment! I was thinking of you, my dear Mother, and said to myself that if you were to witness such things you would be heart-broken. Rejoice over your daughter being chosen by God for so great a mission and so beautiful an apostolate."

During the eight days that she spent in Hong-Kong, this humble Superior of a wandering community met the Government officials. Everywhere the charm of her disposition and the power of her virtue gained hearts. "I went to the Governor of the Island, an Englishman and a Protestant. He has lovely daughters. They

kept me for many hours, and did not want to let me go."

"I also visited the French Minister, who is going back to Paris with his wife. Several foreign Consuls came to welcome me. I have been eight days in the midst of very important people."

At Shang-Hai, whither the Missionary Bishop who had welcomed them at their arrival accompanied them, they were received with the same kindness and cordiality. There again the young Superior received the approbation of everyone. M. Adon, Consul of France, and Bishop Speta, received her at first with respect, and afterwards showed her a consideration and sympathy which astonished her. "I ask myself if all this is a dream. May God grant me his graces. Indeed, it is he who does all, because I am nothing."

On the 11th of December, the Sisters left Shang-Hai to go to Ning-Po. A free passage was given them on the *Constantine*, a war-sloop. The Lieutenant of the vessel, Tardy de Montravel, who commanded, paid them the respect which no French soldier ever denies women, especially women as noble as these nuns. His kindness went so far as to give them his own cabin. During his long voyages he had seen the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul at work; he had admired the wonderful devotion and heroism of their charity practised all over the world. So for the five days that the trip lasted the humble servants of the poor were waited upon as queens. The men knew how to show them the gentlest and most respectful kindness, and among the two hundred and fifty of the crew the Sisters felt that there were none but admirers and friends.

Sister de Jaurias says: "Indeed, these few days on

board, although somewhat tiresome on account of the rough sea, seemed to me short and delightful. It was a joy to be among these French soldiers, who, I felt, were good and sympathetic." The little apostolic colony arrived at Ning-Po on Sunday, December 15th, 1855.

CHAPTER IV

NING-PO—THE BEGINNING OF THE APOSTOLATE

THE city of Ning-Po lies about seventy-five miles south of Shang-Hai, on the southern extremity of the peninsula which forms part of the shore of Chekiang Bay. It is one of the most important situations in Chekiang Province. The word "Ning-Po" means "The City of the Peaceful Waves." Its vast port is protected from the winds of the open sea by the islands of the Chusan Archipelago, around which the Yellow Sea unites with the Eastern China Sea. The city of Ning-Po is considered the capital and guardian of the rich districts which stretch westwards as far as the Blue River.

Many advantages are combined there: good anchorage, large supplies of food, great facilities for defence. No place in this part of China is more important from a strategical point of view, consequently the Ning-Po district is famous in the military history of the Middle Empire. In 1130 the Tartars were completely routed by the Chinese peasants about four miles from the city. In 1554 Japanese pirates settled there. At last, in 1841, during the Opium War, the English took possession of the port and city, making it the centre of the operations against Nanking. Ning-Po contains from 150,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. The city stands in the midst of very beautiful scenery. The surrounding country is wonderfully fertile. This fertile land, which extends

from the ramparts to the foot of the Blue Mountains, is famous throughout the whole of China for the coolness of its shady places and the picturesqueness of its scenery.

Ning-Po is mainly a business city. It sends the products of its local industries—inlaid and lacquered furniture, nettle-mats, enamels, carpets and china—all over the world. But one of its best-known exports consists of the products of its fisheries (" sea-fruits "). The Ning-Po population is to a great extent composed of boatmen and fishermen who trade on the Yung River, along the coast, and between the jagged rocks which surround Chusan Archipelago.

It was in Ning-Po that Sister de Jaurias began her apostleship in China. The population was to a great extent composed of Chinese with a few Europeans. The latter were principally adventurers in search of a quickly made fortune, and not very particular in the choice of their means of acquiring it—traders more or less ill-famed, who were anxious to start business in distant countries.

The presence of these Europeans, far from giving security and help to the Missionaries, was a serious obstacle to their work. Sister de Jaurias mourned over it. " Most of the Europeans we have here are very great rascals. If the Chinese judge us by them they must have a very bad opinion of us." Heretics, opposing themselves to the teaching of the truth, had raised their standards here also. Bible Societies sent their preachers under the British flag, more feared than any other since the time of the Opium War and the bombarding of Ning-Po. These tried to make proselytes among the wretched population of fishermen who lived on the shores of the Yung River. Such societies were strengthened by the effective protection of England, and considerable sums

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were placed at their disposal. With their Bibles they gave sapeques and endeavoured to buy consciences. Their converts were few, and the natives instinctively kept away from them; still, a Chinaman will do a great deal for sapeques. They had churches in every quarter of the city, and their ministers were numerous." Sister de Jaurias writes: "We have but four poor churches at our disposal. We have reckoned here forty Protestant ministers and twenty churches. However, we convert a larger number of natives, and the souls we gain are truly gained. The Chinese maintain that the Protestants wish to make them English subjects and take their goods, while they recognize that we Catholics are here only to teach our religion and to practise charity."

When the Shang-Hai affair burst forth, this antipathy between Chinese and Protestants increased and became serious. The origin and details of this affair are now well known. Some Chinese "Coolies," the most wretched of the population, willingly sailed on a French ship for Guadeloupe. On their way they attempted to massacre the crew and take possession of the ship. The crew fired on them. Many were killed, and others, to escape the penalty, threw themselves into the sea and were drowned. Only two succeeded in escaping. This event, exaggerated by atrocious details which the Oriental imagination has no difficulty in inventing, was soon known through the whole of China. At any other time it would have excited no feeling at all, and would have been considered as a commonplace fact—cruelty, according to the Chinese customs, being quite natural in repressing rebellion. But the combined French and English fleet had just been repulsed under the stronghold of Taku. It seemed just the psychological moment for the Chinese to become

indignant and to fall upon the "foreign savages," now that the latter had ceased to be victorious. Bills were posted upon the walls of Ning-Po, containing awful threats against Europeans. Sister de Jaurias writes on this occasion: "I am not excited by this news, because now I am used to these alarms. Besides, they distinguish between us Catholics and the Protestants, as is proved by the fact that in the time of greatest excitement we continue our work as usual; we call on our sick and poor, and everywhere we are welcomed with respect. They hate and insult Protestants. It was against these alone that they directed their insults and the threats written on their placards."

In spite of this unpopularity, Protestants hindered Catholic work by the confusion which contradictions in teaching and difference in dogma spread in the credulous souls of the Chinese. Sister de Jaurias openly confessed that she would like to be rid of their presence. She writes: "Would they but go away, we should be much relieved, and the salvation of souls would be made easier."

But the Protestant heresy was as nothing compared to the local and national superstitions. These were the citadels to be demolished, strong and imposing; founded, as they were, on centuries of ignorance and credulity. The mass of the people living carelessly in the darkness of these superstitions formed an army, the very inertia of which would make it for long invincible.

Amongst those superstitions, Buddhism is the chief. It is propagated and sustained by the Bonzes, whose monasteries scattered about in each province of China have enfolded the Middle Empire in an immense religious network of which the meshes are everywhere.

Side by side with Buddhism, which is somewhat on the decline, the religion of the followers of Laotse or Taoism flourishes. The priests of that religion teach the existence of genii and demons, and their unceasing intervention in human affairs. They are jugglers, wizards, astrologers, chiromantists, and boast of being in direct communication with the devil.

On more than one occasion Sister de Jaurias was able to confirm the truth of these pretensions. " We often find unhappy people who are sick on account of the ill-treatment which they have had to endure from the devil. We have not yet been able to verify whether the devil really beats them, or whether their imagination makes them believe so. What is certain is that they often come to us all bruised and limping, giving this as a reason."

In China the power of the devil is manifested visibly by the number of persons who are possessed of evil spirits. " We often hear Satan speaking by the mouths of possessed people. A holy Missionary, who has been here for twenty-two years, told me that he heard him declaring through a woman who was possessed that China was his chosen Empire, and that there was not a single spot of this country where he was not worshipped ! Alas ! this is only too true. . . ."

Taoism is the religion of the people; Confucianism the religion of the learned. The latter is a philosophy rather than a religion, yet it has its superstitions. According to its tenets the genii of the air, water, fire, mountains, perform a role that is not unimportant, and is sometimes very inconvenient. Bishop Favier asserts repeatedly that the Mandarins have compelled the Missionaries to build the steeples of the churches a certain height, in order that the genii of the air might not jostle

against them in their flight. The maximum height of buildings must not exceed ninety-nine feet.

But the chief obstacle to an apostolate in China is the supreme indifference of the Chinese in religious matters. To change from one religion to another presents no difficulty to them, nor even the practising of each in turn. Among them there is absolute freedom as regards religious beliefs. The persecutions that have sometimes stained the Empire with blood have never had an entirely religious cause, but always a political one. Missionaries were massacred because they were Europeans. The native converts found themselves mixed up in the persecutions simply because they were looked upon as the friends of the foreigners and enemies of the Empire. It would be strange to talk about an exclusively religious persecution in a country where etiquette requires one to praise the religion of the person to whom one is speaking even to the prejudice of one's own. The contest in civility ends with a formula that everybody repeats in chorus: " Religions are numerous, reason is one, we are all brethren."

However, when those who are indifferent become believers, they remain steadfast. They practise their religion with perfect scorn for human respect. Sister de Jaurias writes: " We had the procession of the Blessed Sacrament yesterday. Every convert was present. The cross was carried in front, then came our young girls, the Christian women, the Sisters, our boys, our men, and lastly the clergy, the Chinese converts and the Missionaries singing in turn. There reigned an order and silence that we would obtain with difficulty in France. All our women walked with hands clasped and eyes downcast, saying to the pagans who questioned them: ' We are going to worship our God.'

"Our converts do not know the meaning of human respect." In another place she adds: "Workmen are seen singing their prayers while working, refusing to work on Sunday, and attending the church without fear of being scoffed at."

"We have as porter an old man," the Sister writes on another occasion, "seventy-five years of age, who at present is very ill. He is preparing to die as calmly as we would prepare for a trip. Seeing that he was very sick, I advised him to go to confession. He answered that he wanted to go to the Bishop. As he did not wish to disturb the Bishop by asking him to come to him, he decided to go himself to the Bishop's residence. I sent for a sedan-chair. The dear old man went to confession and received Holy Communion on the next day. Every day he asks to be anointed. He wishes to be buried near our houses. His soul is quite ready, and he is happy at the thought of dying because he is longing for heaven, but also a little because he is looking forward to being able to make use of the beautiful coffin we promised him."

Protestantism, Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, Indifferentism—such were the enemies Sister de Jaurias went to fight in China. She made up her mind to overthrow them by behaving as a real Christian and a true Frenchwoman. "The triumph of Satan must cease, and that of the true God prevail, even though we should die in the attempt. The Sisters of Charity have not come to China for nothing."

As we said before, the Catholic Missionaries had but two poor churches and the chapels of two houses, directed by the Sisters of Charity, to oppose to the numerous and well-supported churches where heresy was taught, and the many pagodas dedicated to the worship of Satan.

One of these Catholic houses was founded eight years before, on the first landing of the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul. The other, St Vincent's House, newly built, was scarcely finished when Sister de Jaurias took possession of it as Superioress. On her arrival she found herself obliged to see to everything. "Our establishment by the river is built of wood and brick. There is nothing yet but the building. I must provide the necessary furniture; a wooden bed, a blanket, and a straw mat will be sufficient for our rooms."

One of the first cares of Sister de Jaurias was to provide her companions with all the comfort she could afford, as far as religious poverty and their scanty resources would allow her. At first she was anxious about their health and food, accustomed as they were to European cooking. "Our food consists almost entirely of rice and beef. The Chinese law forbids, it is true, the killing of oxen, considering them as precious helps to agriculture. They are killed all the same, but only when unable to toil, or when too old. It is this meat we buy. It is tough and hard, but cheap. We try to render it eatable by French cooking. I attend to it myself when I have time. My Sisters pretend, laughingly, that I am a good cook. People come to offer us mutton, pork, and poultry, but we are too poor to buy them."

Sister de Jaurias, thinking nothing unimportant in the service of God, exerted herself to see to the humblest details of the material life of her companions, all the more because the latter, occupied in their mission of charity, would forget themselves. But the Superioress, watchful and motherly, was with them. "I am in charge of the health of souls and of bodies, and I am anxious about both." Her ambition was to have a poultry-yard

and a cow. "Milk here is scarce and expensive. We can hardly get enough for our dying children." She would like to make a kitchen garden on the grounds near the house. She acknowledged her inability to do this. "The English Consul has lent me a book, *Le Bon Jardinier*, which is very useful to me. I must learn gardening, as I know nothing about it."

But Sister de Jaurias had not gone to China only to become absorbed in material organization. She was longing for active work, for the salvation of souls and the conversion of infidels.

As soon as St Vincent's House was opened a number of orphans were received. The first house being too small had sent to this new establishment those for whom they had no accommodation. These newly baptized little ones were quite safe under the maternal shades of the "cornette"; but all around there were souls running to perdition—souls of the sick, the infirm, and the unhappy. Sister de Jaurias hastened to their rescue.

Having for her companion Sister Perboyre (sister of the martyr of that name), who had been in China for eight years, she went from hovel to hovel. Together they visited any sick persons to whom their attention was drawn, remaining long hours by their bedsides. While Sister Perboyre, who was acquainted with the language, was speaking to the dying about their souls and salvation Sister de Jaurias dressed sores, distributed medicines, cleaned trundle beds, trying to get rid of the vermin with which the houses of the poor swarm.

Soon the two Sisters became well known. "The Chinese cannot believe we are women—women among them being in such a humiliating and wretched state!

They call us the French doctors. Sister Perboyre is the old doctor; I am the young one."

The reputation of the charitable sick-nurses was not long in getting beyond the walls of Ning-Po and spreading over the neighbouring districts. Calls for help came from all directions. They tried to be everywhere, in the hope that while curing the bodies of their patients they would be able to benefit their souls. They had to deal with every kind of sickness, but, thanks to the use of an emetic, it happened that on one occasion they successfully cured a case of poisoning. After this they were often sent for by those who attempted to commit suicide by taking poison. This kind of suicide is very common in China. The Chinese do not fear death. They profess an indifference to it which would be a virtue if it had not its source in the apathy of their nature and the cowardly resignation to their fate. They commit suicide for the most insignificant reasons—to escape misfortune, in consequence of a lawsuit, or sometimes through revenge. When they want to ruin an enemy, they enter his house or sit on his threshold and swallow poison. If they die, the Chinese law holds the man at whose house they die accountable. He is condemned to a very heavy fine which is given to the State, and he has also to pay a sum of money more or less large to the family of the dead man. "Daily we are sent to patients of this kind. We save a great many of them by means of an emetic. They know that we have the means of saving them, so sometimes they take such strong doses that we fail. Oh! how sad it is to see them struggling, and to be unable to do anything for their souls or bodies! What suffering for the heart of the Sister of Charity. Oh! how cruel Satan is towards these poor Chinese, and how many souls he carries

into the abyss of hell! We snatch away as many as we can from him. The little children, above all, give us consolation. Yesterday, while visiting, we baptized five of them within two hours. Dear little angels! In heaven they plead the cause of unhappy China."

But human strength has its limits. In spite of her zeal Sister de Jaurias became tired out, and Sister Perboyre, "the old doctor," was sadly exhausted. They suffered from the enervating climate of China. Summer was especially trying. Sister de Jaurias writes: "During this season people cannot take a step without perspiring; clothes become as wet as if they had been in water."

Sister de Jaurias, who had no lack of initiative, very quickly found a means of carrying on her apostolic and charitable work with more speed and less fatigue. The houses of the poor, who were her habitual patients, were situated on the shores of Ning-Po. In order to visit them more easily, she bought a small boat, which was christened *Stella Maris*. "We go a distance of three or four hours' sail from the city, attended by a Christian boatman, who conducts us as an act of charity."

The *Stella Maris* would not always do for more distant calls, as the following adventure shows: "One Sunday we were told that in a very distant village a poor dying woman wished to be baptized. There was nobody near her to administer the Sacrament. It seemed that it would take eight hours to go there and back by boat. We resolved, however, to start on our journey. After three hours our boatman told us we could not arrive before evening, and would be obliged to sleep on our way. This idea was not pleasant. We said we wished to return home the same night, and, to encourage the boatman, we

promised him sapeques. No Chinaman would be insensible to such a promise. He told us that the tide was against us and made rowing impossible. We resolved to land, and after one hour and a half we reached our dear patient, who welcomed us as she would God himself. We spoke of the true God to her, and we tried our best to prepare her. It was settled that the Missionary would come to baptize her the next day.

" On our return journey, some Chinamen came to us, and proposed to carry us on their shoulders. We refused, but they informed us that if we persisted in walking we would not arrive at Ning-Po that evening. We accepted. What was our surprise at seeing the conveyance in which they were going to carry us ! Imagine two long parallel bamboo sticks, in the middle of which was a small plank suspended by means of cords, and having for a back a solid bar of wood badly planed. We had willingly or unwillingly to climb into this kind of wheelbarrow, and were triumphantly carried along in the sight of the whole crowd. We were not at all proud of our position, but were thinking rather of our shoulders, bruised and skinned by the knots of the bamboo. We were followed to our boat by a numerous crowd of spectators, who had never seen any Sisters of Charity, especially in such a plight ! As for me, my bearers were of such a huge size that I was rocked on my small plank at a height of about six feet from the ground. I was very much afraid of falling, and succeeded in keeping my balance only by clinging to the bars. At last we safely arrived at our boat. Our good angels must have converted their wings into sails, since, contrary to our expectations, we reached home in an hour. It was a painful but a delightful day, because a fruitful one. We

were particularly happy at having saved a soul! This dear woman is going to die, but I hope she will go to heaven. She owed her conversion to a good Christian woman who spoke about our holy religion and taught her to love it."

Although Sister de Jaurias spent her time and her strength in the service of the poor, yet the rich and the Mandarins did not disdain her help, and sometimes asked for her care either for themselves or for their family. "These visits are without consolation for me," she writes. "I relieve the body, but I can do nothing for the soul. It is pitiful to see how scholars rebel against religious ideas."

One day she was called to the house of one of the chief Chinese officers of Ning-Po. "Lately I went to the Taotai's, a great personage, whose dignity corresponds to that of an Admiral in France. His son was sick. We took care of him, and, thank God, he was cured. The Taotai wished to express his gratitude to us publicly. He received us in a solemn audience. All the officers of his retinue prostrated themselves to the ground before us, and afterwards stood around us respectfully. Only the Taotai and we were seated. The lady, or rather the ladies, of the house did not appear. There is a plurality of wives among the rich. It is considered a luxury to have several wives. These women are ignorant and depraved creatures."

The disinterested charity of these humble Sisters awakened the wonder of the Chinese, and at every chance they proved their gratitude for the favours received. They were shown the greatest respect and enjoyed privileges unheard-of in China. They did not ask for them, they were granted spontaneously.

"These last days the Chinese have had processions in honour of their three chief gods: one gives health, the other protects earthly goods, and a third prevents pestilence and war. The processions lasted four days. The expenses were very heavy, amounting to thirty thousand ligatures (a ligature being worth about five shillings). Whoever meets one of these processions is obliged to stop until it has passed on, or walk in its direction. Often while calling on our patients we met one, but the officers always let us pass on with great kindness. This is very surprising, as the Chinese are so strict in this matter of ceremony."

Visiting the sick was only the least part of the apostolate of Sister de Jaurias in China. She went there especially to attend to foundlings, to shelter, nurse, and teach them to know the true God and love him.

This work in the foundling hospitals was the favourite employment of St Vincent de Paul, and everyone who met Sister de Jaurias acknowledged that they had never met any Sister of Charity more filled with the spirit of the holy Founder of the Order.

We saw that while on her daily calls, it frequently happened that she baptized some little dying children. It was not, however, sufficient to help, according to her own words, "little ones who stole into heaven"; she had a higher ambition, "to form conquerors of heaven"—that is to say, strong and valiant Christians who would be able to carry it by violence. For that she needed children of her own training, newly baptized souls whom she could knead in order to put into them the leaven of Divine grace. These little candidates came in crowds for her care and charity. She had but to stoop to gather hundreds. If there was more room within the walls of

the new house, there were also large holes in the purse of the Superioress, through which the scanty savings passed very quickly in spite of the strict economy which she practised. She had a touching and absolute faith in Providence, but she thought it unreasonable to take advantage by asking miracles every moment. "We are living under the protection of Providence. We know that we may rely on it and it will not forsake us, but we have no right to tempt it."

Forsaken children are numerous in China, notwithstanding the fact that travellers and even Missionaries have disputed and even denied the exposure of children. These writers are in good faith; but China is large. The difference of customs and constitutions are so pronounced between the different provinces that what is entirely true of one region of this vast Empire may be quite false of another.

It is certain that in Northern China on the frontiers of Tartary, and, above all, in the province of Szechuen, the desertion of children is somewhat rare. But it is a fact also, that in the southern provinces it is extremely frequent. According as people live either in the North or in the South, they may deny or affirm with the same good faith the custom, if not of child murder, at least of the desertion of children. The enemies of Missionaries have taken advantage of this apparent contradiction. They deduce from it arguments to attack the works which support the missions. These calumnies against the Propagation of the Faith and the Sodality of the Holy Childhood do not date from yesterday. They are not the pitiful errors of our time. They are to be found leaning over the cradles of these institutions, trying to choke them by slander.

In 1857 Father Darde, the Director of the Holy Childhood Society of the Diocese of Perigueux, wrote to Sister de Jaurias to ask her for exact and precise information on the matter of infanticide. The Sister answered him. Her letter was lost, and we are very sorry because we know that the truth of this matter was affirmed with a conscientiousness, sincerity, accuracy of appreciation, and judgement which Sister de Jaurias endeavoured to give to everything, being entirely opposed either to exaggeration or to extenuation.

Besides, it would be absurd to deny the mournful conditions of child-life in China in general. Extreme poverty is very prevalent among the common people. For most Chinese the matter of daily bread is always a painfully acute question, to such an extent that when two Celestials meet, to whatever caste they belong, they do not say to each other "How do you do?" but "Have you eaten?"

When on this poverty is laid the burden of many children we can understand that the temptation easily comes to the father to get rid of these little ones whom he cannot feed. From the temptation to the deed, there is no great distance. The Chinese are selfish and vicious; their moral sense is obliterated, and the tumult of their bad passions prevents them from hearing the voice of nature. Besides, what motive can deter men who have no religious beliefs, to whom personal interest is the only reality, who live in a sceptical society with atheistical laws having for sanction but the rod or gallows? Even ourselves, have we a right to be scandalized or indignant towards these fathers who are perverted enough to forsake or kill their children? In our Christian society have we not to bewail disorders almost as numerous and

revolting? Do we not hear every day about birth prevention and infanticide? Are not our orphan asylums and schools crowded with little ones? If the numerous and charitable establishments founded on their behalf did not exist, or if they happened to disappear, we should meet as many foundlings in the streets of our cities as in the public places of Ning-Po, Hang-Chow, or Pekin. The banks of our rivers would see as many corpses as the waters of the Red River, the Yellow River, and the Blue River.

"China is the kingdom of the devil," writes Sister de Jaurias. "He has been a murderer from the beginning. We have to fight him in his own house, to snatch bodies from his violence, and above all, to save souls from his tyranny."

CHAPTER V

IN THE SCHOOLROOM AND ON THE BATTLEFIELD

SISTER DE JAURIAS had come to China to practise works of mercy. There was one in particular of which she was very fond, and which was to occupy most of her time. It was the teaching of children, especially of girls. She was destined to devote the greatest part of her life to forming a generation of Chinese women, conscious of their dignity as human beings and of the immortal destiny of their souls.

For centuries, women in China had been living in ignorance and servitude. They had no rights. They could claim neither respect from their husbands nor affection from their children. Sister de Jaurias endeavoured to improve the moral condition of these unhappy creatures, and make of them wives and mothers worthy of these titles by cultivating their intellects and developing their affections. She did not intend to turn them into rivals to men by the cultivation of masculine attributes or by the claim of equal rights. She had to deal with Oriental women, destined to live in a society ruled by Oriental customs and habits. She had no intention of unfitting them for their condition, which would be inferior for a very long time. She only wished to render their lives less sad and humiliating, and above all to save their souls.

Among the children received by Sister de Jaurias, there were, as we said before, some boys, but the majority were

girls. The Chinese have very large families. Misery sometimes obliges them to abandon their children. It is only as a last extremity that they will consent to the loss of their boys, but they are less reluctant to forsake their girls. In fact, the birth of a boy is considered a great happiness and blessing to a family. The boy perpetuates the name and is the only one who, at the death of his parents, may perform the funeral rites. On the contrary, the birth of a girl is considered as a calamity, especially among the poorer Chinese. A boy is soon able to work in order to help his parents; a girl would be but a burden. According to the Chinese customs, she must be shut up until the time of her marriage. During this time she does not work at all, and cannot repay her parents for the trouble and expense she causes them. So, on the birth of a child, the family is asked: "What have you received to-day, a diamond or a tile?" A girl is a tile.

"Some time ago," writes Sister de Jaurias, "a Missionary went to preach the Gospel in a large village, at a distance of ten hours' ride from Ning-Po. He noticed that in almost every family there were only boys. He asked the cause of it. He was informed that they did not want girls, and that every female child born to them was drowned in a neighbouring pond. There were only three families where he found girls among the children, and these were Christian families, who before their conversion had done as the others."

At Ning-Po, the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul were known, and their influence extended beyond the city for a considerable distance. The crimes against infancy had become less numerous. "Here child murder decreases; people know our houses. They get used to

bringing us the little girls whom they would otherwise deprive of life. I feel more than ever happy at having come to China, where, aided by Divine grace, I can work for the salvation of these poor victims." In spite of the charitable reputation of the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul, and of their zeal in searching for forsaken children, many escaped them. Some parents, indulging in that Chinese apathy which borders on fatalism, would not take the trouble to carry the poor little ones to the threshold of the houses willing to receive them; others, in obedience to barbarous customs or dreadful superstitions, forsook them in the field or on the road. "Yesterday, while visiting my patients, I perceived a basket hanging from a tree. I was about to pass by without paying any attention to it, when I was inspired to look inside. There was a little girl half dead of cold and hunger. Some unworthy parents had placed her there to get rid of her. I took her in my apron and brought her with me. Poor people! If they knew how happy I am when the door-bell tells me of the arrival of a child, they would not hesitate to bring to me all those who are victims of their cruelty."

Again Sister de Jaurias tells us: "The other day I saw in the middle of our yard a leg of a little child. It was evident that it belonged to a body from which the life had not long departed. A dog, doubtless, had brought it, or a bird of prey had dropped it. This sight filled me with horror. St Vincent was right in saying that the pagans have no hearts."

The foundlings Sister de Jaurias collected on her charitable visits were sometimes sound and healthy, because as soon as the coming of the Sisters was heard of, poor people hurried to place unwanted children in

their way. But most of these poor little ones were in a pitiful state. "A few days ago, at the corner of the street, I saw a heap of straw that I thought was moving. I approached and found a little girl, seven or eight years old; she was dying. I questioned her, but she was very sick and could scarcely speak. We were very far away from our house. The child was heavy, and I did not feel strong enough to carry her so far. The Christian woman who was with us called a Chinese and promised her money. But when she took off the straw the odour was such that the woman ran away. This poor child was lying in such filth that her limbs were covered with sores; there were vermin all over her. I sent for a sedan-chair. Nobody was willing to take such a disagreeable burden. This difficulty lasted for half an hour, during which a crowd of spectators had gathered round us. I was going to try to carry this unhappy child when Divine Providence sent me a man who attended to this poor little outcast on condition that I would pay him a high price. The poor little child lived for ten days. She died in very good dispositions, and well deserved the title of "thief of Paradise."

The children gathered by Sister de Jaurias were usually babies thrown on the streets a few days after birth. She was obliged to entrust them to Chinese nurses. Superintending the nurses in charge of these foundlings was one of the chief occupations of the Sister. "Chinese women have neither tenderness nor pity for their children. When they are sick, and it is believed that they are going to die, the mothers wrap them up in an old mat and throw them into the water. According to their belief, little children have no souls; consequently they are not

worth the trouble of nursing or of buying a coffin for them. If we did not watch them carefully they would do the same with the children we entrust to them. They would leave them without food, under the pretext that, since they are going to die, by giving them food one would irritate the spirits who want their lives."

" On visiting our children put out to nurse," the Sister says again: " I noticed a little girl, a few months old, who never ceased crying. I asked the woman who had charge of her what was the matter. ' She is hungry, but as she is too sick to be cured, I have not fed her in order that we may get rid of her sooner.' "

Bishop Favier says: " Almost all the children we receive in our Houses have suffered from cold, hunger, and want of care. A great number die, especially during the first months after their arrival. They die at an average of 50 per cent. As soon as we receive them we entrust them to nurses with whom they remain until they are five years of age. These nurses receive about two shillings a month and are watched carefully. If the child dies, we buy a small coffin for it, and it is buried in a particular graveyard; if it lives, it is placed in an orphan asylum. The European and the native Sisters attend to the girls, and teach them all that a Chinese woman is expected to know. The Brothers entrusted with the workshops take care of the boys, and teach them a trade in order that they may earn their living."

When the little girls are six or seven years old, they leave their foster-mothers to go to the Convent Homes. The work of the Sisters then really begins. They commence the task of educating them, which they do as well as they possibly can, but without attempting to teach them European customs. The Sisters adhere to all the

Chinese ways, even to those which seem ridiculous and barbarous: "Our little girls of the infant school are 'cute, and I cannot tell how much I love them. If we could only train them in the French style they would be as nice as our little girls at home. But we must rear them according to the awful customs of their country."

Among these customs from which no Chinese woman can possibly escape, the chief and most characteristic is the deforming of the feet. The Chinese do not shut up their women as other Oriental races do, but they seem to have adopted a kind of modified enclosure by this maiming of the feet. They intend to confine them to the house, and they do this by making walking difficult, if not impossible for them. They do not appear to have succeeded in their aim, because the Chinese women with their small bruised feet do not experience so much difficulty in walking as we imagine. If they move about with short and hesitating steps, swinging on their high soles with a studied and coquettish grace, it is solely through vanity. This unsteady gait, accompanied by dainty gestures and a carefully practised swaying movement of the body, is considered by the Celestials as the supreme beauty of woman. The country women also have to submit to the discomfort of this custom. That does not prevent them from toiling beside their husbands, and lifting and carrying with ease the heaviest burdens. M. Hue says: "The favourite game of Chinese girls is battledore and shuttlecock, but instead of using a battledore it is with the top of one of their boots that they send back or receive the shuttlecock. Thus they are always on one foot, and as they spend many long hours playing we may presume that their stunted feet cause them neither uneasiness nor fatigue."

The beginning of the operation is very painful. Sister de Jaurias writes: " When those poor children are about six years old their sufferings begin. Their feet are bound in linen bands; the toes are bent back in such a way that they lie close to the soles, underneath which a strong knot is tied, so as to make them walk on tiptoe. On the feet thus compressed, small shoes are put which must not be removed night or day, and which must never exceed three or four inches in length. Before this operation begins, Chinese children are joyful and noisy. As soon as it has begun, they become sad and serious. However, we are obliged to submit our children to this cruel treatment, otherwise they would have no chance of marrying, and would be regarded as women leading immoral lives."

It is only women of pure Chinese race who are subjected to this custom of maiming the feet, yet the fashion is so highly prized, and the unsteady gait which it causes is so much appreciated all over the Middle Empire, that the Manchurian women, although leaving their feet the natural size, adopt it to a certain extent. They wear shoes which have very high soles, and resembling in shape two cones joined at the points. These shoes make walking dangerous, and cause many accidents. The Chinese women, although so proud of their feet, hide them carefully. Their womanly modesty, and perhaps a vague consciousness of the deformity of those stumps, forbid them ever to show them, especially uncovered. The Missionaries find it very difficult to give Extreme Unction to the Christian women, so strong is their reluctance to let their feet be anointed. Sister de Jaurias was obliged to maim her little orphans' feet according to the Chinese custom.

The hair of the boys is shaved; a small lock is retained,

however, which is braided and fastened with a red string. In the beginning it looks like a rat's tail which moves and wriggles on their shoulders. As for the little girls, the front hair alone is shaved, in order that the forehead may be wholly uncovered. The hair on the back is parted, braided, and tied up with red ribbon. This is done until they are nine years of age. When they are older the manner of dressing the hair changes, and the hair is tied in a chignon, fastened by a net more or less elegant. "The nets worn by our children are very plain; our scanty resources do not allow us unnecessary expense."

There is another Chinese characteristic which distinguishes them from other races. It is that strong, musk-scented odour, peculiar to the yellow race, the exhalations of which are so offensive to Europeans. Of course, Sister de Jaurias' pupils did not fail to possess this national scent.

Sister de Jaurias resigned herself to subjecting her children to the national custom of maiming the feet in order to avoid any difficulty in training them intellectually and morally. She had no pretensions to make great scholars of them, but wanted to give them an education suited to their position. For this purpose it was necessary to try to establish schools.

In China education is broadcast, but it is neither free nor obligatory. There are few Chinamen who do not know how to read, while almost every man knows how to write. Workmen, peasants, men of the lower classes, are able to keep the accounts necessary in their daily business and write a letter. Throughout the whole of the Chinese Empire the right to teach is free. Anyone may set up a school, with or without a diploma, without

any interference on the part of the Government, except the examinations which are required for the conferring of degrees. There is not the smallest village without a school teacher. He is usually a scholar who has not money enough to secure a better position. He is generally paid either in money or in kind by those who employ him, and he teaches in the pagoda. In China, boys' schools are very numerous and well attended. There are no girls' schools. Sister de Jaurias writes: "It is unheard of to find, even among the higher classes of society, a woman who knows how to read."

The Bible says that man is "little less than the angels." Confucius and Laotze taught that woman "is scarcely above a beast." Bishop Hue is reported to have had the following conversation with a Mandarin. The Mandarin said: "I have heard you say that people become Christians to save their souls." "That is right." "Then why do women become Christians?" "To save their souls." The Chinaman exclaimed: "But they have no souls; everybody knows that women have no souls." The Bishop tried to convince the Mandarin. He politely listened to him, but with a sceptical countenance, and finished by saying: "When I go home I shall tell my wife that, according to you, she has a soul; she will be quite surprised to hear it."

Sister de Jaurias, because she knew that Chinese women have souls, wished to save those souls by teaching them the truth. But to teach the truth, to make them acquainted with Christian doctrine, it was necessary that the little girls should learn to read Chinese, but reading for the greater number of pagan women is a mystery they deem impossible to understand. For this schools were necessary. Sister de Jaurias understood that she could

not entrust to everyone this work of teaching which is so important and so delicate. " I do not know any woman here who can read and is able to teach. As for the Chinese teachers, they are properly teachers of deceit, falsehood, and theft. They teach their pupils a little reading and writing, but with these many vices."

Before she herself could teach she had to learn. " Here I am going back to A.B.C. The Chinese language is very difficult. I learned to speak it rather quickly; I have more difficulty in reading it. It is only by the greatest effort that I succeed in getting into my head those ugly letters. I hope the Holy Ghost will help me ! I need his help !"

The Chinese language is divided into two very different parts: the spoken language and the written language. The spoken language is monosyllabic, and is composed of a few hundred monosyllables. This obliges the Chinese, as it does any other people speaking a monosyllabic language, to vary the intonation of the words according to the meaning. Each word has its own modulations. Sometimes the modulations change from province to province. A Chinese ear can catch the various intonations in the different pronunciations of the North and South. It is only after arduous practice that a European can do so. " We study every day, but we have to make great efforts to learn a very little. Numerous words are the same to the eye, but have a different meaning according to the way in which they are pronounced. A word which must be produced in the throat loses its meaning if it is pronounced with a nasal sound. We say ridiculous things sometimes without knowing it. Those to whom we speak make fun of us because the Chinese are very prone to mockery. There is no remedy but to make a little act

of humility and to remember the lesson better. The recital of these little incidents enlivens our recreation."

To express the needs of daily life, the spoken language contains a number of stereotyped sentences which the whole nation memorizes. But these are insufficient to express the emotions of the soul and abstract ideas. It is for this reason that the Chinese have invented their ideographic writing which numbers from forty to fifty thousand signs. " No Chinese can boast of knowing all these signs, and the most celebrated scholars die with the humiliation of not having learned their own language completely." Each sign, or rather each hieroglyph, represents a different idea or object. Without a knowledge of the special meaning of each hieroglyph the words of this language cannot be combined as those of our European languages in order to modify the meaning or help to express different ideas.

The written language is completely independent of the spoken language. So, in spite of all the different modulations employed, when the inhabitants of the different provinces read a sign in the official language, they all gather from it the same idea. However, it must not be believed that it is necessary to know the fifty thousand signs to read Chinese works fluently. Four or five thousand are sufficient. Few citizens of the Middle Empire are found who know more. " We are obliged to memorize several thousand Chinese signs, for the Catechisms and prayer books which we give the children are printed in this language."

The difficulties were great, and efforts had to be constantly repeated. About the end of the year 1858, Sister de Jaurias wrote: " I have just finished the third volume of the Catechism. I have only one more to study, and

then I shall be able to read the dogmas of our religion in Chinese signs. I know five hundred signs, and I have to work very diligently to become a Chinese scholar. I must acknowledge that our dear Lord grants me many graces in this matter. I frankly confess that with my dull brain I did not think I could learn this dreadful language as well as I have done."

The perseverance and diligence of Sister de Jaurias must have produced wonderful results, since, according to Bishop Favier, few Europeans could boast of speaking the Chinese language as well as the Superioress of the Jen-Tse-Tang.

Another science was necessary to the Sister. She had to know the value of the different kinds of Chinese money. A word used in the wrong place, a wrong inflection of the voice, a barbarism, would only cause laughter, and even if it hurt for a short time it was soon forgotten. But an error concerning bills or money was a serious thing. Sister de Jaurias had charge of a large family, for which she had to get daily bread. The success of the spiritual side of her work depended, to a great extent, on her good management. A little more money in her purse meant a great deal of misery relieved, a few more children saved from vice and death. So her duty was to understand the Chinese currency perfectly, especially since she had to deal with Chinese tradesmen who were often rogues and thieves; and, according to the testimony of the Sister, the European tradesmen were not much better. She had to watch the exchange and thwart the tricks of the money-changers, because the money sent from Europe for the work of the Holy Childhood Sodality and the other charitable associations had to pass through the hands of the Chinese agents to be converted into Chinese

money. The losses arising from this, even when honestly calculated, were already heavy. The Sister had to be very careful that fraud did not increase these losses. "The alms we receive are large, but we lose one-third in the exchange."

The only real Chinese money is the sapeque. All other money used in the far East, as piastres, taels, etc., is always converted into sapeques. Sister de Jaurias writes: "The sapeque is a small, round piece of copper, whose diameter equals that of a two-centime piece. Its ordinary value is a half sou. It is pierced in the middle by a square hole, through which a string may be passed to render the carrying of it more easy. A thousand sapeques so strung form a ligature, and a ligature is valued as an ounce of silver, because in China gold and silver are never coined. These precious metals are circulated in the forms of ingots of different sizes. These ingots are weighed like any other product, and, according to their weight, are changed into sapeque ligatures. This exchange requires the most careful inspection. The Chinese, either money-changers or tradesmen, try to deceive us as to the value of the ingot by using false scales, or in respect of the value of the money which changes according to the scarcity or abundance of money in circulation; false ingots are not uncommon, and I have even heard that many a time the Government did not hesitate to pay its officials with leaden ingots covered with silver when its coffers were empty. These officials did not protest against it, and made believe they did not detect it. They made up for their loss by raising the taxes on the people under them. The latter who knew the cause of the extra taxes thought it lawful, and bore it without complaining."

In the midst of all these troubles with the currency, the poor Sister struggled desperately. "This Chinese money makes me lose my head. I am always quarrelling with my tradesmen. When I want to pay them they pretend the money has changed in value, but always to their own profit. These poor Chinese have such a passion for the vile metal that they would not hesitate to sell their souls for a ligature. Everything is more difficult in Ning-Po. We have three kinds of sapeques which are of different values. What a misfortune it is that all this is necessary in order to do good! The thought that the relief of misery might be hindered, or the salvation of a soul might be lost through one minute of carelessness or neglect on my part, makes me very anxious."

Sister de Jaurias accepted without complaining, and for God's sake, all the care and responsibilities attached to the charge of an important house. But her body sometimes bent under the burden of her work and the ills resulting from a climate to which she was not accustomed. The climate of China is one of great extremes. The winter is Siberian and the summer is tropical. In the North the winter, in the South the summer, is dreadful, not on account of its intensity, but of its duration. In Chekiang, one of the southern provinces of the Yangtze basin, where Ning-Po is situated, the winter is short and severe, but the summer is especially warm and long. "Here the cold weather lasts for three months. It is much colder than in France. For five months, from May to September, we have oppressive heat. Your warmest days seem cool to us. Without walking or any other exertion, people perspire so much that the outer clothing is as wet as if it had been soaked in water."

The coarse cloth worn by the poor Sisters naturally

became a hair-cloth in such heat. Sister de Jaurias acknowledges it simply: "The Chinese do not understand how we can bear our thick woollen clothing. It is true it is somewhat heavy.

"Weakened by this awful heat, the body suffers a real martyrdom, which is, however, beneficial in its effects, in fact indispensable. People feel such a disgust for food while the hot weather prevails that an act of virtue is necessary to make them take nourishment. The body is covered with very small red pimples like those which accompany sickness. An unbearable itching is felt, which ceases neither day nor night. It seems as if one were shut up in a bag of nettles. Still, we must thank God for being submitted to this torment. The Europeans who escape from it pay without fail their tribute either by typhoid fever, dysentery, or cholera. I pity those of our countrymen very much who come here led by cupidity or ambition. If I were not here for God's sake, I would go back immediately, because for me it is an ever-renewed torture to live far away from my relatives and country."

"The Chinese woman," as Sister de Jaurias liked to call herself, had kept a heart which was truly French. When, in her exile, she had the joy of seeing one of her countrymen who had just come from France, a Missionary just landed, or a passing steamer, it seemed to her, according to her own words, that "the perfume of my country which he brought in the folds of his garments made me forget the odour of China, and as long as he was with us, the dreadful sun of China seemed as temperate and as sweet as the sun of France." She could not get used to exile. After many years it was as painful to her as during the first days, and this suffering which she could not conceal rendered her sacrifice more meritorious. "I

wonder how I had the courage to tear from my heart all that it loves. I did it urged by grace which called me to sacrifice myself for the love of God, for the relief and salvation of my brethren. When I left Amiens, a holy Missionary, seeing me worried and frightened, repeated some words to me which I have never forgotten, and the truth of which I daily appreciate: ' I can do all things in him who strengtheneth me.' "

One day the good Sister had a joyful surprise. An officer of the navy came to visit her. He was a Frenchman, a Frenchman from her own home; born like her where Perigord and Charente meet, and where people are not particular about conventional boundaries, where they speak the same idiom, have the same customs, and live similar lives. The two families were acquainted and had common relatives. " Captain de Place, commanding the sloop *La Capricieuse*, whose family lives in Aubeterre, came to see us. He brought me news of home, especially of my uncles with whom he is very intimately acquainted. He lodged with the Missionary Fathers with twenty-seven of his companions. All these gentlemen, accompanied by the French Consul, came to visit our establishment. When they went away my heart was heavy, and I wept, thinking that they were going back to their own dear country which I shall probably never see again."

Sister de Jaurias felt very proud when she heard either France or the French people praised. One day, during the month of November, 1857, she heard that the English had captured one of the islands of the Chusan Archipelago, and that they owed their victory entirely to the help of the French. She doubted the fact a little, as it did not seem to her quite credible, especially since she

knew that in China news is spread very quickly, and while on the way is often so transformed and exaggerated as to make it unrecognizable. However, she was proud of the comments which accompanied the story, whether it was true or false. "The Chinese are afraid of the French because they know that they are courageous, but they like them because they recognize their kindness. The behaviour of our soldiers during the Crimean War excited their wonder. I like to hear them talk about my country. They say 'Flanci-Ko,' 'the kingdom of France is, after China, the most powerful and most noble kingdom.' I glory in being called French."

This patriotic pride was about to find new support in the deeds and victories of the Anglo-French War of 1860.

The various treaties, which regulated the conditions under which Europeans in the Celestial Empire lived, had been for several years badly violated by the Chinese. In many places Missionaries and travellers were ill-treated and murdered. The freedom of trade was impeded even at the open ports. France and England resolved to unite in a common effort. France stood for moral progress, civilization, and protection for the Missionaries; England had to protect her trade interests. A small Franco-English army under General Cousin de Montauban joined the English under Sir Hope Grant. A battle took place under the walls of Pe-tang, a fortified city in the north-eastern part of Taku.

At the first assault, the Chinese troops disbanded, and after a few days the large forts of Taku were taken, after which the march towards Pekin began.

Seeing their capital threatened, the Chinese asked for a treaty. Anglo-French representatives were sent, but

their efforts could not cope with Chinese knavery. When going back to the camp of the allies, they were treacherously attacked, one of the few who escaped being Captain Chanoine, afterwards General and Minister of War.

The allies resumed their march forward. At the battle of Chang-Kin-Kwan, thirty thousand Chinese were defeated by three thousand French and English, and at Pa-Li-Kac twelve hundred French soldiers destroyed an army of fifty thousand Tartar cavalry, commanded by the famous Sankolinsin. The Summer Palace was taken and sacked. On the 9th of October, the allies camped under the walls of Pekin, and on the 15th foreigners entered in triumph for the first time the sacred capital of the Middle Empire.

The old Catholic cathedral, closed for more than thirty years, devastated, and stripped of the cross which rose above it, was given back to the venerable Mgr. Mouly, Bishop of Pekin. In a few days, the cross was replaced and the church, repaired by the engineer corps, resounded with the *Te Deum*.

By a treaty signed in Pekin, freedom was granted to the Christian religion, and the protection of the Chinese Government was assured to Missionaries and Christians.

On hearing this news, Sister de Jaurias could not restrain her joy. "How proud I am of being French! How kind God is to make use of my countrymen to establish his kingdom in poor China, and free it from the tyranny of Satan! How beautiful it is for France to open to religion and civilization the doors of this large Empire where the most awful barbarism reigns."

When, at the beginning of the war, the officers conceived the idea of joining to their expeditionary force some

Sisters as nurses, Sister de Jaurias thought of offering herself. " If I were to wish for anything, it would be to be chosen to go to the battlefield to relieve our wounded soldiers, to take care of them, be their mother, and speak to them of God, whose champions they are."

This favour was not granted her. Duty and obedience kept her at her daily work, which was more hidden and less in accordance with her desire for heroism and immediate sacrifice. But in spite of her humility she was conscious of her courage. She writes: " Chinese despise women. They do us the honour of thinking that we are unable either to do good or to do evil. They do not know what it is to have French blood in one's veins, and upon one's shoulders a baptized head."

Yet if she could not devote herself to the wounded French soldiers during the expedition of the year 1860, she had the joy of attending to the soldiers who formed the Franco-Chinese regiment, sent in 1861 against the rebels who troubled Ning-Po and its neighbourhood. " We have established a field-hospital for our countrymen, either wounded or sick. Poor soldiers ! How glad they are to be nursed by us, and how happy we are to take care of them !" To this care the Sisters of Charity knew how to add sweet and motherly kindness, which rendered suffering more endurable and death more peaceful. " We had the sorrow of losing several of our good French soldiers, among them Commander de Kenny. We took care of him for a few days, after which he died a very saintly death. We replaced as well as we could his kind mother. In his delirium he mistook me for her, and he spoke to me in a touching and heart-breaking way. He died in my arms, and often my tears were mixed with the sweat of his agony. I wrote to Chartres to his grieved

mother to console her a little by giving her details of the edifying death of her son."

Sister de Jaurias had desired to exercise her mission of peace and helpfulness in the midst of war. God was to hear her prayer. In fact, for many months the whizzing of shots was to be constantly in her ears; the boom of cannon bursting suddenly was to cut short her sleep. On guard on the terrace of her house, she was to spend long hours watching with a worried look the blaze, marking the sinister stations of the moving revolution. In her ears sounded the uninterrupted moans of the dying and the awful groans of the wounded, who were massacred with the greatest cruelty. She was to see thronging at her door the sad victims of war—women, children, old folks—dying of hunger and misery, coming to beg medicine, a piece of cloth, or a few handfuls of rice.

In these critical circumstances, we shall once more see Sister de Jaurias never swerving from her calm, her serenity, or her unshaken confidence in God, which sight strengthened and reassured those under her authority, as well as those who came for shelter under her patronage.

CHAPTER VI

THE TAIPING REBELS—SIEGE OF NING-PO

LOCAL risings are numerous in the Chinese Empire. In one or other of the eighteen provinces riots occur constantly, caused either by the misery of the starving population, the violation of some right possessed for many hundreds of years, or of some traditional customs, or less frequently by the exactions of the Mandarins.

As soon as a rebellion is heard of in any district, troops are sent to that quarter; the suppression follows quickly, and is atrocious in its methods. The revolt is rapidly stifled in blood and buried under ruins. In each province may be seen large districts which were formerly sites of flourishing and populous cities, but which in a day were turned into devastated country, open to the plough. Such districts furnish examples to future rebels.

But if local risings are frequent in China, real revolutions which disturb the whole nation are rare. In the history of the Celestial Empire only a few are recorded.

The Chinese do not elect their sovereign; they submit to him. It is of little consequence whether the Emperor, shut up in the mysterious palace of the Forbidden City, belongs to the dynasty of the Yuens or Mings or Tsings; the people know their fate will not change much, that taxes will always be heavy, misery always great, and the Mandarins always thieves. The news of political change disturbs them very little. They give a little careless attention, and soon sink again into their sceptical fatalism,

their ambition not looking beyond the earning of their daily bread. They wear mourning for their Emperor, but do this with a passive indifference, and do not worry about who is to take his place. Political changes, even the most serious, are in China but palace revolutions, of which the reverberations are felt slightly in the capital and in a few large cities of the Empire; the rest of the country continues to ignore them.

Nevertheless, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Empire was upset by a revolutionary movement, assuredly the most formidable and disastrous of any that had up to that time taken place. It lasted about twenty years, cost the lives of millions of victims, and left everywhere on its way corpses and ruins.

It had for its origin a revolt, instigated by a schoolteacher in Kwangsi on some question of ritual. From the beginning the rebels, owing to a series of happy accidents, were victorious. Encouraged by these victories, they expelled the Mandarins, took the principal cities, and soon extended their sway over the whole province. The rumour of these deeds spread far and attracted numerous supporters to the rebellion, some wishing merely for revenge; others ambitious, aiming at power; some without hope or means; others, brigands by trade, attracted by the hope of plunder; in a word, just that mob of suspicious characters instinctively attracted towards disorder, who at the critical moment spring up by thousands from the lowest ranks of the nation were seen running from every quarter to join the revolutionary army of Kwangsi.

In order that in its development this revolt might actually take the form of a revolution, it was necessary to justify it by giving it a motive, one simple enough to be

understood by the people, and real enough to excite them. Those who were at the head of the movement understood this, and without delay revived the dynastic question, always smouldering in the memories and hearts of a people to whom the past never grows old.

Two hundred years ago the Ming dynasty was dethroned and replaced by the Tsing Tartar dynasty. The natives submitted to their conquerors rather quietly, but at the bottom of their hearts they guarded with a stubborn faithfulness their love for their former rulers whom they never ceased to regret. They handed down from generation to generation the memory of old traditions, and secretly cursed the foreigners who had changed their national customs and forced foreign ways upon them. Grandsires spoke to their grandchildren of the time when their forefathers were not forced to the humiliation of being shaved and having to wear pig-tails, marks of inferiority and subjection imposed upon the conquered by the conqueror.

The partisans of the old dynasty were numerous, especially in the southern provinces, less accessible to Tartar influence, and more essentially Chinese in spirit.

The humble schoolmaster, who was the promoter of the rising, felt that he had here a very strong force at his disposal. He did not hesitate to declare himself the authentic descendant of the old Imperial family. He succeeded in having himself proclaimed Emperor under the name of Tientse (Celestial Virtue).

In token of his gratitude, Tientse gave his partisans orders to cut off their pig-tails and let their hair grow in the ordinary way. The territory over which he ruled was called Taiping Kingdom (or the Kingdom of Great

Peace), and his subjects were called Chang-Mao (long-haired men).

From this time, sympathy with the Revolution was shown by wearing the hair loose; in the same way to retain the pig-tail was the mark of fidelity to the ruling dynasty. To avoid being murdered, people living in the country were obliged during the war to change their method of hair-dressing according as the regular Government or the rebels were in the ascendancy. The Missionaries, obliged to go from one district to another to visit their Christian converts, had to bring a pig-tail with them in their trunk. They wore it if they were travelling through provinces faithful to the Emperor, and laid it aside in countries occupied by the rebels.

A Missionary, Rev. Father Montels, fell a victim to this law. He was going through the Kwangsi province, the headquarters of the rebels. He and his two catechists had taken off their pig-tails. Unfortunately their trunks were examined, and in them the forbidden objects were found. They were accused of being spies and traitors, and were massacred under circumstances of the greatest cruelty. Outrages such as these were, however, exceptions, committed against the will of the Chiefs, and without their knowledge.

In fact, Tientse, who was an intelligent man who seemed to possess the qualities of a shrewd politician as well as those of a clever general, only wished to attract the native population to himself by raising the dynastic question. He wanted also to win the favour, and if needed the support, of European countries, whose influence was greatly increasing in China. For this purpose he adopted to a certain extent the social and religious ideas of Europe.

In 1848, an epoch in which the old institutions of every

Western nation were shaken, the ideas of freedom, humanity, and universal peace everywhere found convincing and eloquent apostles. Generous souls were aroused in the cause of the oppressed and in indignant terms condemned the oppressors.

Had these outbursts of indignation and enthusiasm reverberated in exclusive China? It is doubtful. The great mass of the people, ignorant even of the existence of Europe, could not be excited by passions which agitated it. But the learned, the more cultivated and those less opposed to foreign influence, were acquainted with Western ideas and aspirations. These ideas had been absorbed by the followers of Tientse, and had inspired some of the decrees made during his agitated and precarious reign. Even the somewhat redundant literary style then prevalent in Europe is noticeable in the language in which these decrees are written.

The Christian religion was acknowledged as good and holy by the rebels. Freedom was given to all to join and practise it. Missionaries were to be respected and protected. Tientse declared himself the junior brother of Jesus Christ. The Bible was placed among the sacred books, and the rebels even painted the cross on a few of their flags.

In spite of these marks of friendship, the Christians never joined the insurrection. As the Missionaries advised, they remained neutral. Still they did not escape any more than others from the extortions of the crowds of brigands that marched in the track of the insurgent troops, and levied taxes on the country already ruined by civil war.

In a short time the Chang-Mao took possession of all the southern provinces of China, went into the Yangtze

basin, then directed their march northward to Tien-Tsin. In 1851 the Kingdom of Great Peace, Taiping, was established, and in 1853 Nanking again took its ancient rank of capital under the name of Tien-Kong (Celestial Abode).

But the conquest occupied many years, which were years of desolation and ruin for the country. The yoke of the liberators was harder and heavier than that of the tyrants whom they had deposed. The exhausted population clamoured loudly for the return of their former Mandarins. Their extortions seemed less brutal than the cruelties and ravages of the revolutionaries.

The cities on the coast were alone respected by the rebels, being open to Europeans. The cannon of the warships in the harbour produced wholesome fear and kept the rebel army at a distance.

However, they ventured one day as far as Ning-Po. The inhabitants of the city and suburbs, reduced to famine on account of the high price of food, and maddened by the increase of taxes, refused to pay. The Mandarins wished to use force. The defaulters then called the Taipings to their aid. The latter hastened thither. To their surprise the European cannon was not heard. The exigencies of the political situation demanded neutrality. England and France were in conference concerning treaties and concessions. The two European nations were not sorry to see the Chinese Government busy with serious troubles at home, and they hoped that the Taiping success would facilitate the endeavours of the Allied Statesmen.

The warships in the port of Ning-Po received orders to remain neutral unless the Europeans were in danger. Their role was easy under the circumstances. Ning-Po

is divided into two cities—the Chinese city and the European city. The Chinese city is divided into three parts, or, if you like, into three different quarters. The first is the fishermen's quarter, with its huts crowded along the Yung shores to such an extent that the river is inaccessible. Some are even built on the water, perilously poised on uneven and worm-eaten posts. The quarter occupied by the business-men and working-men forms the centre of the city. The houses of clay, framed in a light sheathing of wood, seem to overlap one another along narrow streets in the confined enclosure within the ramparts. The suburbs spread out in all directions and were crowded in picturesque confusion—beggars' hovels, farmers' thatched houses, and villas of the rich with their burnished tiles shining in the sun.

The European city, better built and more comfortable, has its business premises along the wharf, and its residences in the neighbourhood of the port. The Missionaries' buildings, the two houses of the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul, and the poor cabin which was used as a hospital, which Sister de Jaurias calls "a horrid hovel," was in the Chinese town. Close proximity to the port was of no consequence to the Missionaries and the Sisters. They had come into China, not for commercial purposes, but to save souls.

Sister de Jaurias' orphan asylum was the most distant of all the religious establishments in Ning-Po from the European quarter. It was situated near the ramparts, bordering on the quarters which the business-men and the fishermen occupied, where the suburbs begin. It was the most exposed, and the first to be attacked.

For several days the rebels wandered round the walls of the city, hesitating and careful, always expecting to see the bayonets of the sailors shining, and to hear the booming of the cannon from the port. "For eight days the suburbs have been on fire. At every moment fresh flames burst forth not far from us, and the wind sometimes blew sparks into our yard."

All the population of Ning-Po that could escape did so. A few families alone, stubbornly faithful to their hearth, and also a few of those in charge of the Chinese business houses remained. The city, a few days before so lively and noisy, was silent and almost uninhabited.

The danger became imminent. The French Consul of Shang-Hai hastened to Ning-Po to assure protection to the religious establishments. He ordered the Sisters to leave their house and with all those in their charge to take shelter in the European quarter. Sister de Jaurias, always resigned and courageous, made preparations and directed the departure of her large family. She acted with a calmness and coolness which permitted her to foresee everything and to forget nothing. However, it was with tears in her eyes that she forsook this dear house that she had established, enlarged, improved, and which very likely was to disappear in the storm.

The buildings given her in the European quarter were narrow and uncomfortable. "Here we are in a house which used to belong to Bishop Delaplace. The Missionary who lived here moved and went into a hovel. We are very crowded."

The number of inhabitants of the small house of Hang-Po soon increased, for Sister de Jaurias wrote a few days later: "We are three hundred already, and our number increases daily. What breaks my heart is to see

that they are bringing us infants. The Chinese nurses have given back the children we confided to them, and it is impossible to get a single drop of milk. We are obliged to let these poor little ones starve to death. Their moans break my heart. Just a little while ago I received one that was born this morning; it will die just like the others, after being baptized."

Soon after their departure from the orphan asylum, the rebels entered the city, where they committed their customary cruelties. Sister de Jaurias again writes: " For fifteen days the fires were not put out. Almost all the inhabitants who had remained in the city—the sick, the infirm, and the children—were murdered. The streets were strewn with corpses; the rebels, to get rid of the infection, throw them into furnaces. All the doors of the houses are broken and the framework pulled down in order to supply fuel.

" A young Chinese girl who stayed at home to nurse her sick mother, was butchered in an awful way, because she refused to respond to the advances of the brigands and to satisfy their infamous passions. They laid her on the floor, and crucified her with their swords. Afterwards they burnt her by passing burning firebrands over her. The poor child soon died, carrying to heaven the palm of martyrdom with the crown of her virginity."

The brigands—for such the rebels had now become—did not murder all the inhabitants of the conquered territory indiscriminately. They chose their victims. They promised life and freedom to those who seemed to have money or credit. The price of ransom was always very high. Among the captives was one, Benito, of whose flight Sister de Jaurias tells us very dramatically. " Benito is a child of ours. We brought him up, taught

him, and established him as a clerk to a rich Chinese business man. In spite of his youth, for he was only twenty, his master trusted him entirely. When the rebels entered the city, he did not forsake his store-house, but remained to guard the goods it held. The building was plundered like all the others, and the poor boy was taken prisoner; he was bound, put in prison, and threatened with death if he did not find one thousand piastres to ransom himself.

" Hearing this news we were dismayed. We had not one thousand piastres, and even if we had we could not have spared them. We would have had to run the risk of losing many children to save the life of one. The Missionaries begged for his rescue, but in vain. We resolved to pray for him. Benito, in his turn, consecrated himself to our Blessed Lady, and besought her to come and help him.

" After spending eight nights in prison, having for food only rice, to which his merciful jailer added some sweetmeat by stealth, he seemed to hear a voice within him that told him to escape. The thing seemed impossible. He was closely watched, and a half-dozen brigands slept on mats in the room at the entrance to the prison. A single skylight, protected with iron bars, opened into the room. The next night he tried to slip through the bars. At the cost of a few bruises, he succeeded in passing his head through. The thickness of his clothing prevented the rest of his body from passing. Without hesitating he took them off, tied them up with his belt, and threw them ahead of him. In the semi-darkness he stepped on one of the sleepers. The latter stood up, looked at poor Benito stiff with fright, and lay down again growling; he did not recognize the fugi-

tive. Benito dressed himself quickly, and lay down among his gaolers. The next day at dawn he arose, tied a blue handkerchief round his head, took a piece of paper in his hand, and went out quickly, as if he were a messenger bearing a telegram. The sentry on duty at the prison gate took the letter, looked at it, and not knowing how to read, allowed him to pass. A little farther on, other rebels called him and asked him where he was going. He did not answer, but without stopping, brandished the letter, showing by gestures that he had to deliver a very urgent message. He arrived at our convent at six o'clock in the morning, just in time for Mass, which he served and heard in thanksgiving. Yesterday, Sunday, this dear boy received Holy Communion. He recognizes that his rescue was miraculous, and that he owes it to the evident protection of our Blessed Lady."

In the midst of these depredations the mission-houses alone were respected. It is true they were not entirely forsaken. To satisfy the earnest entreaties of the French Consul, the Sisters went to Hang-Po, the European quarter. The Missionaries remained and went on with their work. Of course this suffered on account of the absence of so many people. "Our St Vincent's House is kept up by a Missionary Father who courageously remained alone. Up to the present no one has dared to cross the threshold. Missionaries are settled in our other houses. They attend to our hospital, which is crowded with the sick, among whom are several rebels. Already two of them have died, after having been converted and baptized. At the door of our city-house thousands of bowls of rice are given out every day. The rebels themselves come sometimes, holding their porringer

or wooden cup. They are loaded with valuables which they have stolen, but lack food. It is not surprising. They plunder or lay waste the crops, expel or kill the farmers, destroy or burn the provisions which they cannot keep, and while destroying the country reduce themselves to famine.

" If this terror hinders the business of my countrymen, the tradesmen of Hang-Po, it increases mine. Every evening our kind Missionaries come to us, their arms laden with children whom they pick up on the streets, or whom the parents confide to them, in order not to see them die of hunger. The rebels marvel at this charity, and to a certain extent facilitate it. Some are seen helping the Missionaries to carry these poor little ones to the boundaries of the European quarter, which they are forbidden to enter under penalty of being shot. I am very happy to receive these dear children, but I am also often much worried. I wonder where I shall find rice enough to feed them. I must tell you these poor little ones have very good appetites. They seem to want to make up for the low diet on which they have been hitherto kept."

But it was not only from Ning-Po that the children came to her. People brought them from every place where the Taipings had plundered. "When Hangchow was taken, a family of tradespeople, in order to escape from the extortions of the brigands, resolved to poison themselves. The father and mother drank the fatal poison. When they wanted to give some to their five children, these struggled so much that the parents died before succeeding in their deadly design. A young man of Ning-Po was a clerk in the house. He felt sorry for these poor orphans, and resolved to bring them to us.

When he was about to do so, he found only four. The fifth child, a little girl, in her terror, had squeezed herself into one of those large vases in which the Chinese collect rainwater. Only with difficulty could she be induced to come out. We took her with her brothers. One of our girls who had been married for two years adopted her, and will bring her up a Christian."

Sister de Jaurias longed to go back to her dear St Vincent's House. " My children are losing their health. They have neither air nor space. During the bad weather they are so crowded that we scarcely find room to sit down. At night elaborate calculations of space are necessary in order to be able to give each a little room on a mat, or even on the floor."

Signs of disorganization were noticed among the rebels. The Imperial troops had gained a few victories. The population, exhausted by the tyranny of the rebels, turned against them, and prepared to fight with a force strengthened by hunger and misery. Sister de Jaurias says: " Many of those who had been forced to join the rebels have deserted. It is said 70 per cent. have run away and given up the struggle."

However, the rebellion was still formidable. The Chinese Government, left to itself, would have taken many years to subdue it. The European Governments made up their minds to interfere. Treaties were signed, and concessions granted. Moreover, merchants, whose trade was in jeopardy and who saw bankruptcy and ruin coming close on them, earnestly clamoured for the intervention of their Governments. There was no longer any reason to hesitate.

Admiral Protet, who was impatiently awaited, landed troops. The English Commodore did the same. French

soldiers, who had served their time and enlisted in the service of China, joined with some inhabitants of Manila and native volunteers, forming a French body under the command of Messrs. Lebreton and d'Aiguebelle. The small army numbered three hundred; the rebels were thirty thousand. At the first engagement the latter were routed.

The victory was gained at great cost. Admiral Protet, struck in the breast by a ball, died a few hours later, on the very evening of the battle. As the city was rescued, Sister de Jaurias with her whole household could now go back to St Vincent's House, after eight months of exile. It was not too soon. She writes: "The very warm weather has caused cholera. The small space in which we have been obliged to crowd our children, the want of air, and the poor quality of the water, hastened the scourge. The ravages were great. We had as many as eight deaths a day. Happily, on coming back to our dear house, our little ones found what they missed over there."

On returning to her convent, Sister de Jaurias expected to find it plundered and ruined. It was untouched. "The brigands knew our house perfectly well. It was a large one, and may be distinguished easily from the Chinese buildings. When the European troops entered Hang-Po, the Missionary who kept it went away, fearing reprisals. Well! in spite of this, and of the conflagrations all round for fifteen days, the brigands respected it, and the flames did not touch it. It was visibly protected by Divine Providence."

However, safety was not assured in this rescued city. A return of the rebels was feared. . . . To protect the Sisters and their orphans, the English Commodore sent a gunboat which anchored in the river near the walls of

the house. The comparative safety which the presence of the sailors assured attracted around St Vincent's House many Chinese who had come back on hearing that the Europeans had interfered. "Thousands of these poor people camp round our walls, in the open air, or in the midst of the ruins of the burnt houses. Others have built small huts with the beams and boards picked up from these ruins. They live there with their families. They are fishermen by trade, and use the river as a home and larder. At recreation-time we enjoy watching them fishing. They are very skilful, and employ very strange assistants. These are tame cormorants. Around their neck they put an iron or copper collar, large enough to allow them to breathe, but too tight to allow them to swallow anything. Standing on the bank of the river, the cormorants watch the running water. When a fish passes within their reach, they plunge in and catch it, and as their collars prevent them from swallowing the fish they put it in the bottom of the boat. Other fishermen train otters. They plunge in at a sign, and search the depths of the river. They always come up with a fish in their mouths. Necessity is the mother of invention."

But these neighbours who through fear had gathered near Sister de Jaurias were not a source of pastime alone; they imposed a fresh burden on her. There was dreadful misery in their midst. "Women and old folks are without shelter, being obliged to sleep in the open air. We give them any articles of clothing we have, and every morning we give out seven or eight hundred bowls of rice. My purse is emptied so quickly that I foresee the time in which I shall be obliged to cease giving help if Divine Providence does not come to my assistance."

And Providence did come to her assistance by making

the city safe. The starving people dispersed to look for work. On the ruins of the devastated city a new one soon stood as if it had been built by magic. The Chinese houses, light and plain, are almost as quickly built as pulled down. They soon appeared in the new streets which were as crooked and as irregular as the old ones. Busy people went to and fro again. Sister de Jaurias saw health and joy reappear in her crowded house. " We have one hundred and fifty children in the workroom, thirty in the infants' school, and seventy-five in the nursery." She was getting ready to extend her work and the good she was doing, when an order from her Superiors withdrew her from the comfort which the present was giving her and the hopes that the future promised her.

God wanted her to practise every kind of charitable work imposed by St Vincent de Paul upon his daughters. After devoting herself successively to visiting the poor, teaching girls, caring for orphans, she was to spend a few years of her life in attending only to the sick. She was called to found the International Hospital of Shang-Hai.

CHAPTER VII

SHANG-HAI—BUILDING OF INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL

SHANG-HAI—the name signifies "The City of the High Sea"—is the largest maritime city of Eastern China. It is situated on the left shore of the River Hangpu, which at this point takes the name of Wusang. This river flows into the Yangtse estuary, about ten miles down, quite near the sea.

The city of Shang-Hai is famous as a business-mart for the internal trade of the country. It owes its commercial importance to its situation at the head of the immense and fertile valley of the Blue River, the largest river of China, which, with its tributaries, waters each of the central provinces. Moreover, Shang-Hai is but a very short distance from the Grand Canal, which places it in easy communication with the Northern and Southern Empires.

The exceptional advantages of this position were quickly understood when the port was opened to foreigners by the treaties of Nanking, 1842.

The plain on which Shang-Hai is built is wonderfully fertile. This fertility is without equal in any country in the world, considering the extent of the area. By the nature of the soil, which is well watered, it recalls sometimes the plains of Holland. Its numerous canals, which divide it into regular squares, give it the appearance of an immense chessboard seen from a height. On this extremely rich land the population is very dense. Almost

without interruption crowded villages and large cities succeed each other. Su-cheu, Nanking, Hangkow, vie with Shang-Hai in population and business activity. Each of these cities has its traditional characteristics. A Chinese proverb says: " To be happy one must be born in Su-cheu; live in Shang-Hai; die in Hangkow: because the men of Su-cheu are the handsomest; those of Shang-Hai the most moral; while the best coffins are made in Hangkow."

Shang-Hai, Hong-Kong, and Bombay are the most important ports in Asia. Like all cities open to foreigners, Shang-Hai possesses a Chinese quarter and a European quarter. However, in Shang-Hai the European quarter has this peculiarity—that it is outside the ordinary regulations of international rights. It is a colony which English, French, and Americans rule according to their own laws, with the assistance of a common Council and Mayor under the higher authority of the Consuls.

The state of affairs in China made such an arrangement necessary. Established at the time when the Chinese rebels surrounded Shang-Hai, it survived the rebellion and still exists. It justifies itself on these two grounds —the weakness of the Chinese Government and the incompatibility of the laws of the Empire with the ideas underlying Western civilization.

Until 1862 the European population was decimated every year by awful epidemics, caused and prolonged by the dampness arising from stagnant pools of water. These pools are the natural consequence of the hardness of the soil. Typhoid fever, small-pox, and cholera raged unceasingly. Sometimes it happened that a business-house, which the evening before had been as lively and active as a beehive, was the next day silent

and deserted. A germ of disease, penetrating, had in a few hours done its awful work and spared no one.

The unhappy Europeans, thousands of leagues away from their own country, without kindred, alone in the midst of the fierce selfishness which surrounded them, almost always died through lack of care. These were mostly young men, employees in the factories and business-houses. They had left home, hoping to find a lucrative situation or the opportunity of making a fortune quickly. Business men, who had invested large capital, were always in peril from internal troubles or war. They had left in Europe, or in some less unhealthy country, their wives and families, in order not to add family cares to their business worries. When they were attacked by sickness, they had only at their disposal careless and selfish Chinese servants. Sister de Jaurias says: "These knew much better how to rob them than how to take care of them."

On seeing this state of affairs and the peril that the persistence of epidemics caused to the white population of Shang-Hai, the three municipalities met and resolved to establish a hospital for their countrymen. In this committee English and American Protestants were the majority. The French Catholics, less numerous, were too busy about their material interests to find room in their thoughts for denominational questions. However, when there was question of a choice of nurses for the future hospital, all were unanimous in their demand for the help of the Sisters of Charity. Not for a single moment did the Protestants think of going to the Deaconesses of the Church of England.

Sister de Jaurias was entrusted with the foundation of this hospital. Her heart was sore at leaving her dear

orphans of Ning-Po. "For seven years I have been living with them. I consider them as my children, and love them as their mother. The greater number were brought here when still infants. They have grown up under my eyes. I love them, and they love me, as much as a Chinese heart can love. I wept a great deal on leaving them. At my departure they clung to my habit crying. On some occasions obedience must be more than usually meritorious." The virtue of her obedience now was all the greater because her humility caused her to be alarmed at her new charge. "I wonder why my Superiors have chosen the least of the Sisters of St Vincent to be at the head of such a work. I know well that God will sustain my weakness and help my incapacity; but I feel that I shall fall very short in the ability necessary for the fulfilment of my task."

The kind of apostleship that Sister de Jaurias was about to fulfil was entirely unlike the one to which she had devoted herself hitherto. The difficulties were not less but they were different, and required from the Superioress much judgement and prudence. The foundation Sister de Jaurias was undertaking was not yet begun. The plan only was in existence. "They put at my disposal a beautiful and commodious house, it is true, but that is all. There are only the four bare walls. Happily, the trustees who are at the head of the business-houses give me all the money I need. In spite of this, I have great difficulty in getting the necessary furniture with which to furnish my rooms and supply my pharmacy."

Thanks to the activity and organizing powers which the Superioress possessed, the new hospital was soon ready to receive many patients.

All the patients of whatever rank or nationality spoke

English, which is the business language of Shang-Hai. Now Sister de Jaurias did not know English. "An Irish Sister has been given me as an interpreter, but I feel this is not sufficient. For the good management of the house, and above all in order to be able to speak of God to my dear patients, I must learn English." She complained mildly at this new task. "After having put Chinese words into my poor brain, here I am obliged to put in some English words. I have very little time; no longer much memory; my intelligence has lost its alertness. However, my duty obliges me to begin studying like a child . . . a child of forty."

The hospital was no sooner opened than the wards were crowded. Those who came expected only professional care. In addition they found a delightful oasis where they could rest for a while during their ardent and feverish pursuit of a fortune. Here they enjoyed the refreshment and delight of an unselfish affection.

These men, whose hearts the love of gain had dried up, whose only aim was self-interest, whose hardened souls knew nothing of mercy, were touched on seeing the large white wings of the "cornette" silently fluttering around them. It seemed to them that they had landed in heaven and were being served by angels. They were touched by the devotion of these noble women who were living without ambition, working without reward; who had left everything to serve strangers in the name of God, and who often died of the sickness contracted at the bedsides of their brethren without any earthly regrets, looking forward only to the hope of heaven.

Sister de Jaurias writes: "Our patients behave very courteously, and are full of goodwill towards us. They seem surprised at the kindness and affection we show

them. They cannot believe that what we do is done solely for the love of God. They love nothing but money, and wonder at any one devoting oneself to anything else. Confidence soon takes the place of wonder. We feel that their souls become more open when they come in contact with real affection. For a very long time they have been deprived of it. After a few days they love us as they would their mothers and sisters. We often have the consolation of seeing them go away in good health and with a better heart."

But Sister de Jaurias wished to see those hearts penetrated with the love of God and the truths of religion. The great majority of the patients of the Shang-Hai Hospital were Protestants. She would have ardently wished to convert and bring back to the fold every one of them, but loyalty and prudence ordered her to act warily. She writes: "We are closely watched by the Protestant clergy and their wives. Their anxiety is unnecessary, because we never go beyond the limits of extreme prudence. We pray for and devote ourselves to the physical welfare of our patients, here and there whisper a kind word, and let grace do its work."

Sometimes grace did prevail, and the apparently sterile apostolate of the nurses of Shang-Hai was not without its consolations. "Catholics are very few, but all die in good dispositions. Those who are cured leave us restored in mind as well as in body, and are resolved to lead a better life henceforth."

Many Protestants were touched by the self-denial and devotion of their nurses. They did not know how to resist their sweet eloquence when the Sisters spoke to them about their souls, or the mysterious influence of their prayers as they told their beads by the bedside. Fre-

quently invalids asked to be instructed in the Faith which inspires such virtues and excites such heroism. They wanted to die in the religion of the good Sisters.

All the patients of Sister de Jaurias did not die. On the contrary, the number of deaths in the European settlement had decreased considerably. "It seems that sickness flees before us. Thank God we get the upper hand of it, and save almost every one of our patients."

This success was certainly due to the untiring care of the devoted nurses as well as to the exceptionally healthy situation of the hospital. "Our house is somewhat small, but comfortably built. It is elevated above the roadside, and gets plenty of air and sun."

The pleasant distraction which the going and coming of the vessels brought to the convalescents was a great help towards a complete cure, and aided the benefits derived from the healthy situation of the building. This pleasure was especially great at the arrival of the mail. The envelopes bringing news from home were feverishly unsealed. The greatest excitement prevailed; the dying grew animated; a little colour came back to their cheeks, and a little warmth to their hearts. "On the days on which the mail is expected, our balconies are crowded by all who are able to drag themselves along. For long hours they watch the horizon. Everyone is trying to be first to spread the news of the arrival of a vessel. Our French sailors are first on those days. They are proud of their distinction."

Sister de Jaurias had always amongst her patients sailors of every nationality. The crew of the ships stationed in the port, as well as of the commercial steamers passing Shang-Hai, were put ashore when attacked by contagious disease, or ill enough to need special care.

The French crews gave numerous contingents to the hospital, and sometimes rather noisy ones. The kind Superior did not complain of this. The Sisters and sailors got along very well. A familiarity full of confidence and respect was soon established between them. A gesture, a look, a smile of a little Sister subdued these rough but kind natures. An old sea-dog, with a soul as weather-beaten as his face, at once curbed the blasphemy on his lips on seeing a "cornette." "They are big children," writes Sister de Jaurias. "Sometimes they use naughty words and are not over fervent; they rail and grumble for little cause, but they are so merry, so amusing, so truthful, so kind-hearted, that we cannot help loving them. They look upon us as their mothers, and willingly let us pet them. One of their greatest joys is to do us some favour. I asked them to help to decorate the chapel for the 15th of August. They performed wonders of art and taste. They wanted to surprise us, and worked by stealth. On seeing my wonder and joy they jumped around me like boys at play."

In spite of the failings that the good Sister acknowledged, we feel that she had a weakness for her beloved French sailors. However, her apostolic zeal found a greater satisfaction among the Irish soldiers composing the garrison of the English Concession. Mystic and dreamy, melancholy and silent, keeping in the depths of their eyes a reflection of their native land, they showed themselves very docile to the pious influence of the Sisters. Their Catholic Faith, deeply rooted in their hearts by persecution, had remained lively and ardent. Driven from their country by poverty, they came to offer their service to the British Municipality of Shang-Hai. In order to earn bread for their families, they had sold

their blood to the oppressors of their country. Many of these unhappy creatures had wives and children. In the Irish quarter misery was great. Sister de Jaurias was touched by the sight of this resigned and courageous fidelity. "Our Irish people give us much consolation. They are so pious, so simply religious! While our French soldiers play, our Irish pray. We endeavour to relieve their misery and get generous souls interested in them."

Sister de Jaurias devoted herself wholly to the care of the European patients. This was her duty, and it was her custom to fulfil her duty simply and entirely. Still it was a grief to her not to be able to spend her time, or at least a little of it, with the unhappy Chinese. But the orders of the managers were explicit; the Yellow people were strictly excluded from the hospital. Once she had obtained permission to receive a poor workman who had fallen from a scaffolding in the neighbourhood and had broken his leg. God blessed her charity. The poor man touched by grace was baptized with his whole family.

This occurrence was not repeated. But the Sister cherished the hope of having an extension to her hospital, where the Chinese patients could be received and nursed.

One day she happened to express this hope before her patients. These resolved to make her wish a reality, as far as their means would permit them. The Irish were the first to raise a subscription among themselves, and a few days later brought to the kind Superioress thirty dollars, deducted from their poor pay. On receiving this money she was so touched that she wept. She writes: "It is the alms of the poor to those poorer than themselves. God will bless the alms given, and the work for which it is destined." The French sailors, some-

what mortified because the Irish had got ahead of them, hastened to take generously from their savings and brought a larger sum of money.

Sister de Jaurias' wish, timidly expressed, was soon made known beyond the hospital walls, and was heard of in the European quarter. According to all appearance it was destined to be regarded with indifference, for it would have seemed folly to hope to overcome the insensibility and hatred of the white grandees for the "Yellow vermin." In fact, it was unheard-of to see a European interested in a Chinaman.

However, after the moment of amazement caused by this unexpected proposal had passed, the minds at first most antagonistic began to get used to the idea of building a Chinese extension. The thought of pleasing the kind Sister, their past or future benefactress, subdued the enemies of the project. Soon each rich settler took an interest in the idea. A fever of charity burned in the most insensible and selfish hearts.

Two concerts were given for the purpose. The European and Chinese commercial magnates, Mandarins, and native officers went in great numbers. The richest people gave large alms. Soon after, to increase the money collected, a bazaar was organized. The few European ladies of Shang-Hai did their very best. "They went as far as spending whole nights working for us. They are all Protestants except two. The most zealous is the wife of the Anglican minister. Her husband praises the Sister's hospital incessantly.

"What is still more touching is that poor workmen laboured extra hours at their work, and many of them made pretty objects for the bazaar."

This wonderful change in the customs and feelings

of the European settlement delighted Sister de Jaurias, but worried her a great deal. "It seems to me that we have come to a very mysterious time. I do not realize what God wants us to do. I do not understand this burst of feeling that brings everyone to us."

She feared that the thought of pleasing her was, perhaps, the principal reason which urged some to perform their charitable acts. She was afraid of usurping God's place in the hearts of benefactors of the poor. Her humility took fright at this thought. She wished to purify the intentions of everyone, and endeavoured to direct them towards supernatural aims. She repeated often in her letters: "It is Providence who does all; yes, God does all, and I am nothing."

She had too much intelligence and perspicacity not to be aware of her popularity, but she endeavoured to keep in the background as much as possible. Her answer to one of her Sisters who asked for her photograph with a persistence that no obstacle deterred was: "I cannot resign myself to having my picture taken. I fear I should see it in the houses where I am known. I would like much better to see a crucifix."

Thanks to God and the zeal and charity of her fellow-workers, Sister de Jaurias soon had the consolation of seeing the foundation of the extension. The walls were rising slowly under the active superintendence of the foundress. She was looking forward to seeing in a short time her dear Chinese crowding round her, asking her to dress their hideous sores, and at the same time to cure the dreadful leprosy of their souls, when an order from her Superiors came suddenly, and deprived her of the possibility of seeing this consoling hope fulfilled. She was sent to Pekin.

She humbly obeyed, but it was not without suffering that she broke the bonds that fastened her to her dear foundation of Shang-Hai. "An All-wise Providence is moving me again, to send me to Pekin, where I go as the Assistant of the General Visitor. I am heart-broken at being obliged to leave my dear patients and my good Sisters. I see them so grieved! But we must wish what God wishes. The way to heaven is a *via dolorosa*."

CHAPTER VIII

PEKIN—TIEN-TSIN MASSACRE—FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

"YOU would like to know what I think of Pekin? Here is my opinion in three words: it is ugly, dirty, and miserable."

Short and severe, Sister de Jaurias' description is not entirely unjust. Seen from the northern hills, the plain on which Pekin stands seems like an immense park covered with luxuriant verdure, in the midst of which the yellowish roofs of the low houses appear. In the distance the city seems huge and majestic. Its two towns lying side by side are enclosed by large walls, marked at intervals by solid masses of towers. Shady spots, delightfully strewn in all directions, give coolness and perfume, as is befitting the capital of the "Kingdom of Flowers."

In the centre of the city rises a hill named "Coal Mountain." It is formed of huge heaps of pit-coal, formerly accumulated in case of prolonged sieges. On its sides, covered by time with a thick layer of earth, there are flower-beds containing many rare blossoms. On the top handsome buildings arise, among which is the distinguished white Chinese tower, which is considered the Palladium of the Empire. Here and there in the Chinese as well as in the Tartar City rise public buildings and famous temples, splendid even in their decay. They are recognizable by their walls covered with painted earthenware and by their superimposed roofs.

But all the charm disappears when the city is entered

through one of the many gates that pierce the ramparts. These gates are so large that two carriages can drive through them abreast. In the city a loathsome odour is prevalent; a leprous ugliness saddens the sight; there is an unclean and cynical air of misery on every side, which seems to taint everything.

Pekin, according to the testimony of a traveller, resembles, especially in the Chinese quarter, an immense but badly kept market. There are avenues as large as public squares which end abruptly in narrow and dirty streets on which the sun never shines. Traces of flags, costly souvenirs of prosperous days, whose resistance to time and defiance of seasons show the perfection of the early work, are seen side by side with deep ruts which are never filled up, mounds of filth which are never removed, deep holes containing water in winter and heaps of dust in summer. A motley and noisy crowd go up and down these streets; beggars clothed in rags and old mats; business-men and workmen dressed in costumes of bluish cotton; Mandarins wearing silk garments, surrounded by their guards, carrying in the midst of manifestations of careless respect their globules of different colours; women with mutilated feet, walking with a slow, unsteady gait along an uneven road.

Among this crowd, sedan-chairs are always in evidence, carried at full speed by indefatigable coolies; palanquins drawn by mules; cabs, for Pekin has its cabs; awful vans without springs, drawn along the street by small Mongolian horses, shaggy and thick-set; long caravans of melancholy and dignified camels coming down from the Uplands of Tibet or going up towards the Steppes; wagons, wheel-barrows, and even of late, audacious bicycles; in a word, every means of transport from

the most primitive to the most comfortable and modern.

It is a miracle that there is not a greater number of accidents, more overturned carriages and injured pedestrians. It seems as if the drivers and pedestrians have a full knowledge of the numerous death-traps of the Chinese streets, because they go through their labyrinths with the greatest facility and appear to avoid dangerous points instinctively.

Stores extend on both sides of the street. Large sign-posts with brightly coloured bills attract both attention and buyers. Goods are shown under pent-houses placed out on the streets, or behind the windows. The somewhat dignified Chinese business-man stands at the door of his shop waiting for customers. Sometimes, to reach his shop, people are obliged to cross a large ditch, a part of a drain, the covering of which has fallen in and from which a blackish fetid water runs. Neither the business-man nor his customers seem to be disturbed by the odour. Barbers, under large umbrellas fixed in the middle of the street, plait pigtails and shave with a calm and steady hand, which the rush of the crowd does not disturb. Near by, movable restaurants are settled. Bishop Favier says: " The eating-house keeper fixes his pot and utensils in a kind of box. Round this box he sets small benches, and his patrons hasten to make purchases. These awful eating-houses sell all kinds of food, and the most loathsome meat—old mules, dogs, rats, sick horses—anything will do. You may satisfy your hunger with his horrid food for a few sapeques."

The dwelling-houses are crowded together behind the stores. Very often they form compact groups, through which run lanes or rather dirty paths, where air and

sun do not penetrate. In the neighbourhood are large grounds, gardens, old cemeteries and parks, planted with beautiful trees. Under the shade of grand palaces and costly pagodas, poor and dirty huts display their misery. A little further on, large spaces are covered every day by the rubbish of the ruins of old monuments.

Pekin seems the most populous and largest city of the world at first sight, on account of its vast extent of space. This, however, is not so. Former travellers have given it a fanciful number of inhabitants. They have estimated the population at eighteen million. In our day it scarcely numbers five hundred thousand.

The city occupies a quadrilateral space of twelve miles in perimeter. The Manchurian City is in the north. It is divided into three distinct cities, dovetailed one into the other, while separated from each other by high walls.

The first is the Tartar City properly speaking, formerly occupied by the victorious caste only. From this quarter the natives were excluded, but in our day this prohibition is not enforced. The Chinese residents are at least as numerous as the Manchurians. Business affairs are entirely in the hands of the former.

In the middle of the Manchurian City, the Imperial or Yellow City is situated, surrounded by imposing fortifications and pierced by four gates opening towards the four cardinal points. In the centre of the Yellow City lies the Purple or Forbidden City, consisting of the Imperial Palace and its outbuildings.

The Tartar City is more regularly built than the Chinese City, but it is not better kept, except along the Imperial Avenues, which are connected by marble bridges over the lakes and around the Foreign Legations. Now these Legations are surrounded by ramparts which

make a new city within the cities which compose Pekin. Formerly the Chinese City was a suburb, extending towards the south, occupied only by the natives. A Manchurian would be dishonoured and an outcast from his race if he dared to live in it. The population is composed of Chinese, together with a few European business-men and Missionaries entrusted with the direction of the Churches or detained by the duties of their apostolate.

The former suburb has become a large city, surrounded by a wall twenty-four feet high, and pierced by seven gates. This part of Pekin is the most neglected and miserable, and, in spite of the wind that blows from the desert of Gobi, a kind of icy mistral, which perpetually sweeps the avenues, it is the filthiest. Nevertheless, it is the most active and business-like part.

When Sister de Jaurias arrived at Pekin, the city contained several establishments belonging to the Missionaries. The chief was the Pe-Tang, situated in the middle of the Yellow City, close to the walls of the Forbidden City, where the Cathedral and the Bishop's House were situated. In the neighbourhood Mgr. Mouly, Bishop of Pekin, had a house built, and entrusted it to the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul. Several charitable works had their centre here.

The General Visitor of the Order lived there, and Sister de Jaurias, on becoming her Assistant, went to join her. Her journey from Shang-Hai to Pekin was not without fatigue and incident. It lasted twelve days. She writes: " For twelve days I was dragged on steamboat, carriage, and barques. These barques are miserable ships, covered with a shelter of pleated straw. They are moved by strenuous rowing, or else are drawn by men or mules. You can imagine how slowly they go when I tell

you that they stop for the least obstacle. At the slightest sign of wind or rain it is necessary to anchor near the shore and patiently wait for the storm to cease. If they were only a little more comfortable! Unfortunately travellers are crowded together and scarcely find room to sit or lie down. They are poisoned by an awful odour arising from the remains of rotten fish lodged between the boards; in addition to this, they are tormented by vermin.

"In spite of the inconvenience I like the Chinese barques better than the Chinese vehicles. We may number the latter among the instruments of torture of the Celestial Empire. They are small sentry-boxes of wood, pierced by grated skylights and placed on an axle which joins two large solid wheels. There is no spring, for that is an unheard-of luxury. There is neither seat nor bench in these carriages. People are obliged to sit on the floor in tailor fashion. As the Chinese roads are very much broken up and covered with holes, the poor travellers are violently thrown from one side to the other, running the risk of breaking their limbs or heads. The carriage in which I rode had pillows and mats. Still, the jolting was such that several times I was nearly killed. At last I got a mattress and lay down in invalid fashion. In spite of that it seemed at the end of the journey that my bones were dislocated."

On her arrival, Sister de Jaurias found Pekin in mourning; Bishop Mouly had just died.

This courageous Missionary is considered the second Founder of the Pekin Mission. He entered the city for the first time thirty years before, in spite of the dreadful dangers, disguised as an invalid and carried on a hand-barrow. Bishop Favier says: "He was very careful to

wash his face daily with some very strong tea in order to acquire a yellow complexion." His contribution to the Treaty of 1860 had given him great popularity throughout China and much influence in the Imperial Court. He returned to France but once. According to Bishop Favier: "His arrival was an event. This kind Bishop with a long beard, big Chinese spectacles, and somewhat bewildered air, was a wonder. Everybody wanted him. He went to see the Emperor, who gave him a large sum of money from the war indemnity to rebuild the old churches which had been destroyed. Napoleon III, who was very gentle and kind to this old Bishop so attached to France, said to him: 'What else can I do to please you ?' He answered: 'Sire, send me back to China.'"

The funeral of this holy Bishop was magnificent. Sister de Jaurias writes: "Nothing so beautiful has been seen in China. The members of every European Legation attended it. Prince Sun represented the 'Son of Heaven,' and repeated to all that he was in mourning for the Bishop as he would have been for his father." The procession was composed of ten thousand people and five hundred carriages carrying the Chinese ladies. In a word, this was a triumph of our holy religion. In the midst of our sorrow we were much comforted."

Though in mourning because of the master's death, work was not suspended in the house. With the charge of Assistant of the General Visitor, Sister de Jaurias was soon given that of Mistress of Novices of the Chinese Sisters. She began her work courageously, and soon gained the confidence and love of her novices. "I endeavour to make the beginning of the religious life easy for them, and to make their future duties and the sacri-

fices which accompany them attractive. I feel that they respond to my care. My dear Chinese Sisters comfort me greatly by their docility, piety, and ardour for good."

When entering on the new path which was now opening before her and which she was to follow for many years, God wished to try Sister de Jaurias by sending her a long and dreadful sickness.

At the beginning of her recovery she writes: "I can hardly hold my pen; my fingers are trembling and the words I am writing jump under my eyes. I was very near dying. My Sisters left me neither day nor night. It is to their care and prayers that I owe my quite unexpected cure. I prepared myself for death, and although happy at the thought of going to heaven, yet I was sorry to leave poor China, where there is so much good to be done. Accordingly, when I felt that Almighty God was going to leave me yet longer on earth, I was pleased, and did not repine at the idea of future labour, since it is in the designs of our dear Lord that I should work still longer.

"I was attended with much skill and devotion by a Chinese doctor. He gave me loathsome and horrid medicines, the odour of which alone was nauseating. However, he cured me. I was told that he wished to perform the operation of acupuncture. My Sisters would not allow him to do so."

This operation of acupuncture, of which Sister de Jaurias speaks so calmly, belongs to both medical and surgical art. It is one of the strangest of the Chinese methods of dealing with disease. Long needles, sometimes red hot, are driven into different parts of the body. It is said that this strange treatment, which causes no danger, sometimes produces wonderful results.

In reference to this remedy, Bishop Favier tells the following story: "Once a Missionary fell ill on the road to Pekin; he had cholera and was almost dead. I went to him and found him cold, bloodless and unconscious. Two Chinese doctors were driving iron needles with very big brass tops into his limbs. No blood came. At last they drove a needle more than an inch long under his knee. A drop of black blood showed. Then one of the doctors said: "He is saved!" After this both had a smoke and drank tea. The patient did not move. I said to them: "But continue if you can relieve him. Don't you see that he is dying?" They answered: "Don't worry, the blood came. There is plenty of time." It was impossible to make them continue the operation. I waited patiently. At last, after their third or fourth smoke, they began to make new punctures. After fifteen minutes the sick man sat up, looked at me as if he had risen from the dead, and said: 'Where am I? Oh! this is you! I would like to have a smoke." I wanted to have him carried in a hand-barrow to the city, a distance of six miles. The Chinese doctors said: 'Oh! do you want to take him away? Well, you must be careful.' Without saying any more they drove four needles eight inches long—I measured them—below the stomach. After this I brought him back to Pekin. He slept quietly the whole night, and the next day was completely cured."

No sooner had Sister de Jaurias recovered than her charges and responsibilities increased. "Our Reverend Mother Visitor is going to France for a year. She has left all her responsibilities on my weak shoulders; the burden seems very heavy for them." Her apprehension would have been much greater had she foreseen the

serious events and awful catastrophes which were to mark the interim.

On the 21st of June, 1870, a few months after Mother Azais' departure, the Tien-Tsin massacres occurred.

The French Consul, M. Fontanier, M. Thomassin, Chancellor of the French Legation of Pekin, who was visiting Tien-Tsin with his young wife, two Missionaries, ten Sisters of Charity, and a few European business-men, were murdered by a frantic mob under the eyes of the Mandarins, who looked on unmoved. The nuns were massacred with special cruelty.

"I . . . I have always before my eyes the picture of our martyred Sisters; I know they are very happy, yet I weep for them, for they were my Sisters. Their heroism and constancy were wonderful. The murder of the Consul and of the Missionaries had warned them of the danger. On hearing the shouts of the enraged mob, who were breaking down their door, they took refuge in the chapel. There they gave the Viaticum to each other, in order to receive grace and strength from the Blessed Sacrament, and also to save our dear Lord from the profanation of falling into the hands of the bandits. The Superior, Sister Marquet, went to meet the frenzied mob with much coolness and courage. She endeavoured to calm them with kind words. She was massacred the first. Three of her companions were burnt alive in the chapel crypt; two others were impaled on long spears planted at each side of the entrance gate. The rest were killed by the sword. Their bodies were so cut up that when, under the protection of the French gunners, we went to bury them, we were able to put into the coffins only the head and some portions of bodies which we were not even sure belonged to our dead. As relics of

our martyred Sisters, we kept pieces of half-burnt clothing and a few scraps of paper stained with blood. On one of them we recognized the handwriting of our Italian Sister, Sister Andrenni."

The causes of these atrocities remained a mystery for a long time, for it was known that the Sisters of Charity were venerated and loved in Tien-Tsin by the Chinese population. At last it was discovered that this outbreak had been caused by a ridiculous calumny which had been circulated by the educated class. The Sisters were charged with taking out the eyes of the children they received, and using them to make philters and medicines. Bishop Favier says: "As a proof, in Chengheu, glass jars filled with children's eyes were shown. It was pretended those were found in the Sisters' House. These were really only small onions preserved in vinegar."

Just at the same moment the heart of Sister de Jaurias was filled with anguish at the news of the French defeat of 1870.

It is necessary to live in exile to know how dear our country is and what space she occupies in our hearts. "Methinks that far away from her we share more deeply and intimately in her sorrows when she is unhappy; for she is a mother, and a child cannot remain insensible to a mother's sorrow. Moreover, in a foreign land, we are in daily contact with hostility or indifference. We may catch an expression of hateful joy or mortifying pity in the looks of those around us."

On this occasion the Chinese did not fail to make the French feel the defeat. At the moment of the declaration of the Franco-German War negotiations had begun concerning the reparation for the massacre of Tien-Tsin. The Chinese Representatives did not dare to refuse

anything openly, because they knew that the French power was still sufficient to crush them, but they no longer took the trouble to conceal their bad faith. Those who knew of the French defeats expressed in their own way a *vae victis*. "The Chinese load us with outrages since they have heard of our disasters. On passing by the French Legation or our Mission House, they spit towards the flag which rises above, in sign of hatred and scorn."

When the news of the siege of Paris arrived, the heart of the kind Sister was rent. "Poor France! Paris besieged! What a humiliation! Oh! I beg of you to write and give us some details. Tell me that the news we hear is untrue, or at least exaggerated. If you knew how much we are suffering on account of it! We are all living here in a state which is somewhat akin to martyrdom."

The long illness that Sister de Jaurias went through on her arrival in Pekin left no traces. In spite of her unceasing work and the difficulties of her office so heavy with responsibilities, and saddened at the very start by such painful events, the health of the Visitor, *pro tem.*, was excellent. She writes: "I was never better in my whole life. God proportions our strength to our work."

There was one thing she feared and could never get used to—the cold weather, that severe cold weather which for four months of the year prevails in Pekin. "Is it an effect of my sickness, or because the winter in Chely is longer and more severe than the winters I have had to endure in Shang-Hai and Ning-Po? I notice that I am ridiculously chilly. I am quite bewildered and dull when the winter comes. I feel as though I were going to have a spell of sickness. I have

to wear so much clothing that I feel as round as a tower. Under my habit I have on a sheepskin and woollen garments. I can scarcely move."

In spite of this fear of the cold, she deprecated the precautions people wanted her to take. Her answer to one of her own Sisters who wished to send her flannel for her personal use was: "Please have the goodness to do nothing of the kind. It is a thing too expensive and elegant for my poor bones. I would much prefer to receive warm clothing in which to dress my little darlings of the Infant School."

Sister de Jaurias was relieved of the responsibilities of the general government. She came back joyfully to her favourite work—the nursing of the sick and the teaching of the children. She was especially interested in and fond of the latter. She recalled the words of her father, St Vincent de Paul: "When you are taking care of little ones, if you are united by the bond of true charity, should you not think that you are in Paradise, since you are in the company of angels, who always see the face of their Father who is in heaven?"

Under her direction the Immaculate Conception House was improving. In her orphan asylum the children were crowded. There were few boys, but the girls were very numerous. They were of every age and size, from babies yet at nurse to grown-up boys and girls old enough to marry. It was especially at the moment of parting from them, and preparing them for a new kind of life, that she showed her motherly care. She endeavoured to get safe positions for her children, and made provision for their future welfare. On this account she was sometimes much worried. She writes: "The position of Chinese women is very sad, especially among those

who are not Christians. Their life is nothing but hard slavery. They are often ill-treated by their husbands; always by their mothers-in-law—it appears that in China the reputation of mothers-in-law is not better than elsewhere—sometimes also by their children. The filial respect, so much praised in the Celestial Empire, is all given to the father, the mother has no share in it.

"Custom forbids the mother to sit at table with the family. She must eat when her husband and sons have finished, and be satisfied with their leavings. The law does not recognize her as a separate person. She is looked upon only as the shadow of her husband, and has value only on his account. A Chinese proverb makes women say: 'If I marry a bird, I must fly after him; if I marry a dog, I must run after him; if I marry a ball of earth, I must sit by it and guard it.' The husbands possess entire control over their wives, and of course they take advantage of it. Those who would attempt to deviate from this custom would be scorned. Women bear these traditional cruelties without complaint. Moreover, to whom could they complain? In the eyes of the legislators they have no legal existence. The Chinese women do not even think of protesting against the situation in which they are placed. Many hundred years of debasement and servitude have depressed their souls and destroyed all moral sensibility. Their physical sensibility also has, to a great extent, grown dull. A woman may be killed by her husband without his being liable to much punishment. The Chinese law is very indulgent towards husbands who kill their wives. Bishop Favier reports the following incident: 'A few years ago, any one who happened to be passing by might have witnessed in full daylight an enraged man cutting off

his wife's head with a carving knife. This happened in Leusichand Street, one of the most thickly populated streets of Pekin. More than a thousand people were witnesses; no one moved or made a gesture to prevent the crime. I have heard that the husband was not condemned to death. He was only obliged to pay a fine of a few hundred dollars.' "

Sister de Jaurias tried to introduce her girls into Christian families in order to save them from such an unhappy existence. " We have quite a number of girls who are between fifteen and sixteen years old. We must think of having them married. Marriage is still, in China, the safest way for a young girl who wishes to lead a good life. We place as many as we can in Christian families; some of them also in worthy pagan families, where, I hope, they will do a little good. The Chinese are quite surprised at our not selling the girls as is customary. They are so much sought after because people know they are educated and well brought up."

But a great joy for Sister de Jaurias was to have her own children united in marriage, to settle what she called her *petits ménages*. She writes: I hold a regular matrimonial agency. This is how it is done. Our boys are apprenticed as soon as they are of working age. The Chinese employers like them very much, because they are good and docile. When those apprentices have become workmen, and are able to earn their living, we must see to having them married, because the Chinese marry very young. I find them wives very easily among my girls. The couples are introduced; they accept each other; the priest marries them. As soon as they are married, we settle them in a small house; we give them a few pieces of furniture and a few tools, and they are happy.

" You must not believe that the matter is settled as quickly as it seems from my account. The Chinese do everything in a very formal way. All the important events of their lives must be carried out according to a special ritual. At a marriage, the religious ceremony which takes place first, contrary to the French custom, is very simple. The Chinese civil ceremony is longer and more complicated. The young girl is placed in one of our good Christian families and waits for the coming of the appointed day. When this day arrives, friends clothe the bride for the ceremony.

" Having carefully cut her hair in the Chinese style, they put on her forehead a gold diadem covered with stones—of course, imitations. She wears a large mantle of red satin embroidered with many coloured silks, a yellow dress, blue trousers, and red shoes. A belt is tied round her body, and the flowing ends are trimmed with small bells. Her cheeks are painted white, her lips and eyebrows rouged.

" When everything is ready, the bridegroom goes in a palanquin to the bride's house. When they meet they make a low bow; then together they prostrate themselves before their parents, or those who hold the place of parents. Afterwards the bridegroom sees that the bride gets on the palanquin, and conducts her with great ceremony to his house, into which he leads her by the hand. After a few prostrations they drink from the same cup. That is all; according to the Chinese rites they are married."

But these ceremonies cannot always take place. They are dispensed with or shortened during public mourning. " In Pekin, we are in deep mourning for one of the two Empresses who has just died. Here the mourning

consists especially in being dirty. It is forbidden to wash or shave for three months. Everybody must be dressed in white. The strings which tie the hair must be white also. Women cannot wear flowers in their hair; weddings are forbidden for a certain length of time. The ordinary folk must wait for three months, the Tartars and Mandarins from one to three years, according to their rank. I have many girls who wish to get married. They will have to wait for three months, and even then must be married without music."

Sister de Jaurias kept closely in touch with her *petits ménages*. She visited them often, and they returned her visits. "On the first day of the Chinese year they do not fail to come to greet me. Our married boys and girls come always on this occasion to offer me their good wishes and present their babies. I have been godmother many times. On that day they put on a coat of silk or fine cloth. The men bow to the floor, the women kneel, and together they say: 'To-Ku-guon Pachu': 'Great Virgin, may you live one hundred years and more.'"

The empty places in the little family of Sister de Jaurias caused by these marriages were quickly filled. She writes: "I have more than five hundred children. The house is full, the Infant School crowded, and every day there are newcomers. Soon I will not know where to put these little folk."

Nevertheless, Chinese thieves, the cleverest and boldest of all thieves, succeeded in slipping into this crowded house. "A few mornings ago I found my household in trouble. Robbers had come during the night. They carried away very little, we are too poor; but still, I must have them pursued and punished to prevent others from following their example."

In Pekin thieves form a numerous and powerful society, whose chiefs have an uncontested authority. They act with wonderful cleverness, either in a band or alone. They are seldom arrested, because the Mandarins in authority are often their accomplices. Sometimes, however, they do not fare very well. Bishop Favier says: "One night a band of thieves attacked a pawnbroker's shop outside Tien Men gate. The thieves thought that everyone was asleep. They made a hole in the wall. It was large enough for one of the youngest of the band to pass his feet in, as is their custom. He was quite surprised to find himself seized. Somebody inside had taken firm hold of his legs and he could not get out. His companions uttered awful threats, but without effect. Fearing that their accomplice would betray them, they cut off his head and carried it away."

The thieves who robbed Sister de Jaurias were not discovered, but the stolen things were given back to her. "I went to see the Mandarin who had charge of our quarter. I told him that I held him accountable for the theft of which we were the victims. I threatened to report him to the French Chargé d'Affaires, who would go to a higher authority. On the next day everything which had been stolen was carefully returned to me. I contented myself with that, and let my thieves look elsewhere for booty."

These little incidents, and the annoyances which resulted from them, did not lessen the serenity of Sister de Jaurias. She accepted such trials smilingly. They were the daily bread of the Superioress.

But there was one pain her heart refused to accept willingly, although a long and frequent experience

should have accustomed her to it. It was that of witnessing the death of one of her companions.

Mutual love is the very sweet bond which unites the Sisters of Charity and renders their Order a Paradise on earth. They love God and the poor and each other in God working for the relief of the poor. The happiness which this mutual love procures is so great that nothing on earth can be compared with it.

St Vincent asked one of his Sisters: "Which would you like to be, a great Queen or a Sister of Charity?" The Sister answered: "I prefer to be a Sister of Charity, but I find so much satisfaction in it that I fear for my salvation." The kind father answered smilingly: "Accept the gift of God."

When death comes into so united a family and strikes one of its members, deep is the sorrow into which it plunges the others. Sister de Jaurias felt this sorrow more than anyone else. She shared this common tenderness for her Sisters with Blessed Louise de Marillac, who, on hearing of the death of her Sisters, fell sick. St Vincent had to write to her: "I beg of you not to yield to sorrow. Bow to the will of God. I acknowledge that this is easy to say, but the tears of our Lord over Lazarus show us it is not easy to do. If you weep, let it be for a short time only, afterwards seek to strengthen yourself. . . ."

Scarcely had Sister de Jaurias settled in the House of the Immaculate Conception when she saw in the space of a few days three of her Sisters carried off by typhus. "My heart is broken, and I need strength from above very badly. I have just lost three of my Sisters with typhoid fever. Am I the cause of it? Did I take the care of them which my duty as a mother de-

manded? It seems to me I did. If one of God's servants were to perish at her work on account of my neglect, I could not console myself. A fourth Sister was dying and had received the last Sacraments; we had said the prayers for the dying while I held her in my arms, my hand on her heart to feel if it were still beating. At last our dear Lord had mercy on me, and gave me back this Sister, who is now recovering rapidly."

The kind mother adds: "It is on these painful occasions that it is difficult to say 'Fiat.' However, we must be resigned to the will of God, and say like Job: 'God has given them to me; God has taken them away—may his holy Name be blessed for ever.'"

God did not always take them from her. Once he gave one back through the intercession of Blessed Louise de Marillac in a way that we might call miraculous. Here is the true and accurate statement she gives:

"I have just had a great consolation. One of my Sisters who is very delicate, this last winter especially, was for the greater part of three months confined to her bed, or to her room, and could do nothing. Anæmia was wearing her away slowly. She was so weak she could not go two hours without taking food, and still most of the time could not retain it. She was in what is, for a Sister of Charity, a very sad state. She was quite unable to work. Towards the 15th of March, the anniversary of the death of the holy Foundress, Louise de Marillac, our poor invalid felt inspired to make a Novena, asking for the strength necessary for the performance of her duties. From the first day of the Novena she seemed more ill than usual. In the night, between the fifth and sixth day, she felt a sudden strain in her chest. It seemed to her that she was relieved of

a heavy burden. The next morning, at the first bell, she came down down to chapel, a feat that she had been unable to perform for many long months. When I entered she came joyfully to me and said: ' I am cured.' On seeing her in the chapel at this early hour I was so much surprised that I thought that she had gone out of her mind. I said to her: ' Go to bed, dear child, you must be losing your mind.' She had not lost her mind, but now enjoys excellent health. For many years she has not been so well or so active. Almighty God grants us many graces; let us try to deserve them."

The kind Superioress loved her daughters so much that she seemed to see in them only good qualities. In her numerous letters she often speaks of her companions always with admiration, the persistence of which may be explained only by the ardent and motherly love she had for them.

She writes: " When I see one of my Sisters dying, it always seems to me that it is the best member of the community I am losing. When I find the others so affectionate, zealous, pious, it seems to me that I was unjust; that those who remain are best."

This abundant harvest gathered by death among the Sisters of Charity did not abate the zeal of the survivors. After weeping over the tombs of the departed Sisters who fell at their work, they started again, courageous and indefatigable, ploughing everywhere in the vineyard of the Lord, redoubling their efforts so as to fill the places of the dear ones who had gone.

CHAPTER IX

THE ALMSHOUSE OF JEN-TSE-TANG AND THE HOSPITAL OF PEKIN

ON the 16th of November, 1871, Sister de Jaurias wrote, "we have just begun to build a small hospital. The devil has put so many difficulties in the way that it is evident he is not pleased. But we are not losing confidence. Almighty God is pleased. The rest is of little importance."

Following the custom of the Sisters of Charity, an almshouse and dispensary connected with the House of the Immaculate Conception were opened. These were besieged daily. The poor used to throng there to tell their tale of suffering, to describe their sickness, and procure medicines. Still greater numbers came to beg for help against hunger, that evil which is responsible for more victims than any other in China. When making up her accounts for the previous year Sister de Jaurias could write this wonderful item: Patients attended to in the dispensary, 28,740; meals given to the poor, 69,203.

Yet her deep humility caused her to say: "I do not do half the good I should do. It is not the fault of God. I draw from his granaries with full hands. St Vincent did wonders with the funds given him; but he was a saint. That is the secret of his wonderful charity. I, his unworthy daughter, am a sinner; I do not deserve to be God's instrument; but I have hope and confidence."

To do so much, Sister de Jaurias had at her disposal

only the alms from the Holy Childhood Society, and from her relatives and friends in France. But these scanty resources were managed so prudently and economically that they were sufficient for all her needs. Divine Providence also helped the good Sister somewhat; the multiplying of sapeques and rice may be explained only by remembering that the humble Superioress worked for the glory of him who multiplied the loaves in the desert. Sister de Jaurias knew that she could not count on the generosity of the rich Chinese. It was not only that they were not Christians, and that she had no influence over them, but ideas of mercy and kindness were entirely foreign to them.

"In China we cannot ask alms from the rich. They are hard-hearted, and do not understand that we do good to our brethren in the name of God. Like all venal and mean souls, they suspect that we wish to derive some material benefit from our charity. It is not only the rich who are unfeeling to the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. The poor themselves do not try to help one another. The proverb (perhaps somewhat paradoxical), 'It is lucky for the poor that the poor exist,' is not verified in China."

Sister de Jaurias quotes an illustration of this hardness of which she was a witness at Ning-Po. "The rebels exploded a powder-mill. Among the men who guarded it nine were killed, about twenty others dangerously hurt. The dead and wounded were lying among the rubbish. Among the crowd of spectators attracted by the explosion nobody thought of caring for the injured. Our kind lay-brother passing by proposed bringing the survivors to the hospital. They accepted with gratitude. When the question of carrying them arose, he found

no one willing to help. The spectators looked at them and said: 'It is useless to take care of them; they would not recover; it would be time and money lost.' Our kind brother had to carry each one in turn in a wheelbarrow."

Among the sick who passed through the hospital of Pe-Tang there were many who could not continue the treatment which the Sister-nurse had begun. Sometimes they had no home, or, if they had, it was perhaps only a miserable hut. "If you go through Pekin at night," says Bishop Favier, "in a corner you may see a bundle of rags. If you approach and touch this shapeless heap, it will begin to move. A whole family sleep there, wrapped up in an old mat."

A hospital was needed to shelter these homeless invalids. Sister de Jaurias, encouraged by Bishop Delaplace, undertook to establish it. Scarcely was it opened when it was crowded. "I am heart-broken. The threshold of our hospital is daily thronged. There are poor people who wait for several weeks to take the place left by one of our patients who dies or recovers. When there is a vacant bed, they fight to get it. We have only one hundred beds, and we need at least a thousand."

Misery and famine rule in Pekin; the starving are innumerable. Bishop Favier says: "Beggars form a numerous and powerful society. They obey a chief who has the ironically poetical title of 'King of the Children of Flowers.' Each band has its own quarter to which its members are confined. There is no escape from the importunity of these parasites. They stand by the stores and make an uproar until they get an alms. If people are harsh to them they only shout the louder. It even happens that one of them will hang himself from

the door of a shop. If this happens, the owner, according to the terrible law of responsibility, is ruined.

Their boldness is explained by the excess of their misery. They are starving. Anything is good enough to satisfy their hunger. Bishop Favier says: "The poor compete with crows, kites, and dogs—these road surveyors of Pekin. They feed themselves in the same manner on the refuse of the streets. Nothing is more painful than to see these half-naked wretches struggling with the dogs for a bone or a piece of rotten meat. Often they take advantage of the greediness of the animals to cast a slip knot around the neck of the poor beasts and run off, dragging them along until they are choked. This affords the chance of a good meal."

The causes of this abject poverty in China are numerous. The Chinese race is very prolific. In the city as well as in the country, births are more numerous than deaths, so the population is dense. Consequently all trades are overcrowded, and property is divided into infinitely small parts. There are numbers who live day in, day out upon the profits of a little trading or on the crops of a small field. If a flood or drought occurs and destroys their harvest, if a fire breaks out, burning their stores and tools, soon the farmer without savings, or the business-man or workman without credit, is ruined.

To these plagues, wars and riots are often added. During such times rebels or regular troops live on the country and impose very high war levies. They ruin the land through which they pass. Then large bands, real armies of beggars, are organized. They go generally to the city to look for some means of living. Many fall from hunger and die in the way; it is not rare to see the roads of the Celestial Empire strewn with rotting corpses. People

pass by them without question; they are used to this awful sight. But another great cause of misery in China is a passion for gambling. A Chinaman, starving to death, who has gained a few sapeques, prefers to risk them again rather than buy a little rice. Anything whatever is used as a stake by these lawless gamblers. When they have gambled away all their money, they stake their fields, houses, clothing, freedom, and sometimes their wives.

Bishop Favier tells the following story: "A young man, although a Christian, had staked his wife who was not twenty, against a wager of about one pound, and lost her. The Missionary, having heard of this, paid the sum and gave the young woman back to her mother. A few months later she rejoined her husband. It would not be safe to maintain that he did not gamble and lose her again."

When to sickness and hunger the severe cold of Pekin is added, the fate of the poor becomes frightful.

For four months of the year the thermometer varies between fourteen and eighteen degrees below zero, while in summer it goes up to forty in the capital of the Middle Empire. The north wind, the Mongolian wind, dry and freezing, blows over the city almost without ceasing. Canals and rivers are frozen in December, and thaw only in March.

During the winter months many corpses of the poor are found every morning on the streets of Pekin. The unfortunates who die of cold are numbered by hundreds. "One of our Chinese Sisters has just told me that her mother found in her garden this morning the dead bodies of some poor wretches who were frozen to death during the night."

"The other day," writes Sister de Jaurias, "as I was

coming back from the hospital, my heart seemed breaking. About one hundred poor people had followed me for a long way trying to move me to admit them, by shaking before my eyes their frozen and already gangrened limbs. It was impossible; I saw a man walking ahead of me for a while, tottering. He used to fall, get up, totter along for a minute and fall again. I thought he was intoxicated. When I passed by him, he called me. I approached. He was a poor man, driven from his village by misery, and had eaten nothing for three days. After strengthening him with a good meal, I gave him some money. Had he not met me, he would have died in the street. Those who passed by did not even look at him."

However, it is not the fault of the officers of the law if the poor are frozen to death in the streets. Orders are given to rid the city at night of the starving and homeless whom despair may instigate to crime, and whose presence is a cause of anxiety and danger to the inhabitants.

The Sister writes: "There exists in Pekin a barbarous custom of which I cannot speak without indignation. The poor who have neither house nor hut, neither thatched cottage nor tent, are not permitted to remain in the city. Every evening officers, with whip in hand, go through the city and drive all the unfortunates they meet outside the ramparts. These poor people sleep in the fields. It is a miracle that they do not all die of cold." The kind Sister repeats the words which come so often from her pen: "It is very painful for a Sister of Charity not to be able to relieve all these woes."

She could not refrain from protesting against the wish of one of her sisters who sent her money for her own use. "You want me to take it for my own use? Do you think I have the courage to do so? I have all I need, while so

many unfortunate people die of cold and starvation. In the severe cold weather poor people often come here wearing only a calico garment very old and torn. Imagine what they must suffer. I, who am wrapped in a sheepskin, am shivering. It is true that there are many frozen to death. Oh ! do not take away from me the happiness of relieving and nursing our Lord in the person of the poor."

The Chinese houses afford no protection against the cold weather on account of their very thin walls. The people have invented a simple and ingenious system of heating which they call " Kan."

Everywhere, in the palace of the great Mandarin and in the simple house of the poor, the Kan is found. Sister de Jaurias describes it thus: " The Kan is a large table of brickwork which occupies one side of the room. Underneath there is a fire of pit-coal. The heat, or rather the smoke, is carried by pipes to the top of the brickwork. The same fire is used to heat the house and to cook with. During the whole winter the Chinese spend all their time on the Kan, sitting on their heels. Here they work, rest, eat, and sleep. Visitors come and sit on the Kan. In spite of the economy of this method of heating, it sometimes happens that the Kan is cold. Some years fuel is scarce and expensive. Sister de Jaurias, in 1880, writes: " We have an unusual number of children and poor people. I think we shall have great difficulty in feeding them, and especially in keeping them warm. Fuel is very expensive this year."

This intermittent scarcity of fuel is owing, not to the absence of coal measures, for there are numerous mines near Pekin, but to the defects in the method of working them. Bishop Favier says: " The Chinese

begin working a mine by digging an underground way sloping gently to the vein. Naked men, with a lamp fastened to their foreheads, slip into these caves, the sides and vaults of which are inadequately supported by small beams. They come back, carrying on their shoulders or dragging a coal block. These unfortunate men scarcely earn fifteen pence a day. Three years is the average duration of life for a man engaged in this work."

During the past few years European improvements have been introduced into some mines, and these are connected with the capital by a railway. They belong to the family of the famous Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang.

Sister de Jaurias, encouraged by Bishop Delaplace, had established a hospital at Pekin, which, in spite of its many imperfections, did a great deal of good. In obedience to the wish of Bishop Tagliabue, she did not hesitate, in 1885, to commence a new foundation. "We are going to open a new house which will be dependent on ours. Our Bishop is the inspirer and promoter of the idea. It will be situated near Pekin, in the country. The water is very good and the air pure. We shall bring our sick children here, establish another almshouse, and, I hope, have many dying children baptized. We shall also have our laundry here. This is very important on account of the altar-cloths, in the preparing of which we find joy and consolation."

Sister de Jaurias always thought it an honour and a comfort to have charge of the churches and of whatever was used for the Divine Service. She attended to it with great zeal. As a rule she was a very inexpert beggar and very seldom asked for alms for her own house; but when there was a question of decorating the churches she did not hesitate to do so. She thought there was never

enough done, and that nothing was too beautiful for almighty God. She writes from Ning-Po: "We had an old and heavy sanctuary lamp. A few nights ago it fell and broke. It would make me very happy if some one thought of giving me a new one." She writes again from Pekin: "We have a very pretty little church here, St Michael's, which is very poor in altar-cloths and ornaments—indeed, in everything. Perhaps you will have the charity to send a few corporals and purificators, or the linen to make some."

To this zeal for the house of God Sister de Jaurias added, quite naturally, a deep veneration for those who are its guardians and ministers. She had a very great respect for the priesthood. In a priest she considered only his sacred character and supernatural mission. At the side of this other Christ she accepted with happiness the role of Martha.

When she was at Ning-Po, she daily saw coming from the Central Provinces Missionaries who had been exiled from their houses. They arrived weakened by privation or worn out by sickness. She implored help for them. "You will do a good work if you send me tonics for our Missionaries who come from the Provinces of the interior. These poor priests are exhausted. They live on rice and salted fish, and drink only water. Sometimes they spend several days without food. They flee from their persecutors, for they are hunted like wild beasts. They are real confessors of our faith."

In 1892 the great synod of the northern region met in Pekin. The Bishops who attended it came in turn to visit Jen Tse Tang. Sister de Jaurias fully appreciated this favour. She writes: "The synod was composed of eight Bishops and one mitred Abbot of the Trappist

Order. These kind Bishops belong to the Provinces of the interior. There are three of Mongolia, one of Manchuria, the others belonging to the Northern Provinces of China. They all came to say Mass in our chapel, and afterwards did us the honour of accepting a cup of coffee from us. It seemed to me that I was waiting on the Apostles. The account of their trials was heart-rending, and gives an idea of the merits and rewards which are in store for them."

Sister de Jaurias eagerly seized the opportunity of making some sacrifice for these men whose lives and works she so much admired. She writes to one of her own sisters: " The beautiful shawl that you sent me was used for something you would never have thought of. Our Bishop sent me one of his cassocks to be mended. It was so worn out that I did not know how to mend it. I made him a new cassock out of my shawl. I could not make a better use of it than to clothe a saint."

This title, so difficult to earn, Sister de Jaurias did not hesitate, notwithstanding her prudence and circumspection, in applying to the different Bishops of Pekin, under the direction of whom she had worked. Bishops Mouly, Delaplace, Tagliabue, Sarthou — at their death she mourned over them as her benefactors and prayed to them as saints. Very often in her letters she makes us aware of her deep and heartfelt sorrow for them.

The death of Bishop Tagliabue she felt more acutely than anything else. " I am heartbroken. What a loss I have just met with! He was my support and comfort. Whenever I had any difficulty, he used to say with a smile: ' Our Lord is knocking at your door with his Cross.' Our Crucified Master has never before knocked at my door with so painful a cross as this one. I ask

prayers, many prayers for my Bishop. He deserves it, for while on earth he had a great devotion to the suffering souls in Purgatory. I remember that when our Sister Elizabeth died, he said, or had said, one hundred Masses for the repose of her soul."

Sister de Jaurias believed that the affection which stops at the threshold of the tomb is not sincere. She did not fail to pray for the souls of her relatives who had entered upon their eternal life. " Every day I pray for the souls of those I love, and as often as I can I have Masses said for them. It is with great happiness that I see my dear ones very faithful to this devotion."

The little orphan girls of Pe-Tang knew of their mother's love of the Holy Souls, so when death entered her family they did not hesitate to spend part of their savings on having Masses said for the repose of the soul whom the dear Sister was mourning. " I recommended to my little girls the dear friend we have lost. Soon they collected among themselves the offering for two Masses. I was deeply touched. I did not want to accept it from them, but I could not sadden them by refusing. God will be pleased with this offering. It is indeed the mite of the poor, because these dear girls have no money, except a few sapeques given them from time to time as a reward. On one occasion they gave up all the money they had."

It seems that in reward for this great love for the Souls in Purgatory God gave Sister de Jaurias a hope, a certitude rather, of the eternal salvation of her dear ones. " Perhaps they are in Purgatory. Oh ! how much I am going to pray to deliver them."

On leaving for China, Sister de Jaurias had made, painfully but heroically, the sacrifice of her natural

affections. She never expected to see again those whom she loved on earth; she was looking forward only to meeting them in heaven.

Providence had decided otherwise. In 1882, a cablegram called the Superioress of Jen-Tse-Tang to France. Her experience and judgement were needed for the arranging of important affairs concerning the future of the communities in China. Moreover, her health, which had been long neglected, required a little rest and care.

After a somewhat lengthy stay at Paris, she had the consolation of going to Luchon, to see her home and the friends whom she had left more than thirty-eight years before. "On account of my long stay in a foreign country, our Reverend Superiors have had the kindness to make an exception for me, and have given me permission to visit you. I am deeply thankful to them. It is a great happiness to see you once more on earth."

Three months later she sailed again. She writes: "I am suffering as much as on my first departure. I am heartbroken and cannot keep back my tears. One cannot get accustomed to being separated from one's own country and friends. However, I resume my exile without complaining, in the hope that God is glorified among those I love, and that one day we shall all be united in heaven."

The day on which the good mother appeared again among her Chinese family was a feast day. . . . "Every one came to meet me, from the babies of the Infant School, toddling along in their very small slippers, to my dear old Sister Elizabeth, to whom joy seemed to give strength. I needed a full hour to kiss every one of these yellow cheeks."

"The news of my arrival spread. My *petits menages*

came to welcome me, and ask me not to go away any more. I promised. These kind children seemed satisfied by this assurance. They left me wishing me happiness during life, and after my death a beautiful coffin for my body and heaven for my soul."

While awaiting the hour of everlasting rest, Sister de Jaurias, after those few months of recuperation, resumed the cares and burdens of her office.

She devoted herself unreservedly to the difficult and painful toil which her duties imposed on her; but she had to make heroic efforts to content herself with the commonplace nature of her usual occupations. Her tender and lofty soul, eager for contemplation, would like to have been able to withdraw more often from earthly cares and to come nearer to God in long prayer. Martha was happy when for a few days she could become Mary! Long before the date fixed for it the pious Sister was yearning for her yearly retreat. She awaited it with an impatience which showed itself in each page of her letters. She writes: "Two weeks more and I shall be in retreat. Oh! how much I long to be able to live in communion with God, and to forget everything else. I am going to be selfish, and to work only for myself. I am so wicked, so imperfect!"

A relative of hers, knowing what she loved, sent her the complete works of St Francis de Sales. She writes: "I thank you; it is a great happiness for me to possess the works of this saint, so kind and gentle. If I were not so busy I would like to read them to the end without stopping. As it is I must be satisfied with enjoying them little by little, during the short moments of my recreation." This soul, contemplative by disposition and desire, but active from a sense of duty, was far from being excitable.

She did everything with deliberation. She never swerved from that calm which is the virtue of the strong. She never seemed hurried; yet her eye saw everything, and her strong and gentle influence was felt in everything. In the foundation and organization of the various institutions, Sister de Jaurias always showed the patience necessary to await the most favourable opportunity. She writes: "Waiting and being patient are the only means of working well when working for God. Very often I have had experience of this truth. When we want to go too quickly we spoil all because we work alone; but when we trust in God and know how to wait for the manifestation of his will, then we find the grace that our Lord promised to those who work for his glory and not for their own satisfaction."

This calmness and deliberation never forsook Sister de Jaurias even in the most tragic moments. "We have had a fire which might have entirely destroyed our house. The flames, fanned by a very strong wind, were licking the roof of our principal building. Our girls were screaming and running about as if they were mad. It was impossible to get help from them. They were so frightened. On this occasion I filled the office of Captain of the fire brigade. With my Sisters and a few neighbours who came on hearing the cries, we succeeded in putting out the fire. A few buckets of water well directed, and a few strokes of the axe put an end to the danger. In this way we avoided the presence of the Chinese firemen, who are only a crowd of brigands more to be feared than the fire itself." Bishop Favier says: "As the houses of Pekin are of wood and paper, fires are frequent. It is a wonder they do not happen daily. To extinguish them, each police-station has an old-fashioned pump, which, when it is

in good order, throws water from a distance of from fifteen to twenty yards. When warning is given, policemen and the watchmen who act as firemen proceed in a leisurely way. They get water where they can and begin to put out the fire. They endeavour especially to protect the neighbouring shops, after settling the price for doing so with the merchants. If the latter refuse the money demanded, the houses would be torn down under the pretext of stopping the fire. A fire is a lucky accident for firemen, also for thieves, who quickly take away all that is not destroyed by the flames. Often sufferers are cudgelled and sent to exile for consolation unless they pay a high price. This being the custom, everyone is careful to submit; otherwise Pekin would be burned down every winter."

Hitherto we have seen Sister de Jaurias struggling with the somewhat light troubles unavoidable in a large house. Henceforth we shall admire her continuing her work, even establishing, with a discreet perseverance, new houses, undismayed by the internal troubles which disturbed the Chinese Empire, or by the frequent wars which were waged with foreigners.

CHAPTER X

TONG-KING WAR—FOUNDATION OF THE NEW PE-TANG

FOR many years France had reason to complain of Annam. French travellers and French colonists in Asia had been frequently annoyed by the inhabitants of that country. Missionaries and explorers having been murdered, compensation was demanded, but the Government of Hue, supported and encouraged by China, either showed an unwillingness to grant it or postponed the claims indefinitely.

It must be admitted that there were political reasons for an armed intervention. Tong-King, the most beautiful and fertile province of Annam, on account of its rich soil and products, was coveted by France, especially because its possession would enable her to penetrate into China by the Red River which waters it. In response to businesss-men and colonists, and in accordance with the desire for colonial expansion, the French Government made war on Annam, under the pretext of securing liberty of trade, but with the intention of annexing it.

In 1882 Commander Garnier landed and look Hanoi, the capital, by assault. He perished in an ambuscade, after freeing the river from pirates called " Black Flags," who infested it, and made trade traffic impossible.

Commander River succeeded him, and was also killed in a skirmish under the walls of Hanoi. The Government had to resolve on more serious action.

Admiral Courbet arrived with his squadron outside

Hue, the capital of Annam. The Emperor, terrified at the sight of the French Fleet, submitted at once.

The "Black Flags," supported by Chinese soldiers, were defeated at Bac-Ninh and Tuyen-Kan. They were driven out of Tong-King. China, the ally of Annam, was compelled to sign the treaty of Tien-Tsin. One condition of this treaty was that a French garrison was to occupy Lang-Son. When the French soldiers approached this town, they were met by a Chinese regiment of ten thousand men at Bac-Le. War was declared on China. The French Minister was recalled and left Pekin; the Legation was forsaken; the flag and arms were removed.

It was with emotion verging on anguish that the Missionaries and Sisters saw the tricolour flag disappearing, and the French Representatives departing. They were their natural protectors. Nevertheless, despite the danger they were exposed to in a country engaged in war with their compatriots, neither Missionaries nor Sisters thought for a single instant of leaving the Christians or of forsaking their work. Besides, they were not unprotected. Sister de Jaurias writes: "We are under the protection of the other Foreign Legations. The Russian Minister is entrusted with the duty of watching over us in a very special manner, and is very devoted to us."

A few days after the declaration of war, Admiral Courbet destroyed the Chinese fleet at Fu-Cheu, and soon afterwards the arsenal. At this news surprise and fright were felt in Pekin. Letters and telegrams came without interruption, saying that the French had landed and were approaching the capital.

In the midst of the excitement caused by these rumours, the Missionaries and Sisters, contrary to their

expectations, were not at all disturbed. They were certainly protected by the decree of the Seventh Prince, the Emperor's father, which stated that Missionaries, not being politicians, were to be left in peace, and the Christians also; in addition to this, fear of consequences, which for the Chinese in particular is the beginning of wisdom, provided a safeguard.

One hostile manifestation occurred, but was quickly put down. "On hearing of the defeat of Fu-Cheu, a mob assembled in front of one of the churches in Pekin. They shouted a great deal, and threw a few stones; that was all. A policeman had no trouble in scattering them. There was no panic. On the next day, Sunday, the Divine Offices were performed as usual. Even we ourselves were surprised at being left in such peace. We continued our work, but cautiously and in silence so as to escape notice."

The panic which spread over Pekin lasted only a short time. As the French Fleet did not sail northward, confidence was restored. The Chinese Government scornfully considered this war as unimportant and not capable of causing the least trouble. The people, in turn, not seeing the enemy coming, believed the Mandarins' tale, saying that the foreigners were defeated. The retreat of General Negrier to Lang-Son was considered by most Chinese to be a defeat for the French armies and the last act of a struggle from which the "Son of Heaven" emerged victorious.

Those who were acquainted with the truth spoke of their numerous defeats and of the victory which was to put an end to them with a proud disdain. Sister de Jaurias writes: "The coolness of the Chinese is indescribable. Their losses seem to worry them very little. They

say quietly: 'The French took eight months to conquer Tong-King; let them keep on! If they do not make quicker progress, in one hundred years they will not have conquered one-quarter of the Empire.' What mortified them more was that the seal they had given to the Emperor of Annam was broken. The people of Annam were forbidden to get the calendar henceforward from Pekin. It was the end of the old rule of China over Annam.

In spite of the prudence required from Sister de Jaurias by the gravity of events and the delicate situation caused by the war between her country and China, she found the means of carrying out another undertaking, certainly religious, but also essentially favourable to the extension of French influence.

Some time before Bishop Tagliabue had opened a college at Pekin, at first directed by the Lazarist Fathers, and then by the Marist Brothers at Saint-Genis-Laval. In this college many young Chinese received a more or less liberal education according to their intelligence and the profession for which they were destined; but all, without exception, learned French, and succeeded in speaking and writing it fluently.

The Bishop desired the same kind of school for girls. Sister de Jaurias gave it her attention. Soon, in the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, a High School was established which was used for catechumens. "We have just opened a school which we proudly call the *École Normale*. We take young girls who would like to become teachers. We teach them what Chinese women are supposed to know, and in addition they acquire our beautiful French language. They study it eagerly and learn quickly. Thus we are creating around us a little France.

"In connection with this secular school we have a special course of religious instruction for pagan women who wish to become Christians and cannot easily find the means to be instructed. We have already nine good Chinese women who are preparing for Baptism. They study the catechism diligently."

The Convent of the Immaculate Conception became too small for so many different purposes. Sister de Jaurias wished to enlarge the building so as to obtain more air and space. She cherished projects of improvements, always praying Divine Providence to help her in the pursuit of her aims. Providence did indeed come to her help, but in a way that the good Sister had never expected, and which, she acknowledges, took a long time for her to understand and accept.

In 1885 Emperor Kwang-Su, being of age, was to take up the reins of government and, according to custom, to get married.

The Dowager-Empress, the famous Si-Tae-Heu, who had shared the regency with the Seventh Prince, the Emperor's father, decided to leave the palace to make room for the new Empress.

The High Mandarins and Ministers saw with regret the departure of this wonderfully gifted woman, whose experience and cleverness could be of great help in the direction of State affairs. They looked for some means of keeping her near the Violet City without breaking the customs; because the Emperor alone with his wives, eunuchs, and the officers of his household could remain in the reserved enclosures. A plot of ground was chosen on which to build a palace for the old Empress. This was in the Imperial City, situated to the west of the Forbidden City, and separated from the Violet City

only by the lakes which divide the Yellow City into two parts.

According to the plans drawn up, the gardens of the new palace were to occupy the site of the residences of the Missionaries and Sisters, as well as of all the surrounding houses, where more than two thousand Chinese or Manchurian families lived.

The difficulties which might be caused by the dispossession of the latter were quickly solved. Each family received an indemnity of about twenty pounds for each house forfeited, whatever it might be worth, and was expelled without any more formality.

It was not so easy to get possession of Pe-Tang. The Emperor Kang-Si had given it to the Missionaries. France looked upon it as National property.

The famous Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang was entrusted with the business of arranging a settlement. The Chinese Government offered to give the Missionaries a new piece of ground, larger than the first, and also situated in the Imperial City. Besides it promised to give all the money necessary for the erection of the new building.

This proposal, submitted to Pope Leo XIII by Rev. Father Favier, received his approval. It was also approved by the Superior-General of the Lazarist Fathers and by the French Government. At this time the French Representative at Pekin was M. Constans, formerly Minister of the Interior, well known for his struggle against "boulangisme." In a few months he had acquired a perfect knowledge of the Chinese national character. To their patient cunning, obsequious tenacity, and general versatility, he opposed his shrewd good nature and smiling but unshakable will. Under an appearance of simplicity and frankness, he concealed a soul as subtle

and ingenious as that of an Oriental. As official defender of the religious interests in the Extreme Orient, he took up his rôle enthusiastically and prepared to meet the Chinese Representative, old Li-Hung-Chang, the most famous diplomat of the Celestial Empire, which is so prolific in diplomats. The struggle between these two men so well matched could not fail to be interesting.

The news of the proposed change caused a deep apprehension to Sister de Jaurias, and this apprehension was felt by all the inhabitants of Pe-Tang. "What a strange fancy of this Empress to want to drive us from our home! It would be a real sorrow for us were we to leave our old Pe-Tang, the centre of so many good works and sanctified by the sojourn of so many confessors of the Faith. Our beautiful Cathedral, our dear chapel are to be profaned and used for the worship of the devil. Nothing has been done yet. Let us hope that nothing will be done. We pray very much; God will overthrow these projects and plans of men."

God did not overthrow these plans, and far from upsetting these projects, he seemed to give them his aid. The agreement was signed; foundations were dug; the frame began to take shape and seemed on a grand scale. Sister de Jaurias, still lamenting but resigned, began to think of preparing to move. "The thought of this upset frightens me. I dislike confusion and disturbance. How can I direct and carry out successfully this awful business of moving? I have seven hundred people to shelter and feed, and a great deal of furniture to move. Almighty God will not forsake me in these difficulties. He is a Father who never sends trials without the necessary grace to bear them."

Two years had been granted for the building of the

new Pe-Tang. The Empress, in a hurry to assume her power, and the Dowager-Empress, wishing to move at once into her new palace, asked earnestly that the time might be shortened.

M. Constans, after asking the Bishop's advice, acceded to their wishes, and promised that the buildings of the old Pe-Tang would be free in February, 1888. In return he required new favours for the Missionaries, with a pecuniary indemnity which was soon granted. After a short time the Chinese Representative, pressed by Si-Tae-Heu, urged once more that the work might be hurried and the delay shortened.

This impatience was entirely to the advantage of the French Representative. He did not fail to make use of it by begging a favour that no one had hitherto thought of asking, for it seemed impossible to obtain.

Opposite the Cathedral which they were building was a pagoda, under the immediate patronage of the Emperor and regularly attended. This proximity was a disturbance to the Mission and a real danger, because it attracted numerous fanatical Buddhists to the neighbourhood of the Catholic Settlement.

The Missionaries bewailed this state of affairs, but saw no remedy. In fact, it would have seemed absurd to expect the Chinese to pull down the building. But absurd as the idea seemed, M. Constans did not hesitate to propose it. In return he promised that the Missionaries would vacate Pe-Tang at the end of the year 1887.

The Chinese Government, astounded at so unexpected a demand, refused, and endeavoured to obtain more acceptable conditions. Entreaties, promises, even threats carefully disguised, did not succeed in changing Constans' resolution; he obstinately kept to his proposals.

The Tsong-Li-Yamen, tired of the struggle, accepted the proposal, running the risk of displeasing the inhabitants and exasperating the fanatical Buddhists.

The wonderful success of this affair made the Celestials look on M. Constans as a great man. Sister de Jaurias writes: "Our Minister is more Chinese than the Chinese. He sees through their deceit and easily thwarts them. They do not hide their admiration for his cleverness. He gets from them all he wants. They have found their master. The strength of inertia, which is their great resource, can do nothing against his strong will."

This painful sacrifice on the part of the Chinese required a special effort of goodwill on the part of the Missionaries. Fourteen hundred workmen were engaged at once and worked day and night. In the month of December, 1887, the new buildings were ready to shelter all the people connected with the Mission. The Bishop of Pekin could give the keys of the old Pe-Tang to the members of the Tsong-Li-Yamen.

Sister de Jaurias had not waited for the work to be finished before getting ready for the moving of her large family. She writes: "Everywhere there is confusion. I have to be in all places at once. I am moving my people gradually in small groups. In spite of this there is always some disorder or oversight. We are camping as the Israelites in the desert. Even manna is not lacking under the form of snow. To complete the likeness we would willingly accept the sun of Arabia also. We have very severe weather here. It is December. I am somewhat worried on account of the health of my little folk. The buildings are finished, but much work is yet to be done in the interior. We cannot wipe the plasterwork for we have not any, but we are trying to wipe the

damp from the new walls. We must not spare coal if we do not want to die of cold."

When the excitement of the moving was over, Sister de Jaurias, having recovered the calm of her daily life, could not help admiring her new house, about which she had such great apprehension in the beginning. "Our new house is large and comfortable. It is 600 feet wide by 1,200 feet long. We have big yards, and large galleries surround the house. The offices are separated from each other by a large hall. At the entrance are the dispensary and boys' home; then the Sisters' house with a yard and beautiful chapel. Behind these are the Infant School, Day Pupils' School, and finally the Holy Childhood Home. To each department belongs a yard with outbuildings. All this is very well arranged, thanks to the intelligent zeal of Rev. Father Favier, the architect of Pe-Tang. Our children are very comfortable; the air is healthy. We are separated from the city and do not suffer any longer from the awful odour which was such a trial in the other quarter. We have also very good water, which was lacking in the old building. To be fair, we must admit that we are more comfortable than we were, which does not prevent us from regretting our old house a little and sometimes sighing over its recollections."

Only ten months later, the beautiful church which was to be the centre of Pe-Tang was finished. "Our Cathedral has just been consecrated in the presence of the Ambassadors in full uniform and the Minister for Foreign Affairs in China, representing the 'Son of Heaven.' On the front a large plate was placed with an inscription stating that the church was built at the expense of the Emperor. Opposite the side-doors

there are two large tortoises of stone with a small pavilion covered with yellow tiles. This means that our buildings are under the immediate and personal protection of the Emperor."

The large buildings which Sister de Jaurias had at her disposal henceforward permitted her to extend still further a work already begun, and in which she was keenly interested—retreats for Chinese ladies. These retreats were not at all like those of pious European ladies who meet for a few days, at appointed hours, in a quiet chapel, in the presence of an eloquent preacher. They were retreats resembling those of Christian women of the primitive Church, and lasted five or six days, during which time the Chinese women were cloistered.

" Now the exercises of St Ignatius are going on. One hundred and eighty-six Chinese ladies are in retreat. They are married women. Widows and girls, young and old, will have their turn next. Our Bishop and our kind Missionaries attend to their spiritual needs. Our rôle is to provide for their temporal wants. Their time is so well occupied that they do not find the day long. Every morning they hear Mass and in the evening attend Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. They have two instructions a day; meanwhile they pray, read, and meditate. They remain five days without leaving the Convent, for they board here. They do not need much, and sleep in a common dormitory. Each one has a mat for a bed, a carpet, and a blanket. The food is very coarse, and poor and rich get the same. These good ladies are most edifying. They leave us delighted and eager to come back the next year."

Sister de Jaurias' solicitude was not limited to the Chinese women. The Europeans, above all the French

ladies, the wives of the diplomats and of business men, had the benefit of it. Friendly intercourse existed between them and the Superioress of Jen-Tse-Tang, the Sister visiting them sometimes, but more frequently they came to see her.

She put at their disposal her long experience of the climate and of life in the Far East; she gave them good advice and practical help; besides this, when she had the opportunity, she occupied herself with the welfare of their souls. Sometimes she even found time to be their nurse when they were ill. "A young lady of the Legation, who is almost a neighbour of mine, since she is from Nontron, has just been very ill; she has had typhoid fever. Her husband, M. Aubri d'Anti, almost at the same time was stricken with the same disease, but in a more serious form than hers. I could not go to see her very often, but the Sisters of the hospital nearer to the Legations took my place by her bedside. Poor lady! She often cried and called for her mother, whose place I tried to fill. I could not be with her all the time, since I was very busy and Pe-Tang is a good distance away. I regretted it very much, for I have no confidence in the care of Chinese servants."

The European ladies in their turn did not lose a single opportunity of pleasing the Superioress. They knew, as did everyone else in Pekin, that, after God, those whom Sister de Jaurias loved the best were the poor. So the ladies made great efforts to help her. They employed great ingenuity in getting money for the Sister's work from their countrymen and even from the rich Chinese who visited the Legations. "They have just had a Charity Bazaar at the French Legation in aid of our work. Every European lady did her best to make it a success.

They worked unwearyingly in getting it up and then in seeing that there were plenty of buyers present. Now they are zealous saleswomen, eager to empty their stores. They besiege those with whom they are acquainted and importune them until they purchase at a great price things of little value. If this were not for Almighty God, and the relief of the poor, I would be ashamed of the annoyance of which I am in a measure the cause."

The wives of the different French Ministers whom Sister de Jaurias met in Pekin were closely acquainted with her; several of them had even become her very good friends.

In 1880 the French Representative was M. Bourée. His young wife often went to call on the Sisters of Charity. Sister de Jaurias and she were soon bound by the ties of a sweet intimacy. "Our new Minister has just arrived with his family. I went to see him. His wife is very charming, very affable, and gracious. She seems to have very good sentiments and to be very pious.

"M. Constans, who arrived in Pekin preceded by an alarming reputation, proved to be very kind and simple. He placed himself entirely at our disposal and seemed sincere.

"I visited his wife. She kept me a long time seeking for information and asking for advice. She was very frank while talking to me. She told me that one of her first cousins was a Sister of Charity, and was in the Mother House in Paris. This kind lady made me promise to come often to see her." In another letter Sister de Jaurias acknowledged that this friendship was profitable. "I obtain through Mme. Constans much freedom and favour. I am taking advantage of her friendship to

extend our work and do a little more good to my poor Chinese."

The war which broke out in 1894 between China and Japan, by increasing misery in China, rendered the daily clients of Sister de Jaurias more numerous.

Frequently in the history of China we hear of conflict with Japan. In these wars of secondary importance the Great Yellow race has been defeated by its Small Yellow neighbour. These events did not disturb the deep and dignified calm of this immense Empire, which was satisfied to oppose the inertia of its enormous mass to the efforts of the little enemy beside it.

The news of these defeats was heard in the Provinces in which the war was actually going on; the report also reached the Capital; but the rest of the Empire took no notice. China, learned and peaceful, affected to ignore and disdain warlike and restless Japan. Besides, diplomacy undertook the task of repairing the disasters of the battlefield. When they laid aside their arms to take up the pen, a Chinese diplomatic victory invariably followed the triumph of the Japanese troops.

In 1894, however, the colossal but dull giant almost succumbed under the blows of his small opponent.

A rebellion had broken out in Corea, caused by the extortions of the Mandarins. It spread rapidly and the rebels were victorious; the royal power was threatened. The Emperor of China, Lord of Corea, sent troops to help the King, his vassal, under the pretext of protecting its subjects. Japan also landed soldiers in Corea.

Races that had been enemies for two hundred years stood face to face; a conflict was unavoidable. It broke out. The Japanese were victorious. In a few weeks they expelled the Chinese troops from the Corean Archipelago.

The Chinese, to make up for their failure on land, sent a fleet to the seat of war. They were relying on their navy, newly reorganized, and on their vessels, built in Europe, provided with most of the modern improvements. In this, too, they had been preceded and forestalled by Japan.

The Japanese sailors, wonderfully drilled and disciplined, had long been trained to use arms adopted by the Chinese but a short time before.

The two fleets met at the mouth of the Yellow River. The result could not be doubtful. The Chinese were crushed. In a second battle on the shore of Chantong, every Chinese vessel that had escaped destruction previously was either sunk or taken. Not a single ship remained to bring the news of this disaster.

On hearing of this awful event, the Celestials lost some of their scornful serenity. Astonishment and despondency took the place of confidence, and paralyzed all resistance.

"The poor Chinese are to be pitied," writes Sister de Jaurias. "The annihilation of their fleet disheartened them. They do not even think of defending themselves. If the Japanese come, the gates of the Capital will be opened without a blow being struck. Their arrival is expected. The Court are ready to leave, and it is said that the Emperor has ordered five hundred carriages to be in readiness night and day, so that they might be ready to leave at the approach of the conqueror."

The Japanese, having broken down all resistance, went from triumph to triumph. Cities, arsenals, strongholds, everything in turn, fell into their power. The Chinese army, broken and demoralized, fled before them in utter disorder. The Sister writes: "The Chinese

soldiers run before the enemy in a cowardly fashion. They have no leaders, no food, and are no longer paid. They form bands of marauders, and their coming is feared more than that of the Japanese. Pekin is quiet, for they would not dare enter the Capital, but they plunder the surroundings. We are safe from their depredations. Our Minister, M. Gerard, demanded sailors from Admiral Beaumont to protect us. Twenty-five are in the Legation, and twenty-five guard Pe-Tang. They live in the Missionaries' residence, and seem quite happy with us. They gave us much consolation on Easter Sunday, all without exception going to Holy Communion."

This war, which caused an awful famine in Pekin, was ended before it was too late, thanks to the intervention of the European authorities, who took great interest in preserving China, and who were alarmed by the progress of Japan. Sister de Jaurias writes: "Our provisions of rice are nearly exhausted. The little that remains is very expensive. No produce comes to us, because roads are cut off either by Chinese soldiers who become brigands or by the Japanese. The poor die by hundreds. We find dying people at every street-corner. It is impossible to rescue them. I have the greatest trouble to feed my six hundred people. The number of my babies increases more and more, They come from all parts. Happily, the dear little pets are in such a state they cannot survive. Alas, I am obliged to say happily for them, for I do not know how I should feed them.

"To the horrors of war every other kind of scourge has been added. The rainy season was especially disastrous. The rivers overflowed; fields were changed into lakes, floating on which many corpses of poor people were to be seen. They had been caught by the flood, or

crushed by the fall of their houses. Now thick ice covers all. There is no longer a trace of the autumn crop. The spring harvest is already lost, sowing being impossible. The country people, without bread and shelter, have thronged towards Pekin. They do not fail to knock at our doors. As far as we can we shelter women and children. Men must earn their rice as well as they can, or go on begging.

"A poor catechumen came to us with her legs frozen after a nine days' walk. They got quite black, and after awful suffering they fell off, the joints, one after another, falling apart. Many children who are brought to us have their limbs frozen. We have actually about ten without feet, and some without hands. It is said that large sums of money are given by the Emperor for the relief of the poor. Very little of it comes to us. A great part of the money remains in the hands of the public officers, who are entrusted with the duty of distributing it. The only effective alms that the 'Son of Heaven' gives to his poor subjects when misery puts an end to them is a coffin."

This posthumous present, which will appear ironical and insulting to Europeans, is much appreciated by the Chinese. They look upon being buried without a coffin as a dishonour. As soon as they can they buy one. From time to time they spend their savings in increasing its beauty; they add sculpture, gilt, lacquer, and re-varnish it. The most sumptuous and well-patronized shops in Pekin are those which sell coffins. Some cost more than fifty pounds. In rich houses each member of the family possesses his own coffin, and has it ready beforehand. This strange furniture, instead of being removed from sight, is displayed in one of the most

beautiful rooms of the house. Some of these sombre ornaments are real wonders of art. The Chinese workers in enamel make dainty masterpieces.

Among the poorer people it is not rare to hear an old man saying to his children: " Do not send for the doctor. I have lived long enough. Use the money you would give him to have a new layer of varnish put on my coffin." It is the fashion among the rich as well as among the poor to offer a coffin to relatives and friends on their feast-days. This strange gift is welcomed with feelings of the greatest joy and gratitude.

The Chinese converted to Christianity, even the native priests, retain this fondness for handsome coffins. Bishop Favier says: " When in 1860 coffins were made for the victims of Tang-Cheu, there was one left over. General Montauban gave it to the Missionaries. An old Chinese Father, the oldest of the community, who died when he was eighty-four years of age, was never consoled for having lost so precious a gift."

Sister de Jaurias' life was spent peacefully and busily, occupied as it was with works of charity, sometimes saddened by troubles, yet cheered also by sweet joys.

Among the latter she mentioned the nomination of Rev. Father Favier as a coadjutor to Bishop Sarthou. " We have just heard good news; the Pope has elected Rev. Father Favier coadjutor to the Bishop of Pekin. He is one of our oldest Missionaries, and has been in China for thirty-five years. I have known him for a very long time, and I have the greatest veneration for him. He did wonders here, and it is to him we owe our beautiful Pe-Tang. He is an architcet, painter, politician, but above all, a holy priest and a zealous Missionary. We

are making preparations for his consecration ceremony, which we wish to be very beautiful."

After the Japanese war many changes, or, at least, modifications of old customs were visible in China. The Central Empire seemed willing to shake off its apathy. The national pride, which was thought dead, seemed to reawaken, and with it feelings of patriotism, until now asleep in the hearts of the Celestials.

It was acknowledged that the Japanese owed their success to the fact that their soldiers were trained according to European methods, and especially to the superiority of their arms.

The Japanese are the most incomprehensible and misleading people on earth. Their history shows that they are both sluggish and restless; now unshakable in their traditional routine, and now suddenly eager for reform and progress. For whole centuries they seem as it were congealed in a long stagnant sleep, shaken at times by a crisis of feverish excitement and overflowing activity. It seems as though the volcanic soil of their island influenced the development of the national temperament. Their sleep seems like the sleep of a volcano, the crater of which remains for a long time inactive, but the awakening is all the more fearful because unexpected.

At the beginning of the Middle Ages they were enthusiastic about Chinese civilization, and assimilated it with eagerness. Then suddenly they retired within their own boundaries, expelled foreigners, and wished to hear no more of what was going on in the world.

In the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese landed on the coast of Japan, a strong current, sympathetic towards Christianity and European ideals, made itself felt there. Many Japanese joined the Church, and a

Christian was about to ascend the throne. A formidable reaction soon drowned in blood this attempt at a revival, and once more Japan wrapped itself in a fierce isolation. From this time until 1860, the country remained the most conservative in the world.

When China, shy and exclusive, was opening a few ports to foreigners, Japan forbade Western trade even to approach its shores. The few Dutchmen who were admitted for purposes of trade were allowed to land in Japanese territory only on condition that they would deny their faith and trample on the cross. Then suddenly, in 1874, the " Empire of the Rising Sun " opened its doors quite wide to foreigners. A fever of transformation seized it. Breaking away from its old customs, it began to copy frantically everything which seemed to constitute Western superiority—business methods, fashions in dress, machinery, railways, the printing press, the parliamentary system, elections, foreign relationships, etc. Many young men went from the Japanese Islands to study in European universities, and attend the military and naval schools. Many Japanese engineers went to Europe to study methods of manufacturing. They went down mines, and gained access to arsenals to study on the very spot the improvements in industry and in industrial methods; and above all, to learn how modern European arms were made and improved, for the Japanese are essentially warlike.

In the meantime they could not dispense with the help of foreigners, so they engaged many European officers who taught and drilled their soldiers. From every country in the world they bought guns and cannon of the most modern make, and furnished their ships with the latest and most practical inventions.

This explains how they were almost able, in 1894, to overthrow China. To-day, after progressing still more, they feel themselves in a condition to challenge the greatest Western Empire.

On the other hand, China, sluggish and apathetic, had remained stubbornly faithful to the military methods of its forefathers. Most of its soldiers were still armed with pikes, bows, blunderbusses, old-fashioned muskets and matchlocks, many of which were entirely useless. The artillery had a few hundred iron cannon or old bronze ones bought from foreigners—these, such as they were, were not skilfully used. The Chinese, who had discovered the use of gun-powder several centuries before we did, seem to recognize its use only for fireworks. They are very skilful pyrotechnists, but very poor gunners.

Bishop Favier says: "Meanwhile, a few years before the Sino-Japanese War, clever Mandarins had attempted to organize regiments according to American methods. They had partly succeeded, and would have made an effective force, for the Tartars who composed them were not wanting in courage, had they been ruled by competent officers, and had the commissariat department worked properly.

"Here again venality and love of gain came and paralyzed these first endeavours. One Mandarin had two barrels of European powder and made twelve out of these two. People wondered why cannon-balls did not issue from the bore. Another appropriated a third of the money entrusted to him, and accepted defective and inferior arms. When a stronghold was being inspected, two thousand well-kept men were present. While the inspector was breakfasting they were sent to another fort, then to a third; these two thousand men

were thus made to supply the place of six thousand. Ammunition stores were examined; in the outer row were found real projectiles, behind these paste-board cylinders covered with silver paper. On the day of the battle of the Yalu River, Admiral Ting, who commanded the Chinese fleet, noticed that his ships had only fourteen rounds of ammunition to discharge."

Some high-minded Mandarins, such as Lehung-Chang, Prince King, Chang-Chetang, and others, supported by a large following, had resolved to improve their country by adopting reforms compatible with its traditions and character. They had attacked routine and endeavoured to familiarize old China, conservative and traditional, with new inventions and Western improvements. It was with extreme caution that they proposed to their compatriots to adopt European ideas and Western civilization, for they knew that China is strongly attached to its old customs and has an invincible suspicion of anything coming from foreigners. But as it often happens, the aim of these wise and prudent reformers was overridden by imprudent men who carried these innovations to extremes.

A few young Mandarins closely connected with Europeans, and most of them the pupils of the Missionaries, setting aside all restraint and prudence, propagated new ideas to the exclusion of all tradition. The most famous of these innovators was Kang-Yu-Wei. He and his friends had no trouble in bribing the Emperor Kusang-Su. This young man, twenty-six years old, weak, without intelligence, worn out by early lewdness, unable to think and act alone, gave himself up blindly to his new advisers. These undertook to carry out the desired reforms without delay.

Edicts were issued changing radically the old order of

things, abolishing venerated customs, and causing disturbance everywhere.

The people were not slow to complain on seeing their customs changed and their sluggish quietude troubled. Mandarins, the learned, Bonzes, in a word all those who took advantage of the vices of the established order in society and lived on its abuses, opposed the innovators sullenly and tenaciously. They excited against them the passions and fanaticism of the crowd.

In addition to this, the gates of the Empire were thrown open to foreigners. These rushed in and, without discretion, took advantage of the proffered freedom. Favoured by the confusion caused by the defeats of 1894, they settled in China as in a conquered country. They divided whole provinces into what were known as "zones of influence," crossed them in every direction by railroads, pulled down venerated pagodas and old monuments which obstructed the path of the steam-engine, disturbed graveyards where forefathers of the people had slept for thousands of years. They demanded concessions in mines, claimed monopoly rights and privileges, and even sought to impose their customs and manners on the alarmed population.

European diplomats, worried by their compatriots, and each fearing that his own nation might be less favoured than others, beleaguered the Tsong-Li-Yamen with demands which could not be refused. The Chinese, so jealous of their autonomy and freedom, were no longer free in their own land.

Foreign Governments imitated the audacity of individuals in taking advantage of the weakness of China depressed by its late defeats, and seized every chance of annexing fresh territory.

In 1897 Germany, refusing to accept reparation for the murder of two of its Missionaries, took possession of Kiao-Chau Bay. On the 18th of December of the same year, Russia took Port Arthur. In 1898 England demanded Wei-Hai-Wei, and a few months later occupied large territories opposite Hong-Kong on the mainland. Finally, in the same year, on the 13th of March, France was assigned Kusang-Cheu.

All these arbitrary annexations, added to the imprudent attempts at innovation of Kang-Yu-Wei, had provoked the greatest excitement among Mandarins and people. The reaction against foreigners, who not only occupied the Chinese soil but also wished to change Chinese customs and traditions and substitute their own, was to end fatally. It began by a revolution in the Palace.

The Dowager-Empress, supplanted in the Emperor's confidence by the innovators, felt that her influence and authority were threatened. Helped by the High Mandarins, chiefs of the Conservative party, she secured the person of the Emperor, put him in prison, and compelled him to sign a decree which named her Regent of the Empire.

She had no sooner recovered her power than she prepared to revenge herself on the innovators and their accomplices. Every decree signed by Kang-Yu-Wei was repealed. The Emperor being regarded as unlikely to leave a son was compelled to name as heir to the Empire Pu-Chum, Prince Tuang's son, the chief of the Conservative party.

This Palace revolution and the bloody repressions that followed caused the Legations much anxiety. The Foreign Ministers claimed troops for their protection. " Sailors were sent to protect the European establish-

ments," says Sister de Jaurias. "I think it is only by way of precaution. The Chinese have too much trouble among themselves to busy themselves with us."

This precautionary measure was unnecessary; order was not disturbed. The old Empress, concealing her hatred for foreigners, endeavoured to calm their fears while waiting for the chance to expel them.

In Pekin and other cities no changes were made in the relations with Europeans. They enjoyed the greatest freedom, and the privileges granted them were respected.

In some outlying provinces imprudent innovators had been ill-treated, a few Missionaries persecuted, and Christian quarters plundered and burnt. Such events were not at all extraordinary; such things happen frequently in China. As soon as they are known the European Representatives complain to the Chinese Government; the latter holds an inquiry; the guilty are punished and the required indemnity is paid.

Affairs continued in this way, but it was evident that the Mandarins were rather slack in punishing culprits. However, there was as yet no reason to be suspicious of their being the accomplices of plunderers and murderers.

While the people were being secretly excited by the Conservatives, who were stirring up their hatred of foreigners, the Empress made a pretence of overwhelming the latter with privileges and favours.

On the 15th of March, 1899, she signed a decree which granted to Bishops the title of Viceroys; the Missionaries, according to length and service in China, were considered as Governors, Prefects, Provincial Justices, Agents, etc. Even the Catechists themselves were ranked among the Mandarins. Other decrees followed, assuring safety to Europeans and Christians,

and threatening their persecutors with awful punishments.

At the beginning of the year 1900, the officials at the European Legations noticed that the Chinese Government, up to the present so yielding and obsequious, was becoming stubborn and hostile. The Governor of Shantung, accused of fomenting and aiding the plundering of the German Missions, had been dismissed from his office. This had been done at the request of France, Germany, and the United States. On his arrival at Pekin, he was welcomed with official honours, and the decree of dismissal issued against him praised rather than blamed him. The claims and demands of Foreign Ministers remained as dead letters or were openly rejected. The hatred of Europeans was no longer concealed.

Massacres of Missionaries and Christians became numerous, and occurred at the very gates of Pekin. The Court partly raised the mask, being supported by popular opinion, and thinking itself sufficiently strong to stand against Europe with the modern war-stores which the Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang, had bought.

The Chinese Government employed its usual methods; inciting the murderers with one hand and threatening them with the other, punishing them to-day and encouraging them to-morrow, while they worked to bring about the ruin of those to whom they were giving assurance of safety and protection. The hour had come when the fanatical Boxers, for long out of disfavour and lying low, were to make their official entrance on the scene and to begin officially their sinister deeds.

CHAPTER XI

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEFENCE OF PE-TANG

SPECIALLY characteristic of the Chinese is a tendency to join some society or "brotherhood." An unerring instinct makes the Chinaman fear isolation and induces him to unite his own weakness to that of others, hoping to find strength in union. Accordingly guilds or societies, which, however numerous they may be, comprise in other countries but a small number of the population, unite in China the whole nation. There is not a single Chinaman, rich or poor, who does not belong to some corporation or "houi."

These corporations are generally established with a view to collective action. They gather together men of the same trade or calling in order that they may make a united effort for the common good. They are established to protect and defend the individual; they give to the Celestial his only means of resisting successfully the whims and excesses of an absolute and uncontrolled Government. These societies are not all revolutionary in spirit. They act openly, respect authority, and base their resistance to acts of oppression, on the law or what is still stronger and more sacred, on the immunities guaranteed by custom.

In China there is absolute freedom of association. The individual is allowed to join any association he wishes; the Government does not interfere with him. The only exceptions to this rule are certain secret societies, acknow-

ledged to be a social danger and the openly avowed aim of which is the overthrow of the ruling dynasty. These are rigorously put down; the mere fact of joining them exposes a man to the most awful punishments. The Chinese have, however, such a taste for intrigue that the oldest and most vigilantly suppressed of the secret societies, such as the " White Water Lily," " Pure Tea," and " Alliance of the Three Precious," always number many and zealous members.

Each family belongs to some corporation by tradition and from some remote epoch. This is true also of the secret societies, the mysteries of which are handed down from father to son, and an oath, taken by an ancestor, binds his descendants for ever.

These secret societies, though differing in aims and constitutions, are united by one bond—hatred of foreigners. For long the hostile foreigner was the Tartar, the invader of their country and oppressor of the ancient race. The numerous rebellions which disturbed the peace of the Government, and, in particular, the dreadful revolt of Taipings which almost swept away the Manchu dynasty, were fomented by secret societies.

The Chinese Government has frequently instigated animosity against the Christians as a means of distracting attention from itself. It hopes thus to divert the mysterious and enduring hatred by which it feels itself surrounded. The Christian settlements being very thinly populated were easily dispersed. At the approach of the persecutors the converted Chinese fled, and after a few fires and massacres the members of the secret societies had little left to do. Finding themselves unoccupied, they resume the work that they had laid aside for a while—namely, plotting against the foreign dynasty.

In 1900 the Court, having decided to expel Europeans from the Empire, did not hesitate in order to attain its purpose to join its old enemies. It called for the help of every secret society and gathered the members into one large association, established, almost officially, under the direction of one of the highest Mandarins, Prince Tuang, the father of the heir-presumptive to the Imperial throne.

The Europeans named these conspirators "Boxers," on account of the motto written on their flags, which meant: "Justice and salvation by the power of the fist." The larger part of the Boxer army was made up of sectarians and visionaries who had been converted into fanatics by the discourses of the learned, and of Bonzes who were excited to hysteria by the strange ceremonies they attended.

Their meetings took place in large halls, preferably in pagodas. They began by uttering all together deafening shouts, then they vociferated, each trying to outdo the other, the most horrible threats against foreigners. They accompanied their discourses with frantic gestures. After a few moments of this wild and furious outburst, they were often attacked by convulsions. Under the influence of incantations and superstitious practices, their imaginations were excited to frenzy. Some of them fenced madly with swords and lances. They struck one another and seemed not to feel that they were hurt. Their physical sensibility appeared to be entirely destroyed by nervous excitement.

Fanaticism blinded them so far as to urge them to the most awful crimes, which they committed believing them to be meritorious acts. It is said that one of these fanatics, elected chief, cut his daughter into pieces while a meeting was going on. The whole assembly applauded

him. The next day, on recovering his senses, he was horrified at his crime and took his own life.

Baron d'Anthouard says: "The initiated pretended to be invulnerable, and in order to excite the throng and show their scorn of European arms offered to allow themselves to be shot at. Those who fired were in league with them, and fired blank cartridges. They fell as if they were wounded, but immediately got up, holding in their hands the balls which they had hidden in their clothing."

Behind these impostors and fanatics, and among the ranks of the ferocious and mysterious army of secret societies, came a crowd of people to whom the hatred of foreigners was a matter of only secondary importance. These were the needy and starving, ready to do anything to escape their misery and gain a livelihood; others again were just idlers in search of an easy life. Standing aside, watching the movement, were the ambitious, the grasping, those who fish in muddy waters, clever at taking advantage of public calamities; and farther off still were the troops of timid folk. These latter made alliance with the bandits through fear of ill-treatment or pillage. Finally, secretly directing this motley army, came the Mandarins, the learned, the Bonzes, furiously opposed to the intrusion of foreign ideas and still further exasperated by a new fear, that of seeing the emancipated population shaking off the yoke of political bondage.

The Boxers and their followers wore badges by which they recognized each other. Their headdress consisted of a red handkerchief knotted round their heads into something like the shape of a saucepan. On their breasts they wore a square piece of red cloth, on which there was often inscribed a cabalistic inscription in black letters.

Red ribbons encircled wrists and ankles; a belt of the same colour was fastened round the waist.

During the first months of 1900 they carried on their plundering expeditions and outrages chiefly in the Kiang-Si and Shan-Tung Provinces. News of the murder of Europeans and Christians came repeatedly to the Legations. Churches, schools, orphan-asylums, and hospitals were set on fire. The houses of those who were suspected of favouring foreigners suffered the same fate.

In the month of March, the conspirators advanced from Chely and slowly proceeded towards Pekin, spreading havoc and terror everywhere around them. During the latter part of May they reached Pao-Ting-Fu, scattered themselves throughout this region, and took possession of the railway lines from Pekin to Hankow.

The rising became threatening. Bishop Favier saw the danger and wrote to M. Pichon to warn him. The French Minister imparted the contents of the letter to his colleagues and insisted that they should despatch a collective demand for help, which demand should be addressed to the Military Authorities. It seemed to him necessary to order out troops for the protection of the Legations and the European establishments.

The other Ministers, not sufficiently warned, did not believe that peril was imminent, and thought the Bishop's fears exaggerated. They felt convinced that the movement would cease when the diplomats interfered, and would be confined to a regional or temporal persecution. They hoped to put a stop to it by exerting a firm and continuous moral pressure on the Chinese Government.

M. Pichon shared the Bishop's opinion. He was certain of the reliability of the sources of his information.

The Missionaries, of whom he was the official protector and who lived among the angry population, kept him acquainted with what was going on. Through them he knew the sentiments of the people and the feelings of the conspirators; therefore better than any one else he had an opportunity of realizing the gravity of the upheaval which they were plotting.

The representatives of other nations, shut up in their Legations, went out only to go to the Tsong-Li-Yamen or to take a trip outside Pekin. They never mixed with the people. Most of them were ignorant of the language, and consequently could not know the actual state of popular feeling. They blindly adopted the ideas of officers or residents, who maintained that the foreign establishments had nothing to fear. Above all they thought that the Court would never allow an attack on the inviolability of the foreign representatives. Therefore they resolved to employ only diplomatic force to protect themselves and their compatriots.

Towards the end of May the movement grew stronger near the Capital. The Boxers began to show themselves. They entered Pekin one by one, unostentatiously. Soon they were to be seen everywhere in the streets wearing their badges. They went from group to group whispering hatred and preaching massacre. The aspect of the city was outwardly unchanged; the traffic in the streets went on unhindered, and tranquillity reigned. However, even the least observant could detect the suppressed, sullen hostility which began to be shown towards foreigners. The intercourse between natives and Europeans, formerly cordial, became distant and unfriendly. The Chinese who used to greet the foreigners with whom they were acquainted with so many marks of friendship and respect, either pre-

tended not to see them or deliberately ceased to hold any intercourse with them.

M. d'Anthouard relates the following: " A professor of Pekin University was well acquainted with a young Chinaman who was in the confidence of one of the highest Mandarins of the Capital. Noticing that his friend's visits were growing rare, the Professor asked the cause of it. The other acknowledged that he knew from a certain source that in a short time foreigners and Chinese suspected of sympathizing with them would be massacred. Therefore he excused himself for holding aloof, and urgently advised the professor to leave the Capital."

The patients at the hospital also said to Dr. Matignon and the Sisters: " Go away while you still have time; in fifteen days it will be too late. You will find it impossible to leave Pekin, and you will be slaughtered. Remember that the massacres of Tien-Tsin began in the same way."

On the 21st of May Admiral Courrejolles, commanding the French naval division in the Far East, came to Pekin with several of his officers. Everything contributed to inspire them with a confidence which Bishop Favier and M. Pichon did not share. The officers went all through the Capital without noticing anything irregular. They visited Pe-Tang, climbed over the ramparts of the Yellow City, and walked on the terraces of the towers. They took a trip to the tombs of the Emperors of the Tsing dynasty at a distance of more than twenty-five miles from Pekin, and went as far as the Great Wall.

M. de Ponteves says: " Returning from a pleasure trip, we were obliged to pass through a village where a feast was being held. We had to make our way through a throng in which many Boxers were to be seen. We were

fifteen officers and had only two revolvers between us for defence. We spent three days and nights outside the walls of Pekin in the open country. Who amongst us would have thought that within two weeks the Europeans of Chely would be in danger of being massacred?"

During the stay of the Admiral and his officers an event happened which might have been a warning and should have somewhat disturbed the confidence of the optimists.

On Sunday, 24th of May, a crowd of Boxers, entering the church of Chalacul at Vesper time, shouted: "Death, death!" The congregation were so frightened that they all fled.

This was only a warning, for the assailants confined themselves to shouts and threats. The Missionaries, both the Brothers and the Sisters, frightened by this sudden attack, spent the whole night watching and praying behind the carefully closed doors of their houses.

It is true that on the next day the Prefect of Pekin himself came to pacify them and promise his protection. He had the establishment guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers under the control of a military Mandarin. The affair had no consequence and the attack was not renewed.

The number of Boxers continued to increase among the people, and many red-turbaned men were seen in the streets. Threatening bills were posted on the walls: "Death to foreigners; let us cast them into the sea; the gods are with us. It is the Western devils who chase away the clouds and prevent the rain. Whoever slaughters the red bearded barbarians will be the beloved sons of the Emperor and will be well rewarded. When we have swept the Europeans from the land, rain will fall; crops will be plentiful; prosperity will return and our

forefathers will be satisfied. Cha ! Cha ! Kill ! Kill ! Cho ! Cho ! Burn ! Burn !"

The people gathered round these bills and spent a long time discussing quite calmly the contents. Every day the Missionaries and interpreters of the Legations went to get copies of them. No one tried to prevent their approach. Not a single injury was heard of. In the face of such an attitude, the fears of the Europeans were calmed, and they encouraged each other in the opinion that the insurgents were less to be feared than the Bishop of Pekin and the French Minister thought. They quietly laughed at their fears and would almost accuse them of inventing the stories about the Boxers.

M. Pichon had induced the Diplomatic Corps to send a joint letter asking the Tsong-Li-Yamen to maintain order and to stop the incitement to murder. The Chinese Government answered ambiguously and hypocritically. It refused nothing and promised nothing. The Ministers threatened to demand the aid of European troops. The Court, which above all wished to avoid the presence of foreign sailors in the Capital, consented to do what was asked.

The good impression caused by this course of action did not last long. Very grave news came from the provinces; the Boxers had destroyed the railroad from Pekin to Hankow, and several stations had been set on fire.

A messenger came to the Legations saying that the staff of a railway station situated about twelve miles away from the Capital had been besieged for eight days in the house of the manager of the company, and were asking for help. An expedition was soon sent out, and thirteen men, nine women, and several children were brought

back to the Legations. As soon as the besieged had left the house where they had taken shelter, the bandits broke in, plundered and burned it.

Trains were running but irregularly, and only on a few sections of the railroads. Even the lives of the European travellers were threatened. As a proof of it, Baron d'Anthouard relates the following story of a Frenchman, probably from Marseilles: "A certain Frenchman, who had been living in China only for a very short time and who was engaged in the railroad service between Pekin and Hankow, was going to Shang-Tsin-Tien, the central station in Pao-Ting-Fu. Here he learned that the railroad was cut off. In the meantime the train which had brought him from Tien-Tsin had started for Pekin. He was on the quay, a European alone in the midst of a very excited Chinese crowd. In a twinkling he was surrounded, hemmed in, jostled; their ill-will was evident; they were going to play some ugly trick.

"Our traveller tried to free himself, but in vain. Seeing he was in great danger, he began to address the crowd in a loud voice, joining to his words expressive grimaces. The Chinese stopped, surprised, listening open-mouthed to his speech which they did not understand. The speaker was growing exhausted, the discourse was almost at an end, and the momentary charm broken, when a tall fellow who had watched the scene carefully, approached the Frenchman quickly, pulled him aside from the crowd, and brought him to a spot where some donkeys were standing. He gave him one on which to ride, and commanded him to make for Pekin. Two hours later the Frenchman arrived at the French Legation, where his account produced a great sensation. It is impossible to surmise what motive urged the Chinaman

to do what he did. Perhaps the exuberance of the southern traveller and his wild gestures made him think that he was a foreign Boxer."

On the 28th of May, the Diplomatic Corps at last realized the gravity of the situation. Suddenly passing from serenity to bewilderment, they sent a telegram to the Admirals asking them to send detachments to Pekin at once. For a whole day there was a feverish exchange of telegrams between Pekin, Tien-Tsin, and the squadrons.

Admiral Courrejolles at once gave orders to the naval officer of the *Entrecasteaux* and the *Descartes*, then anchored at Chefu, to start for Taku and land fifty men. A lieutenant and midshipman of the *Entrecasteaux* and a midshipman with a senior officer of the *Descartes* were to be sent in command of this detachment.

On board the *Entrecasteaux* there was a senior midshipman destined to future glory. High-minded, steady, faithful to his duties, appreciated by his chiefs, loved by his comrades as well as by the sailors, he was known to all as a devout Christian, and his tender piety won for him the respect and esteem even of unbelievers. His name was Paul Henry. He greatly desired to join the expedition which was to defend, not only the Legations, but the Missionaries and their institutions.

His sorrow was great when he heard that no officer of his rank was to leave his vessel. Lieutenant Fournier writes: " He grew quite sad on hearing that he was not to have his wish. Moreover, he thought, and rightly so, that military honour gave him the right to lead the men he had taught. After pondering over his decision, he went to the Commander and spoke to such purpose that he was chosen instead of the midshipman. I see him

still, beaming with joy, telling us the good news, while our brother officer, Lieutenant Darcy, congratulated himself on having so worthy an assistant."

Before his interview with his chief, Paul Henry told Midshipman de Ponteves, whose place he wished to take, of what he was about to do. He said: "My friend, I beg of you not to be offended with me. I think I ought to apply for this duty." Midshipman de Ponteves answered: "At least promise to plead my cause while pleading your own, and beseech the Commander to send me with you. A 'middie' is of so little consequence." "I shall do so with the greatest pleasure," answered his superior.

Paul Henry was chosen. As for the less fortunate midshipman, he had to stay on his vessel while his comrade went into danger. It is true that there was compensation in store for him. Some days later in the Seymour Column, he behaved like a hero, was grievously wounded under the walls of Tien-Tsin, gained on the battlefield the title of Senior Midshipman, and was awarded the red ribbon.

On his departure Paul Henry wrote a few lines in haste to his family to let them know the good news. "I am going to Pekin. I am in the midst of the excitement of packing, and I have no time to read over the few hasty lines that I write every night. Do not worry about me. We run no danger. It is simply a moral support we bring there. What a beautiful role for a good Christian —that of protecting Missionaries. Be as happy as I am. Once more, do not be worried. Many kisses and much love."

The young midshipman endeavoured thus to allay the fears of his own dear ones, but he felt that death was

probably awaiting him on the road to Pekin or within the walls of the Chinese Capital. At the moment of his departure, on shaking hands with his comrades, he said to them: "One of two things will happen: either this movement will fizzle out, or else something awful will occur and we shall never return."

On the 30th of May, the French detachment, accompanied by one hundred Russians and forty Italians, went on board a barge. They embarked within a few miles of the mouth of the Peiho. When in sight of the fort of Taku, the convoy was received by cannon-shots. Seeing this hostile attitude, they resolved to wait for the night to get through the channels.

The next day, at two o'clock in the morning, the barge, towed by a steam tug, entered the estuary of the river. The crew were crowded into the hold, silent and alert. The officers alone remained on deck. One of them sitting by the Chinese pilot who was holding the helm made him a sign to keep still, showing him a revolver in one hand and a bag of piastres in the other. These two gestures were understood, the latter especially.

The demonstration of the day before was not renewed. Thanks to the darkness, and to its position in the midst of the junks going up and down, the convoy passed in without hindrance. Soon it was out of reach of cannon, and was scudding along the shores of the Peiho, still silent and peaceful.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the detachments arrived at Tien-Tsin. At four o'clock, in spite of the Viceroy's remonstrances, a special train brought seventy-five French sailors, seventy-five Russians, seventy-five Englishmen, sixty Americans, forty Italians, and thirty Japanese to the Capital.

At about seven o'clock the small International Army arrived at Makiapu, the last railway station, situated a few miles from the city.

At Pekin help was impatiently expected; the situation had become critical. The sailors were welcomed on the quay by about fifteen members of the Legation, who came to meet them armed and on horseback. Commander Darcy says: "The sailors fell into line at once and proceeded to march between hedges formed of four and five rows of yellow faces. On our way, outside the walls as well as in the city, there was not a single shout, not a single hostile manifestation, though the throng that had gathered round us to see us passing was very large. It was said that there were sixty thousand Chinese present, and this does not seem to be an exaggeration. We could have been suffocated by these two human walls without having had time to load our guns, had they decided to press upon us."

At eight o'clock in the evening the sailors entering the Legations were welcomed with a joy that equalled in degree the apprehensions of the last few days.

It was now perfectly certain that the Government was the secret accomplice of the Boxers and connived at their actions. In some provinces the troops openly helped the bandits. It was known that the Chinese soldiers had cut off the railroads and set fire to the stations.

On the 30th of May, the day before the arrival of the troops, the excitement had increased in Pekin. A numerous throng, occupying the streets, seemed nervous and excited. The whole afternoon small red balloons had fluttered in the air, probably transmitting signals. A threatening murmur went up from the city. No one at the Legations or in Pekin slept much that night.

On the morning of the 31st of May, telegrams arrived from all quarters bringing dreadful news. Villages had been burnt near Pekin; Christians and Europeans had been tortured and massacred before the very eyes of the Mandarins who did not seek to prevent it. The river carried away horribly bruised corpses. Bishop Favier's words, "It is not four hundred men that we need but four thousand," were no longer thought to be unduly pessimistic.

In the Capital the slow and stealthy entrance of Boxers increased; in every street their red badges were more and more in evidence.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 1st of June, M. Pichon came on horseback with his escort. A few minutes after fifteen sailors arrived, having been sent to protect the Bishop's house and the dependent buildings.

In doing this he formally transgressed the orders of the Tsong-Li-Yamen, which, on permitting the coming of troops to Pekin, had specified that they were to be used only to protect the Embassies. The French Minister remembered that he was the official protector of the Christians. He did not hesitate to part with a contingent of the troops, sent for his protection, in order to send them to the defence of the chief Catholic quarter in Pekin.

Fifteen sailors, under command of Midshipman Herber, had been sent to defend Nan-Tang, another important group of religious establishments.

The section entrusted with the defence of Pe-Tang was commanded by Senior Midshipman Paul Henry. Commander Darcy, knowing the young man's wish and also his prudence and courage, did not hesitate to entrust this difficult and perilous post to him. "Paul Henry

is very pleased with the station allotted to him. He greatly desired it. I am sure he will fulfil his duties with zeal and devotion."

The young officer began his work without delay. Accompanied by Bishop Favier and his coadjutor, Bishop Jarlin, he carefully inspected Pe-Tang. This first inspection enabled him to find out the difficulties he would have to contend with and the advantages which it offered for defence. He soon had in readiness the whole plan of his memorable defence, which, according to the testimony of one of the defenders of the Legations, Dr. Matignon, deserves to be recorded among the most glorious pages of French military history, and classed with Mazagran, Sidi-Brahim, or Tuyen-Ouan.

From a military point of view the situation was unfavourable, and at first effective protection seemed impossible. Pe-Tang was not a stronghold. Bishop Favier, who had been its organizer and architect, did not foresee that it would be besieged. A mere enclosing wall, a convent wall, twelve feet high, served only to seclude the little Christian settlement from the public view. The buildings had been erected, not according to the laws of strategy, but to further the needs and comforts of their inmates.

On the south, about one hundred yards from the street, stood the Cathedral, a beautiful Gothic building. One entered it by a wide avenue access to which was gained through three large gratings or iron gates. Along the front of the Cathedral was a terrace surrounded by a white marble balustrade.

Near the church were situated the steward's office, the museum, the Missionaries' residences, libraries, workshops, printing-house, the guest-house, the great and little

seminaries, all surrounded by orchards and parks. In the outbuildings there were large stores, where provisions of rice, wheat, and millet and everything else required for the maintenance of the inhabitants of Pe-Tang were stored up.

Besides the Missionaries, Seminarists, Brothers, household servants and employees, the population included the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul, the girls of the orphanages, and the babies of the foundling asylums.

The buildings occupied by the Sisters were entirely isolated, and were situated on the northern side of the principal group from which they were separated by a street. This street was inhabited and was bounded on both sides by the Pe-Tang wall. It remained open to the public, and connected the Eastern quarter with the ramparts of the Yellow City. Two gates opening on to this street, and usually kept closed, formed the sole communicating link between the Convent and the rest of the settlement. This extension of Pe-Tang was named Jen-Tse-Tang. It was Sister de Jaurias' little kingdom. A noviciate, foundling asylums, schools, and one dispensary, were included within it. A beautiful church of the Immaculate Conception was used as a chapel by this large community.

It was evident then there was a large space to be guarded. Paul Henry's thirty sailors had to defend a wall about five thousand feet long. The first care of this young officer was to close the street which separated Pe-Tang from Jen-Tse-Tang, in order to keep uninterrupted the communication between the two establishments. At the extremities he had barricades built, rising to the height of the Pe-Tang walls. Although it seemed prudent to concentrate the effort of defence on as small an extent of space as possible, yet there was no thought of leaving

Pe-Tang. Its population had greatly increased in the few days prior to these events. The Christians, expelled from their demolished houses, thronged from all directions, in terror of being massacred.

Sister de Jaurias writes: "Every hour we see fugitive Christians arriving. Their villages are destroyed by fire, their fields laid waste; they are without home and bread. All are mourning over some member of their families. A poor young wife saw her husband cut to pieces. He had, until his last breath, confessed his faith. She too, like him, was ready to die. The bandits forgot or disdained her. She is as wonderful in her resignation as her husband in his fortitude."

Besides the usual members of the household, the Sisters had to find food in Jen-Tse-Tang for eighteen hundred women and children. In Pe-Tang the Missionaries sheltered nine hundred men, three thousand to four thousand people in all, among whom sixty were Europeans. The two establishments were none too large to shelter all these refugees.

In a few days, thanks to the activity of Paul Henry and his sailors, Pe-Tang resembled a stronghold.

M. Réné Bazin writes: "Every weak point of the Pe-Tang wall was repaired and strengthened; every gate, strongly barricaded, was protected with earthworks. Casks, boards, beams, platforms, fixed all around, allowed the soldiers to watch and fire on the enemy. Moreover, four shooting galleries were built on the north side and three on the south. One of them was a small fort in brick, extending over the boundary wall, and overlooking the entire street.

"The principal efforts were at once directed towards the huge entrance of Pe-Tang. It was foreseen—events

showed the accuracy of the belief—that the most furious fighting would take place around this gate. It was protected by a large roof supported by pillars, and opened on to the esplanade of the Cathedral. A trench was dug in front of the gate. Then, at the first threat of bombardment, a second line was fixed. The two huts placed on the roof of the gate were protected by earthworks and fagots; they were pierced by loop-holes and became the headquarters of Pe-Tang. A terrace rendered it easy to reach the roof and to watch the enemy. A little further back a trench allowed sailors to carry on the struggle should the entrance-gate be set on fire. Finally, at the entrance of the esplanade of the Cathedral, a third line of works stood; an embankment more than sixteen feet high, thick enough to prevent shells from penetrating, and on which the French flag waved.

Another trench connecting the neighbouring yards gave a means of communication between the works and also protection from projectiles.

" One Missionary, Rev. Father Giron, and four Chinese Seminarists were to watch the movements of the enemy from the Cathedral roof and give warning in case of danger. They had a clarion to signal the point at which danger threatened. One blast for the north, two for the south, three for the east, and four for the west."

In endeavouring to organize the defence either by raising or repairing the ramparts, Paul Henry did not neglect to discipline the defenders and drill them for their future rôle. The small army was divided into six groups of four men each. Each group was commanded by a non-commissioned officer and was to remain in permanent contact with the next group. The detachment kept themselves in training by performing military exercises every day.

About one hundred Chinese Christians, the most devoted and courageous, were chosen to form a Chinese militia. Half a score of them, those who were the best marksmen, were given guns of any style or size which had been brought by the Christians or found in Pe-Tang; the others were armed with spears and pikes, and some had only sharpened sticks.

" You cannot imagine," writes Paul Henry, " what a sight these white-turbaned Chinese soldiers offered in the moonlight. It was worthy of Salammbo. They were armed with long stakes, often, alas, shorn of iron tips."

On the fifth of June the Italian Minister sent ten Italian sailors commanded by Midshipman Olivieri. They were entrusted more especially with the defence of Jen-Tse-Tang, in which there were several Italian Sisters.

While the defence of the Catholic settlement was in course of preparation, the anti-foreign agitation was increasing in extent and strength. General Tongfusiang's troops were dismissed. These soldiers, without employment and without pay, were forced by necessity to join the bandits, attracted by the hope of plunder or simply allured by the prospect of murder and a taste for blood. Every day more blue coats of the regular soldiers were visible among the Boxers. However, the streets of the Capital were still accessible to Europeans. They went about their business, passing through the crowd unmoved by the silence broken only occasionally by a term of abuse. Their courage, which made the Chinese wonder, was their safeguard for a long time.

On the 3rd of June Bishop Favier went to the Imperial Palace. " The Holy Father having entrusted me with the mission of offering a letter and present from

him to the Empress, I was anxious to fulfil it. Her Majesty, not being in the city, had ordered Prince Tuang to receive me in her stead. This is what happened to-day. The Prince was surrounded by the High Mandarins. The letter and present were given according to Imperial etiquette and welcomed with great marks of respect and gratitude. I also addressed a petition to the Empress, describing the actual situation. I asked for protection for the Christians and punishment for the Boxers. The Prince willingly listened to me, and I know that the next day my petition was handed to the Empress."

Two days later, the Governor of Pekin paid a visit to the Bishop. He maintained that the Government was favourably inclined towards Europeans, and promised to punish the Boxers within a short time. He ended with this affirmation: "You have nothing to fear, Pe-Tang will not be attacked."

On the morning of the 9th of June Bishop Favier went to the Legations, and a few hours later M. Pichon with his staff paid his visit to Pe-Tang. M. d'Anthouard says: "The city seemed quite still, but the crowd appeared to be bolder. In the streets a large number of disbanded soldiers were noticed, armed with modern guns, many of which were new."

On the same day the Emperor and the Dowager-Empress left their summer residence, where they had resided since the month of April, and returned to the Imperial Palace. It was hoped that their arrival would bring a little order and security.

On arriving at Pekin the Empress did indeed issue a decree against the Boxers. As for the Governor, he sent word to the Bishop informing him that he had received special orders to protect the churches. This

was mere knavery, arranged purposely to deceive the Europeans.

The Chinese Government assured the Europeans of its goodwill, and issued threatening decrees against the disturbers. Even important Mandarins were sent, it was said, to parley with them and pacify them by persuasion. On the other hand, the Government dismissed its army, well aware that it threw among these Boxers soldiers inured to war and discipline, trained in the use of the new arms and cannon manœuvres. The Government allowed the railroads to be cut off, and secretly gave orders to the Viceroys of the Provinces to impede the departure of relief to Pekin by every possible means. Efforts were made to isolate foreigners in order to deliver them up more surely to the passions of the fanatics; but at the same time a pretext was always held in reserve for disowning the latter if their attempt did not succeed.

While the Chinese Government endeavoured to calm Europeans by hypocritical demonstrations, the Empress permitted five Mandarin Boxers to join the Tsong-Li-Yamen, of which Prince Tuang, chief of the sect, had just been elected President. Several members of this Council, suspected of favouring foreigners, were either disgraced or put to death.

At this news the Europeans felt that danger was imminent. The English Minister, Sir Claude Macdonald, at once sent a telegram to Admiral Seymour. "Come in haste, it may be that even now you will be too late." On the next day a telegram sent by M. du Cheylard announced that Seymour had started for Pekin with twelve hundred men: French, German, Russian, English, American, and Japanese. The detachment had

just left in three trains and was on its way to the Capital. On the way the railroad, which had been cut off in several places, was to be repaired. The troops started at nine o'clock on the morning of June 10th. They calculated on reaching Pekin on the morning of June 11th. On that day, at noon, nothing was heard of them. The waggons sent to the station to carry the baggage had come back empty. They had been roughly handled by the mob, and the drivers ill-treated.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon, the Chancellor of the Japanese Legation went to the station in a closed carriage, impatient to hear news. A few minutes after the driver came back in haste, telling that his master had just been murdered by the soldiers of Tangfusiang. In the evening horrible details were heard; the murderers had cut up the victim, pulled out his heart, and offered it to their General. At the same time it was given out that all the telegraph wires connecting Pekin with Europe were cut off. A few hundred foreigners, including women and children, were separated from the civilized world, isolated in the centre of a hostile city, surrounded by numerous enemies, maddened with fear at the prospect of being slowly tortured to death.

Yet all hope was not yet abandoned. The relief force was on its way, and a letter brought by a Chinaman contained the news that the Expeditionary Column was thirty-five miles from Pekin. Deliverance could be confidently expected on the morrow.

The night which preceded this so longed-for to-morrow was sinister. Shouts, booming, shots, resounded from every side. At sunset a huge fire burst out east of Manchu City, casting its pale glimmers on the streets of the Legations. It was the large church of Tung-Tang

that had blazed up. On the next day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the fire was not yet extinguished, and from Pe-Tang, as well as from the Legations, a large column of smoke could be seen rising from the ashes.

In the evening a Christian, having escaped from the massacre, announced that the Missionary Rev. Father Garrigues was crucified and burnt alive. Many Christians had died while confessing their faith. Three hundred women were massacred with the same cruelty. Even children had been heroic. Paul Henry noted in his diary the wonderful behaviour of a little martyr. A brigand cried out to a little boy: "Say that you are not a Christian or I'll kill you." The child answered bravely: "I am a Christian; my people have been Christians for three generations back; kill me." His head was cut off with a stroke of a sword.

While these events with their frightful significance were happening, the International troops were awaited with greater eagerness. From the watch-towers of Pe-Tang and the Legation, the horizon was feverishly searched in the hope of seeing the uniforms of the West appearing. The fires that burst out everywhere raised a wall of smoke and flame between the besieged and their expected saviours. Each hour this wall grew thicker and higher.

On the morning of the 14th of June the church of Si-Tang, which was situated under the wall of the Yellow City, took fire. A few hours later, in the midst of the débris of the fallen building, the steeple, cracked and blackened, alone remained. The Missionary Father Doré perished in the fire with a score of other Christians. Bishop Favier writes: "A few days before this kind father

said to me: 'My lord, if I am attacked, may I use my gun?' I answered him: 'Of course, in a legitimate defence.' He added: 'But if it were to defend myself alone, would it be more meritorious not to use it?' I answered: 'Certainly to be massacred for God's sake without defending one's self is real martyrdom.' My dear brother chose the latter."

After Si-Tang, Nan-Tang, the most important Catholic settlement after Pe-Tang, became the prey of the flames.

On the arrival of the European detachments, they thought of making Nan-Tang a stronghold and shelter for the persecuted Christians. Fifteen French sailors under Midshipman Heber had been entrusted with the protection of the hospital, orphan asylum, college, the Missionaries' residence and the church. It was soon perceived that fifteen men would not be sufficient to hold so many buildings spread over so large an area. To carry out this first plan would have been to expose protected and protectors to certain death. The small garrison was called back and the inhabitants of Nan-Tang were told to withdraw to the Legations when danger became imminent.

The Missionaries, Brothers, and Nuns remained at their posts. They could not resolve to give up their flock, the children and the invalids. However, it was thought in the Legation that their lives were in serious danger, and it was impossible to leave them any longer without protection.

On the night of the 14th of June, at one o'clock, some devoted and courageous volunteers left for Nan-Tang. They forced their way, revolver in hand, through a shrieking mob which was daunted by the sight of so much bravery. They snatched from their duties, almost by

force, the Missionaries, Sisters of Charity, Marists, and the native Sisters of St Joseph.

It was done just in time. Scarcely had the small troop reached the Legations when the flames devoured the forsaken buildings, which had been first plundered and sacked by the mob. Many Chinese Christians who did not or could not follow their rescuers were horribly martyred. Others escaped, and after much difficulty reached the Legations. For several days they wandered about the streets, hunted as if they were wild beasts. Rev. Father Darcy says: "A young boy, sixteen or eighteen years of age, was introduced to me. He had received four blows from a sword, three on the head, and another had cut away part of his neck. We wondered that this poor boy still lived. He had been in this state for five days and mortification had already set in. A month later I found this Chinese boy in the Su-Wan-Fu; he was quite cured.

After the destruction of Nan-Tang, there remained in Pekin but two groups of European settlements: the Legations and Pe-Tang. It was around these two improvised citadels that all the efforts of the Chinese army were to unite. The Boxers, who were the initiators and leaders of the anti-foreign movement, fell henceforth into the second rank. They simply became the assistants of the regular soldiers.

CHAPTER XII

THE SIEGE AND DELIVERANCE OF PE-TANG

FROM the 15th of June the Legations and Pe-Tang were almost entirely isolated from one another. The certainty of massacre made it impossible for Europeans to leave the walls that sheltered them. From time to time some devoted Chinese Christians tried to bring news, and not without great trouble succeeded in forcing their way through the blockade. Soon this resource failed.

The gates of the Yellow City were guarded by Prince Tuang's soldiers. They asked of all who entered or left the city: "Are you a Christian?" When the answer was in the negative the travellers were allowed to pass. If those interrogated answered in the affirmative they were slaughtered at once. Many suffered death in this way. During the course of this terrible persecution those who denied their religion to save their lives were very few.

To send messages under these conditions was to place upon those entrusted with them the alternative of apostasy or martyrdom. On the 10th of August Bishop Favier writes: "One of our Christians sacrificed himself in order to go to warn the Minister that we were in the last extremity. Dear young man! He was flayed alive. The Boxers exposed his skin and head a few yards from our walls."

Sometimes a few pagans freely offered to bring letters or give news, but this was only intermittently. Frequently,

even when letters reached their destination, no answers were received; the messengers had been denounced and killed or had not the courage to complete their mission.

Sister de Jaurias writes: "Our position becomes graver and more painful. We are wondering what God's Providence has in store for us."

Pe-Tang had been put into as good a state of defence as was possible. The sailors and Chinese auxiliaries were drawn up along the walls, going continually from one post to the other, watching through loop-holes the surrounding streets. The houses that were near were abandoned. In great haste the inhabitants heaped up their wares, furniture, and whatever was valuable, on their waggons, and went to seek refuge in a less dangerous quarter.

This was an alarming sign. Each hour an assault was expected. Everyone was standing at his post. If the Boxers came they were ready to meet them. They did come. On the night that preceded the attack a large number gathered at the foot of the ramparts of Pe-Tang. For several hours, unable to do anything else, they made inhuman noises. Howls mixed with awful threats were punctuated now and then by stray shots.

Paul Henry says: "It was like the roaring of wild beasts; then it suddenly stopped, only to be followed by more fearful noises."

Once it was thought that the gate would give way under the furious blows of the frantic people. Sister de Jaurias writes: "We were in the chapel. We received Viaticum at eleven o'clock at night. The sacred Particles were consumed. We were entirely in God's hands." The gate resisted their blows. The attack was not successful, but was a very alarming one. The patience

of the besieged was being sorely tried while awaiting the rescue which did not come. However it was known that Admiral Seymour's small troop of sailors were not destroyed and that they were still on their way to Pekin. In spite of the blockade of Pe-Tang correct news was received. Sister de Jaurias writes: "We have learned that our sailors are approaching. They were attacked four times on the way and have killed many Boxers. It is reported that the only casualties amongst our men are five Italians who were surprised and killed while asleep. Poor fellows! How much our brave soldiers have had to suffer while on their way from Tien-Tsin to our city. It is so hot! They are obliged to repair the railroads and to fight against wild demons. How we are longing to see them arrive at Pekin."

The attempt the Boxers made on the preceding day to get into the Yellow City was to be renewed again with less noise but more success.

On the 15th of June, at nightfall, it was heard that the Sihoamen Gate had been broken down. Numerous howling Boxers were soon seen on the walls of Pe-Tang and surrounding it on three sides. At once the Sisters, dragging the orphans and refugee women after them, left their houses and went towards the Cathedral. It had been decided that the non-combatants would seek refuge there in the hour of danger. "Our beautiful church," says Sister de Jaurias, "is crowded with bags of rice, food, ammunition, and goods of every kind. We are huddled together with a crowd of Christian women and children, the whole household of Jen-Tse-Tang. Only the children can lie down; they lie on the floor. It is impossible to fall asleep for all these babies are making music."

The discordant music of the Boxers answered that of the babies. After vociferating at a distance for half an hour, and having exhausted, in the fashion of Homer's heroes, all their insults and threats, they resolved to approach. They were to face the European arms for the first time, and prove their invulnerability to a curious and somewhat sceptical mob which had followed them.

Here is Senior Midshipman Paul Henry's account of the encounter: " At twenty minutes after seven in the evening we were warned that a strong band of Boxers was coming towards us. At twenty-five minutes after seven the advance guard in their red headdresses and belts were seen in front of the southern gate. They came slowly forward, each man holding a torch in one hand and a sword in the other, until they were three hundred yards from us. Then they stopped, bent on their knees, and prayed to Buddha to render them invulnerable. Rising, they advanced, keeping step. Now they were at a distance of two hundred yards. The order ' Fire !' was given at one hundred and fifty yards. Seventeen balls mowed down the first ranks, men fell like pasteboard figures. ' Present ! Fire !' There was a second volley, a second mowing down.

" When the smoke scattered, the place was cleared except for a few who tried to escape. Their efforts to do so were hindered by our constant firing. A Bonze, probably the chief of the expedition, was wounded; he could reach shelter only by tottering. On the ground about twelve corpses were lying. We came out to get their arms and at once came back with spears and swords. They numbered about sixteen dead. That would certainly take about fifty men from the fighting ranks, supposing two men wounded to one killed.

" The first attack was over; the Boxers gathered again and attacked from all quarters."

After the first encounter the assailants understood that the resistance would be serious. Their failure made them prudent. Henceforward they remained out of the reach of the balls since their incantations were powerless. Giving up their hope of attacking the besieged in a combat, the Boxers changed their tactics and attempted to burn Pe-Tang. To this end they set the next block on fire. A south wind blew the flames towards the Cathedral and surrounding buildings. " For one instant we were anxious," says Bishop Favier. " Happily Almighty God changed the wind in the other direction. Wet blankets, water pots, pumps, nothing was forgotten to assist Providence in fighting the flames."

The next day, on awaking, the besieged could see a huge reddish cloud obstructing the horizon towards Tsien-Men Gate. It was as if the whole southern quarter of Pekin was on fire. Every heart beat hopefully for a moment. It was thought that the Seymour Column had come at last, taken the Chinese City and set it on fire in reprisal. Alas! The truth was soon known. A band of Boxers wished to burn a few shops which belonged to Christians and where European goods were sold. The flames, driven by the wind, soon reached the business quarter and left only a heap of ashes. Two thousand houses, among which were a score of important Chinese banks, were destroyed. To the anguish caused by this sad disappointment was soon to be added another source of anxiety.

It was said that the Court urged the Diplomatic Corps to leave Pekin, and offered an escort of regular soldiers to protect and lead them to Tien-Tsin. Negotia-

tions had started between the Tsong-Li-Yamen and the Legations and were drawing to a close. Preparations for departure were actively going on in the European quarter: horses and carriages were hired to carry the people and the baggage. No official notice of this departure was given out in Pe-Tang. Did the Legations forget those who were shut up, or were they victims of a selfish and cynical diplomacy? Were they to be made part of the fire? Were they to become a prey, forsaken, by common agreement, to the fury of the mob? For a time this is what was feared. In the evening they were painfully reassured. They heard that the German Minister, contrary to all International Law, had been murdered on his way to the Imperial Palace where the Diplomatic Body was to meet him. Soldiers who were stationed on his way killed him. Later on it was known that they had received an order to kill in the same way the eleven other Ministers. The murder of their colleague, known in time, saved them from the snare laid for them.

This breach of the inviolability of Ambassadors, which the most barbarous people recognize and respect, extinguished hope in those who, in spite of all, still relied on the protection of the Chinese Government. The crime that it had committed or allowed to be committed, involving its responsibility so seriously, proved that it was resolved to do anything to get rid of foreigners.

"And this relief for which we are waiting," writes Sister de Jaurias. "The troops must have met with insurmountable obstacles; they have been on their way for eight days, and have not yet arrived. If this lasts one week more, we shall surely all be massacred. May Divine Providence come to our assistance." . . . While waiting for the International troops, they made ready

in Pe-Tang to sustain the siege and lengthen the resistance as long as possible.

The European troops found it impossible to continue their march to Pekin. Up to the Lamfang Station the march of the column had been difficult and slow; however, it had advanced. There it found the railroad destroyed and irreparable. Seymour started with the hope of being in Pekin on that very evening. He had taken but a small provision of food; horses and mules were not to be had to pull artillery and ammunition, and cannon was necessary to burst the strong gates of the Capital. On the other hand, General Yunglu's and General Nieh's troops, which until this time had kept a rather friendly neutrality, became openly hostile, and joined the Boxers. Pekin was about forty miles distant; a crowd of enemies, well-armed and provisioned, prevented their march. On the contrary, Tien-Tsin was only twenty-two miles away; relief, means of transport for food, artillery, and ammunition were to be found there. Prudence advised a retreat on this city, if the march forward was to be resumed with any chance of success.

After a perilous retreat, which lasted eight days, through a waste country, without food, harassed by two Chinese armies, obliged to carry its wounded soldiers, the small troop arrived at the arsenals of Hitsu, opposite Tien-Tsin, and, utterly exhausted, threw up entrenchments. Beset with danger for three days, it was rescued by a Russian regiment when it was at the last extremity. Then this small troop entered the European settlements and helped to defend them until 16th of July.

Meanwhile, at Pe-Tang, one of the first cares of the Council of War, composed of two Bishops and the officers, was to arrange about food. They could not

rely any longer on the ordinary tradesman. Sister de Jaurias writes: "We can buy neither bread, meat, nor fruit. Any one who would try to sell provisions to us would run the risk of having his head cut off."

Bishop Favier had a strict account taken of the provisions kept in the different stores. This gave encouraging results. They reckoned that they would have food for more than a month. The Bishop writes: "At the end of that time we must surely be either lost or rescued."

It was in the stores of Jen-Tse-Tang that the greatest quantity of the grain was found which was to feed four thousand people for more than two months. Sister de Jaurias, doubtless inspired by Providence, had got in her provisions for the coming year before the attack had begun. So that we may say that the real saviours of Pe-Tang were, under God, Paul Henry and Sister de Jaurias.

The question of food being happily settled, they thought only of increasing and improving their means of defence. Every effort was made to strengthen the ramparts.

The Boxers and regular soldiers surrounded Pe-Tang almost entirely. The only side left unoccupied by them was one of the walls of the Yellow City. Incessantly, on one side or the other, screams or shouts were heard. Groups appeared at the corner of streets and quickly disappeared behind houses; the war-trumpets made their mournful music resound, summoning the fanatics to their work of massacre.

The firing of the 15th of June had inspired the assailants with a salutary prudence. They had discovered that their talisman had not rendered them invulnerable. They did not again show themselves openly, but made considerable preparations for the siege. From the

towers of the Cathedral the besieged could see an armed and surging mob swarming in the distance. They heard, without intermission, the dull rumbling of cannons which were being dragged to the Yellow City. A bombardment was impending.

The situation was also critical in the Legations; here also the siege was rigorous. However, on the 21st of June, M. Pichon had an opportunity of sending a note to Bishop Favier in which he said: " The members of the French Legation and other members must withdraw to the British Legation. It is true that the German Minister is killed and his interpreter wounded; the Austrian Legation is going to be burned. The project of leaving Pekin has been given up. Let us prepare for our last journey, but let us still hope."

Commander Darcy also wrote to Paul Henry: " You must have received the order to rally; remain at your post for the present." " Almighty God," says Bishop Favier, " so ordained that the order never reached us; otherwise we should all have been massacred. . . . The situation is grave. Shall we join our Martyrs of Tien-Tsin ? We are preparing ourselves for anything."

The situation was indeed grave. From the first serious engagement one would think it hopeless. Sister de Jaurias writes: " Last evening we were going to the refectory, when we were told that the Boxers were about to attack us. In haste, we gathered our twelve hundred women and girls, carried our babies, who were crying with fear, in our arms, and went to the church. The dreaded attack did not take place, but we had to spend the night without sleep as usual."

" On the next day, Mass had just been said when a storm of cannon-shot suddenly burst upon us. A ball

penetrated the church through a stained-glass window. A shower of broken glass fell upon the congregation. For one moment they were blinded by dust and rubbish. Then a panic arose. Women and children were crushed at the doors. When the people grew calm, we saw that there were many victims lying on the ground. One of the refugee women was shot in the stomach. She died behind the altar."

The attack being directed from the east, some of the non-combatants were placed in the sacristy, and in the less exposed buildings. A plaintive clamour rose continuously from this frightened and trembling crowd. When a ball violently shook the walls; when a bell-turret fell noisily, dragging after it part of the roof; when the enemy fired grape-shot that made fantastic wounds in the personages of the painted windows, these plaints suddenly broke into a loud shout of fear, rent by the piercing screams of women.

Bishop Favier writes: " Fourteen cannons are incessantly firing shrapnel shells of the latest model. The front of our Cathedral is badly damaged, but the marble cross is still erect. At about half-past three the attack was so fierce that we thought that our last hour was come."

Sister de Jaurias writes: " Our sailors say that for nine hours the bombardment was enough to destroy a whole city. However, our establishments are still standing. They are miraculously protected by Providence."

In the midst of this bombardment, as the danger was increasing, an order was given to women and children to leave the Cathedral and its surroundings and go back to Jen-Tse-Tang, where the assault was not so dangerous.

Sister de Jaurias' charge was to superintend this moving

in the midst of balls and shells, and to maintain a little order in this mad mob. . . . "If you knew what a life we lead. At the first alarm we must run from danger. Children and women run and scream. It is impossible to quieten and direct them. Under these circumstances we need to be patient and calm. Yesterday, before our flight, we had the consolation of receiving a blessing from our kind Bishop Favier. 'Just see,' he said, 'these poor Chinese whom I love so much.' Tears gushed to his eyes."

Several entries in the diary of Sister de Jaurias relate to the grief of the Bishop. "Our kind Bishop Favier is more and more grieved. So loyal a heart cannot see so much treachery without being deeply afflicted." She writes in another place: "Our dear Bishop is causing us great anxiety. Grief is wearing him away. His big, kind heart cannot endure such ingratitude and duplicity."

It was in this combat of the 22nd of June that the besieged, under Paul Henry and Bishop Jarlin, coadjutor of Pekin, performed one of their great exploits.

"At twenty-five minutes to three," writes Paul Henry, "a cannon was placed facing the southern part of the enclosure, opposite the large gate. The Chinese at once opened fire in the same direction as this morning. It was a cannon which had to be charged through its mouth. The gunners were obliged to show themselves. I chose a few good marksmen who fired each time a Chinaman approached the cannon, and they rarely missed their aim. After five minutes the cannon was given up. The idea of taking it seemed to me practicable. I sent word to Bishop Jarlin, asking from him about thirty Chinese of goodwill, with ropes and thick oaken planks. Bishop Jarlin soon arrived with a score of men, but

without tools; precious time would have been lost in getting some. We went and quickly advanced upon the gate, eight sharp-shooters taking the lead. Arriving at the gate, we were welcomed by rapid firing. Our Chinese courageously rushed on the cannon, while the sailors stood to support them. Chinese soldiers, hidden in the neighbouring houses, kept on shooting. One Christian was instantly killed, another pierced with three balls; the others hesitated. I had to spur them on. At last, after difficulties of all kinds, and thanks to the Bishop's exhortations, the cannon, although upset twice, was dragged into Pe-Tang. The marine sharp-shooters protected the retreat which was resumed without accident.

" Our losses were relatively very small, one Christian killed, three wounded, two very seriously. I set the cannon in a battery and fired a shell at the post from which the fire had been directed on us a short time before. Five minutes after our expedition the shooting from the east stopped suddenly; the evening ended up very quietly."

Up to this date, the besieger's efforts were almost entirely directed towards the Cathedral. On the 22nd of June they made a more furious attack than ever. Bishop Favier writes: " A very sad Sunday; two Masses at half-past four. That is all. Happily, we received Holy Communion—that strengthened our souls."

From the day before the Chinese gunners had been shooting at the large cross that capped the Cathedral. Finally it was struck by a shell, and fell in front of the church, and broke into pieces. Bishop Favier says: " I was so happy when I set this beautiful cross on the top of the church only thirteen years ago. Let us be resigned; if the Almighty saves us, it will take its place again."

During this dreadful day a few shells were directed towards Jen-Tse-Tang, but they did not do any injury.

On the morning of the 24th of June, after having riddled the Cathedral with thousands of Mauser balls, and having fired a score of shells that missed their aim, the Chinese placed a few cannon on a large tract of land, named Ku, the northern side of which adjoined the Sisters' establishments.

About four o'clock the firing began. The guns of the ramparts were united to the cannon to throw out projectiles. The eastward posts were threatened. Hearing of the danger, six French sailors, their Commander in front, hastened to help the Italians especially entrusted with the defence of the northern part of the settlements.

"As we were approaching the walls," writes Paul Henry, "a shell burst among my men. By a miracle not a single one was hurt. The Chinese placed their cannon in two groups, but separated by buildings. They could not unite their fire. After deliberating with M. Oliveri, I ordered my men to fire on the north-eastern cannon. After twelve volleys, the gunners were killed, and the cannon abandoned. We worked in the same way at the north-western, with the same result, and the fanatics who supported the artillery by an irregular fire fell back in their turn. My men fired upon them, and they killed a great number."

"Yesterday was an awful day for us," writes Sister de Jaurias. The chapel and houses were under fire incessantly. Our chapel was badly damaged, the two towers especially. The large wing of the building to the north, containing dormitories and community rooms, was struck by many shells. If the bombardment begins

again, everything will soon be destroyed, unless God performs another miracle.

" It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the attack took place, and the soldiers with their friends, the Boxers, tried to enter our settlement. Our worthy Missionaries and good sailors hastened to save us, and performed wonderful deeds. They killed many of the attackers without loss to themselves; they said themselves that it was Almighty God who helped them. After their victory they recited the ' Ave Maria,' and shouted ' Hurrah for the Madonna ! Hurrah for France ! Hurrah for Italy!' "

The Missionaries of whom Sister de Jaurias speaks, and who joined the sailors to defend Jen-Tse-Tang, were not French priests who had come to China to preach the Gospel. The Church allows those invested with the priesthood to be prodigal of their own blood. She forbids them to shed the blood of others. The assistants were only native volunteers, reinforced by Chinese Seminarists who had not yet received Holy Orders. They had been drilled and enrolled by Bishop Jarlin, coadjutor of Pekin. They marched to the combat under his command.

This prelate had been a soldier before he was a priest. He resumed his first profession for the occasion. The soldiers named him " Director of the Engineering Corps," because he was entrusted with the execution of the plan of defence which Midshipman Paul Henry had drawn up. He always stood at the most dangerous posts, risking his life with heroic recklessness. He never left the ramparts, but slept in the trenches with the sailors. Paul Henry says: " In every engagement he was to be seen in the front rank, exhorting and encouraging his battalion of volunteers."

The Brothers of Saint-Genis-Laval, entrusted with the orphan asylum for boys and the trade-schools, gave very valuable help to the defenders. They kept order among the refugees. They directed and watched over the workmen employed to dig the trenches or repair the fortifications, and under such trying circumstances they proved themselves calm and skilful marksmen. Their rôles were not without danger, since among them there were proportionally as many killed as among the sailors. Of their number, the most heroic unquestionably was M. Gartner, formerly a pupil of the Polytechnic School of Vienna (Austria) and a Lazarist novice. M. Réné Bazin says: " This very young man behaved so wonderfully, especially during the skirmishes around Pe-Tang and during the expedition to the Yellow Wall, that Paul Henry named him the ' General of the Assistant Army.' He had fastened around his arm a gold braid to symbolize his right to command."

A few Chinese distinguished themselves by their courage, one of them especially who was nicknamed " Barbiche," probably on account of his black and coarse moustache which gave his face a very funny appearance. " He was a very intelligent boy," says Brother Marie Basilius. " He did not know a word of French, but at once would guess what was said to him. He was gifted with wonderful courage. He went out alone and found means to pass through posts occupied by Boxers. At the beginning of the campaign he had an old gun which was soon worn out. Another was given him, a seven-barrelled gun. Alone he would climb the Yellow Wall and unload it on the Boxers. Then he would not take time to load it again, but would pull out pebbles from the top of the wall and throw them at the Chinese. At this he was

very skilful. He very rarely missed a shot. Towards the end of the siege he was given a Lebel gun which delighted him. He knew wonderfully well how to use it."

These three days of wild bombarding, far from lessening the courage of the besieged, revived their confidence. They found that they were able to struggle with their foes, and if food were not lacking they could continue the resistance until the arrival of their rescuers.

"Morally, we are getting along very well," writes Bishop Favier. "Our health is splendid, the Divine Assistance is manifest. We now hope to be able to resist attack. They cannot do worse than they have done during these last few days. May God grant that we may have food enough, and that the troop of rescuers will not keep us waiting too long."

The two following days, the besieged enjoyed a relative calm. The besiegers seemed to be collecting themselves for a fresh spring. It may be that they were discouraged because of the unexpected resistance which they met with. The artillery, crouching in the entrenchments, was silent.

"For two days nothing serious has happened," writes Sister de Jaurias. "The Chinese have fired only large guns from the ramparts. They make as much noise as cannon, but do less harm. It is thought that they have no more ammunition. Our sentinels are diligent and earnest. I hope that the brigands will not dare to approach any more. I think God is helping us. Our Missionaries and Sisters are very tired, as we must keep awake every night. It is very warm; a great many children are dying, either our own or the refugees'. We bury them in the Park of Pe-Tang. Pekin is covered with corpses. I fear very much that we shall have the plague."

During this period of comparative rest in Pe-Tang cannon-shots were heard incessantly at the Legations. A wild battle was being fought there. Alas! it was evident that the Boxers had not given up their plan of utterly destroying foreigners.

The truce lasted but a short time. The hordes soon appeared again. Sister de Jaurias writes: "On the night of the 27th of June the booming of cannon and the noise of guns never ceased. At half-past four there came a little calm. Holy Communion and two Masses gave us strength for the whole day. At six o'clock in the morning the Boxers attacked South Pe-Tang. They came into the open and carried a red flag. They fancied that the sailors were killed because they had not answered their fire of the preceding days.

"Several volleys, well directed, surprised them, and felled the most noted leaders. The rest of the troop disbanded. Towards seven o'clock they began to fire upon our houses; at eleven, balls and shells poured on our roofs and yards. One woman was wounded in the head; one of our little girls had her knee broken, and a little boy was killed. The French Lieutenant's shoulder was pierced by a ball; we fear his lung is wounded. We are very grieved. Our sailors are so kind and devoted. To save our lives they expose their own. Night and day they remain on watch and are very tired; they are so few."

The man whom Sister de Jaurias calls the "French Lieutenant" was Jouannic, the second in command. He came next to Midshipman Paul Henry in rank. Let us listen to the young Commander-in-Chief, telling under what circumstances his brother officer was wounded: "In the southern street we had shot about fifty Boxers, among them a few leaders. I had the sur-

rounding houses stormed, and under the protection of a few sailors I sent some Chinamen to gather up the arms, some of which were as far as one hundred and fifty yards away. Unhappily they were fired on. One ball wounded Jouannic rather seriously. The ball entered through his left shoulder-blade, slipped on the thorax, came out from the armpit and crossed the arm. The poor boy is suffering a great deal, but I hope his wound will not prove fatal."

This was the first of the defenders of Pe-Tang to be seriously wounded. Jouannic began that sad series which was to be so painfully continued.

The Boxers did not give up their plan of burning. Being unable to take possession of Pe-Tang by storm, they again attempted to destroy it by fire.

Bishop Favier writes: "About eleven o'clock at night we were aroused by a large crowd of Boxers casting shells and burning torches against our outer gate, which by means of fire-engines they had sprinkled with petroleum. At the same time the regular soldiers poured a shower of shot from Mauser guns, but did not succeed in doing any damage. The large gate was saved, and we had but one Christian killed. Our sailors were wonderful indeed! They all wore scapulars and a crucifix. They felt that they were protected by Almighty God."

After a day of comparative calm, the Chinese resumed the firing and worked petroleum-engines. Forty-two shots a minute could be reckoned. There was great danger that they would succeed in setting fire to the premises, and it was necessary to avert this disaster in some way.

"Our people were driven desperate," says Bishop Favier. "Towards midnight they planned to make a sally.

At a distance of thirty yards they rushed on the Boxers who were using the petroleum-engines. They killed ten of them; others fled. They brought back two petroleum-engines, powder, bullets, and even a few boxes of clothing. In spite of the furious firing of the regular soldiers, they succeeded in setting fire to the most dangerous houses.

While Pe-Tang held out against the principal efforts of the besiegers, Jen-Tse-Tang was not spared. "An awful night," writes Sister de Jaurias. "Around us fire, the howling of the mob, and the noise of the guns. A poor refugee woman was shot while crossing the yard. During the night we got thousands of projectiles. It is impossible to sleep. If Almighty God does not come to our assistance soon, our bodies cannot stand much longer such fatigue, intensified by the privations imposed upon us by the siege."

The 29th of June, the Feast of St Peter and St Paul, passed without serious disturbance. Bishop Favier says: "We took advantage of this tranquillity to greet our brave Commander Paul Henry. We talked of Angers, his native city, and his parents' happiness when they would see him. He said: 'Pe-Tang will be saved, but perhaps some of us will not see the rescue. I should be glad to die for so good a cause; I hope that Almighty God will open his Paradise to me. If I am taken, it will be when you no longer need me.'"

The period of repose which they enjoyed was to be of short duration. On the next day at noon the report of the cannon was heard again.

"Our chapel received ninety-eight cannon-shots. The gun-shots could not be numbered. A shell burst with a loud report two or three feet from the chapel of our Lady of Lourdes. Our sweet Mother's statue was

not injured. A ball entered through a window in our dormitory and lodged in the wall by Sister Louise's bed. Projectiles had often fallen on the chapel but had never injured it until now."

At two o'clock in the afternoon the cannon stopped. An impressive and sinister silence suddenly succeeded the noise of battle.

Bishop Favier says: "We wondered at the meaning of the sight that met our eyes, when on the White Tower Mountain, which is situated in the middle of the lakes of the Palace, twelve hundred yards from us, there appeared about twenty persons, magnificently dressed. The Empress, Prince Tuang, and others high in the official world had evidently come to make a spectacle of our agony. Our sailors felt like firing a volley on this group. I thought it right to forbid them in order not to increase their already too violent hatred."

At five o'clock Jouannic was buried. He died of his wound. The burial was very simple and quick. The merciless balls were falling all the time. The Christian Chinese said: "O that we had died instead of this brave sailor!" Everyone wept.

During the three days that followed, the besiegers' rage seemed to grow calm. They were busy elsewhere. All their efforts were directed towards the Legations. In that direction the roaring of cannon was ceaseless. What would be the result of this assault? Were the besieged, without artillery and ammunition, to fall under the blows of the Chinese armies and Boxers? Were the Diplomatic Corps to be massacred on the smoking ruins of their palace? When the enemy had destroyed them, would they not come in greater numbers and rush on the ramparts of the Christian

citadel? How long would the garrison hold out against hundreds of cannon and hordes of soldiers? Such were the fears that filled with anguish each mind, in the midst of the sad, strange silence which hung heavily over Pe-Tang.

The question of food, previously regarded as settled, had to be studied anew on account of the delay of the troops. For more than one month not a single grain of rice had entered the city. Anyone who attempted to sell provisions to the besieged was condemned to death. Besides, any communication with the world outside the city was impossible. How long would these provisions feed three thousand people? "We begin to fear a famine," writes Bishop Favier. "Rice, corn, millet, beans, everything is weighed carefully. The amount is greater than we expected; we have about sixty thousand pounds. This will tide us over a score of days."

In Pe-Tang there were neither oxen, sheep, nor pigs. They had decided to eat donkeys and mules. As might be expected these were very tough. They made a stubborn resistance to jaws weakened by hunger. "To-day," writes Sister de Jaurias, "we had to get nourishment from a tough and not very nutritious old donkey. However, we were lucky to have it."

A sailor jocosely describes how restive the horses of Pe-Tang were face to face with the saucepan, and how tough under the teeth. "We eat donkeys, mules, horses; they are tough. When the beasts are all eaten, perhaps we shall have to eat harness and wagons! These will be still tougher and more indigestible."

Up to this time the Boxers had used only primitive methods of warfare, such as petroleum engines, flaming faggots, arrows. They soon improved on such instruments of destruction.

"At five o'clock in the evening an unusual noise was heard," says Bishop Favier. "It was occasioned by a rocket. This was thrown at the church and went through the window. It left behind it a long train of fire. We picked it up. It was composed of a copper tube and furnished with a very long triangular point; the tail consisted of a wooden handle three yards long. These rockets pierce a roof as well as shrapnel shells. Moreover, they ignite very quickly."

Early next morning a great number of similar rockets, together with small bombs and grenades, burst on the roofs. "More than two hundred and fifty exploded. We had prepared for them beforehand. Casks, bath-tubs, buckets, were full of water. Ready hands were provided with hooks and engines, and in this way the fire was kept from spreading." Bishop Favier remarks: "This has been one of the most disastrous days of the siege."

It was especially disastrous for Sister de Jaurias' buildings. The days that followed were worse. On the 7th of July she writes: "Another awful night! From six o'clock in the morning to seven in the evening our house was bombarded by large cannon. The Sisters, children, refugees were crowded into one room less exposed than the other apartments. A gunner was killed beside his cannon; a woman cut in two by a shell; bombs and torches fell on every side. The roofs were broken, the ceilings fell in, windows were shattered into pieces. We were very near death. The cannonade stopped at seven in the evening, but the house was in a pitiable state.

"*July 8th.*—The bombardment continued, but began at nine o'clock instead of six, as yesterday; it was not so sharp and lasted until seven o'clock. The Holy

Childhood buildings are almost in ruins. This sight rends our hearts. The refugee women were transferred to Pe-Tang. They were not safe in our house any longer. Sister Fraisse and three of her companions went to take care of them. The food is cooked here. Our stores are diminishing rapidly. We rely on God's help.

"*July 9th.*—A restless night! Reports of gunfire in the distance. We thought of the Legations. . . . At five o'clock in the morning they tried to set our house on fire. They threw more than two hundred burning arrows at it. Miracle of our Blessed Lady! Nothing was burnt. Let us have confidence! The cannonade lasted until seven o'clock. Our establishments are destroyed. Jen-Tse-Tang is not recognizable. It is nothing but a ruin.

"No news from the Legation. We think of our own Sisters who are shut up over there and share their sorrows. They must suffer more than we do. We have two Masses daily, and we are all together. Our holy Bishop and Missionaries watch over us. Alas! I fear that our dear Sisters have not the same consolation.

"*July 10th.*—A dreadful day! Until noon it was calm enough; shells and rockets fell over our house only at long intervals; but during the afternoon the cannonade became awful. Projectiles came from every side, and especially poured into our chapel, which had not yet fallen. A large hole was made in the roof and ceiling of our dormitory. We spent the afternoon crowded into our laundry with our five hundred children. We must take refuge from the firing; it is on every side. Our worthy Missionaries, sailors, and people work as hard as they can. They are all exhausted.

"Yesterday a French sailor was killed in a combat;

one Chinaman was seriously wounded. All our Sisters are very tired, owing to the poor quality of the food and to the exhaustion caused by sleepless nights and the warm weather. The cross is very heavy. May Almighty God be glorified by it and strengthen us until the end. If the reinforcements are delayed any longer, we shall not be able to hold out. It is impossible. God's will be done in everything and for ever.

"*July 11th.*—This morning we were very frightened. Bishop Jarlin came to us with his face covered with blood. He had just been struck on the head, but the wound is not serious. The morning was rather quiet. At noon the roaring of cannon started again. At one o'clock a dreadful explosion terrified us almost to death; the Chinese had filled with powder a large hole which was dug under the ground near the walls, and then caused it to explode. Earth and stones were thrown up ninety feet high. Pe-Tang and Jen-Tse-Tang were terribly shaken. We all thought that it was the end. Signs of havoc are visible everywhere, roofs have fallen in, gates and ceilings have crumbled, walls have been shattered. The remains of our roofs are giving way under the heavy weight of earth and bricks. One man was killed, another man, with three women and a child, were wounded. The inventive powers of these bandits are diabolic.

"We still see that we are visibly protected by God. Material destruction does not count any longer provided lives are saved; that is all we ask. Our trust is strengthened by many proofs of Divine Providence. Yesterday we had just left the chapel when a shell pierced a large hole above our seats. A room in which we had taken refuge had its ceiling pierced a few minutes after our departure.

A rocket fell into a room in which there were women and children. Though the fire burnt the ceiling, the people were uninjured. A Marist Brother saw an armchair broken to bits beside him—he was not injured. Another providential favour. Bishop Favier had just left his room when a shell coming through the window fell upon the bed where he had been sitting a few minutes before. The bed was shattered.

"*July* 12*th*.—Morning rather peaceful. We have not lost hope. If the troops arrive we shall be rescued. It is five weeks since they left Tien-Tsin. All through the day we have heard the sound of guns. In the evening the Boxers passed along our walls shouting: 'Cha! Cha! Death! Death! Come on, let us hurry, the Europeans are coming.' We feared that they were preparing a second mine. Our Missionaries and sailors searched; they found nothing. . . . I hope that we shall not have this new cross.

"*July* 13*th*.—The cannonading lasted until nine o'clock in the evening. At five o'clock we heard shooting in sharp volleys. We thought that the European troops were coming. Alas! no appearance of them yet. During the night there was a great deal of noise. One of our sailors was rather seriously wounded in the forehead. However, it is hoped that he will not die. May God protect him!

"*July* 14*th*.—With our five hundred children we keep on moving, now north, now east, now south, now west, guided by the direction from which the firing comes. We try to flee from the shells and balls which are pouring on Pe-Tang and Jen-Tse-Tang. Light is visible through the holes in the walls of our houses. It is a miracle that they are standing. The roofs and gables are all much damaged. Our dear little girls are

very good. They are obedient and orderly while being moved, which happens almost every moment. They are well trained. At noon a grave accident occurred that grieved us deeply. One of our Italian sailors was killed by a ball which pierced his head. The dear boy exposed himself without thinking. He was cleaning his gun at a dangerous post. One moment after a Chinaman was killed on the same spot.

"*July 15th.*—Shooting continued the whole night. The bombardment stopped at four o'clock in the morning, to begin again at nine; it lasted until the next day.

"*July 16th.*—An awful night. Balls, shells, and burning arrows poured on us. We worked the whole night to put out the fires, which broke out everywhere. Our large church especially was damaged; the altar was shattered. The position becomes graver and graver; threats of death are heard. We have scarcely any of our stores left; our provision of rice diminishes rapidly.

"*July 17th.*—During the night our people explored the walls. They found two mines ready. They cut off the electric wires which were to start the fire. A large shell passed between our Bishops without hurting them, but a poor woman was wounded and died at once. A French sailor had his eye badly hurt by a brick. We fear he will lose it. Until four o'clock to-day we had a little peace. This unwonted calm frightened us. We fear new disasters."

For a few days the besieged lived in awful agony. Mysterious operations were being performed round them. Dull sounds were heard issuing from the depths of the earth. The voices of workmen underground could be heard by listening close to the ground. Mines were dug. Every day new ones were discovered. The ground under Jen-Tse-Tang especially was traversed by tunnels.

Sister de Jaurias relates: "The Boxers could not destroy our house by their bombardment, so they made up their mind to blow it up."

The western part of the Sisters' buildings was especially threatened. The Chinese, protected by the Yellow Wall, hurried their work on this side. The refugee women and children were very frightened. They recalled with terror the awful explosion of the 11th of July. This had happened outside the walls. Though it had caused but material damage of little importance, the feelings of the poor women were such that they could not speak of it without trembling.

The besieged resolved to check the unseen enemy. They opened a mine in front of the spot from which most of the noise seemed to proceed. Christian Chinese were formed into improvised sappers. They started working under the supervision of the Marist Brothers. They worked eagerly; the gallery rapidly lengthened; the digging of the besiegers was audible quite close at hand. The hour was come in which the opposing sappers were to meet. They were ready for the dreadful struggle which was to be fought underground.

On the 18th of July, unusual excitement was observed on the western side of the building. Lamas were seen moving the furniture of a pagoda. People were packed in waggons amid boxes, parcels, furniture, and the statue of Buddha. The Boxers and soldiers left the neighbouring houses where they were entrenched. What was the meaning of the retreat? Were the rescuing troops coming or was the quarter about to be blown up? For several hours the work of the mine seemed to be given up. Suddenly, at five o'clock, a dreadful shock, followed by a formidable explosion, shook Jen-Tse-

Tang. A cloud of dust and smoke rose near the Yellow Wall, showing the place where the mine had just exploded. Of the walls of the enclosure and the buildings of the Holy Childhood nothing was to be seen but a heap of rubbish. Forty Christian Chinese who were working in the mine were blown into the air or were buried under the ruins. The Marist Brother who directed them was found, horribly mutilated, sixty feet from the ramparts. Under a shower of balls, our sailors ran to rescue them. Of the forty Chinese miners twenty were killed; all the others were more or less seriously injured. A witness writes: "It was an awful sight; everywhere could be seen pieces of flesh. In the hole where the explosion took place I saw some bodies terribly mangled, limbs scattered in several places, heads and legs torn to pieces. At the very spot where I was there was half a man's chest crushed against the wall. For a long time we worked in the bloody mire. God knows what we left under the rubbish."

This dreadful catastrophe had increased to the last degree the terror of the women converts of Jen-Tse-Tang. These poor refugees, exhausted by want of food, fatigue, and loss of sleep, could no longer control their nerves. They were unnerved by continual alarms and by the sinister and unceasing roar of the cannon. Now and then, one of them, under the influence of hallucinations, believing that the ground was opening beneath her, would suddenly begin to scream and run, her frightened companions following in indescribable disorder. They ran from one building to another, exposing themselves to death while crossing the yards that were being ploughed with grape-shot.

"The explosion terrified our dear Christian women,"

writes Bishop Favier. "Women and children, demented, ran in every direction. In spite of danger they took shelter in the Cathedral, which stands in the central part of our settlements."

After this dreadful catastrophe the days went on again in the same way, very sorrowful days for the besieged of Pe-Tang.

"*July 19th.*—A sad St Vincent's day. Yesterday we had a little rest. We could not endure it any longer. The sight we had before our eyes was not conducive to sleep. Indeed, these Boxers are demons from hell! At noon there was a combat. Our sailors shot a few Boxers, but two of our Christian Chinese were killed. The noise of cannons and guns all day long stuns and freezes our hearts to the very core. A French sailor was killed. What afflictions!

"*July 21st.*—Last night two hundred Boxers came quite near our convent. A few shots from our sailors sent them away. No help from the European troops. We cannot understand it. The heat is very oppressive; half of our children are sick and we have no medicine. Our Sisters are tired. We make novena after novena. We are making one to St Anne. Shall we be heard? About seven o'clock we had an alarm. A crowd of Boxers seemed about to enter our house. A few shots scattered them. We still hear mines under Pe-Tang and Jen-Tse-Tang.

"*July 22nd.*—A terrible night. The fear of explosion keeps us in agony. It is awful! May God have mercy on us!

"*July 23rd.*—Torrents of rain last night. Our houses are roofless, the ceilings have fallen in. It rained in our rooms just as if we were in the open air. We could

not find a corner in which to sleep; there was water flowing everywhere. The day was tolerable until three o'clock. At about four several thousands of soldiers and Boxers rushed towards Pe-Tang and Jen-Tse-Tang. All our men ran to arms; the firing began with terrific noise. The sailors with their guns, the Chinese with long spears, beat off the Boxers. Two hundred were either killed or wounded. The slaughter was awful. Among ours, not a single man was injured; the protection of the Almighty is visible. Twice the Boxers attempted to enter our convent, twice they were repulsed.

"*July 24th.*—The heat is suffocating; we cannot breathe. The atmosphere is infected with the odour of dead bodies. We have many sick among our children and refugees.

"*July 25th.*—A rather calm night. In the distance we hear shooting and firing. Perhaps the troops are coming? We fear new mines; the very thought of them makes us shiver. May God protect us! One of our Missionaries is very sick. He has smallpox. The Italian officer is also sick; he has bronchitis. This is another worry, for we have neither doctor nor medicine, and we are blockaded on every side. It is impossible to get anything.

"*July 26th.*—The Octave of St Vincent and the Feast of St Anne. Our Bretons asked us to make a novena to her. Will she do anything for us? . . . Alas! yes; we had a new cross from the Almighty. The kind and worthy Rev. Father Chavanne has gone to heaven. Fifteen days ago he was at his post, watching, when he was wounded by a bullet, which we think was poisoned, since he has not recovered. At last black smallpox broke out and in a few hours carried him away. Our situation is unaltered; always the noise and shooting. Several of our sailors

are wounded; the Italian officer is also wounded and sick. Our situation becomes sadder and sadder.

"*July 28th.*—An awful night. We were bombarded unceasingly from eleven o'clock in the morning until noon next day."

On this day the efforts of the besiegers were especially directed towards the Sisters' buildings.

"A cannon was pointed only three hundred feet from Jen-Tse-Tang," says Bishop Favier. "The gunners were quickly shot; then it was removed a little farther and sent seventy-five projectiles towards us. The enemy seemed short of ammunition and charged their cannon with anything, even stone. During the night we received thirty-five shells and numberless gunshots from the ramparts."

"I do not understand how a single one of our buildings is still standing," adds Sister de Jaurias. "Two women and two children were killed by gunshots. The Boxers and soldiers came as near as the foot of the wall, crying, 'Cha! Cha! To death! To death!' To-day, Sunday, we heard Mass, deafened by the roaring of cannon. We received the Viaticum. We may be massacred at any time; we must be ready to die."

"*July 30th.*—The saddest and most sorrowful day of the siege. A day on which the most dauntless were disheartened and felt that they had to bid farewell to any hope of rescue. "On that day," writes Sister de Jaurias, "God seemed to withdraw from us all hope of human help. Perhaps he wishes to save us himself, or else he intends to take us to his Paradise. We belong to him. He is the Master."

During the night from 29th to the 30th M. René Bazin[1]

[1] *Paul Henry*, par René Bazin.

tells us the firing was incessant. It was especially sharp against Jen-Tse-Tang. It seemed that an assault was being prepared at this point. The danger was all the greater as the Italians' supply of ammunition was very scanty. At six o'clock in the morning Paul Henry advanced with twelve sailors to defend the western wall of Jen-Tse-Tang. It was high time. The shooting had injured it very badly; the position became unbearable. The enemy's aim seemed to be to destroy the fortified gate of Jen-Tse-Tang, and thus capture the position from which the Europeans were firing. At any cost this had to be prevented. At first the young officer bade his soldiers fire a volley on the Boxers. About fifty of them were disabled. He succeeded in wounding or killing the gunners in charge of the cannon that was used in an assault on the wall. It was set in the midst of the ruined houses, three hundred feet from the walls. On seeing this, the Chinese lugged their cannon six hundred feet further away and began the attack again. Paul Henry gathered his men to a safe place and told them that he was going to sally forth with them through the breach and take the cannon as they had done before at the eastern gate. Around him there were twelve French soldiers and five Italians who composed the small column. He said to them, "Friends, I have chosen you, for I know that you are skilful and courageous. I shall go with you to take this cannon. We shall go through Ku and rush on the cannon without firing. When we arrive we shall fire a volley while the Chinese are shouting Cha! Cha! If we have to fall back, we shall do it slowly while firing. We shall bring back those of our own who may be wounded."

At this moment one of the Brothers, a messenger, gave warning that the Boxers were rushing on the northern

wall and were throwing on the roofs burning faggots that had been soaked in petroleum. Paul Henry asked for two volunteers and ran towards the point of attack. On his way he met Sister de Jaurias, and said to her: " Sister, tell your children to pray. We are going to beat off an attack of soldiers and Boxers. Afterwards we shall try to take a cannon from them."

The sailors Delmas and Callac followed their officer. The three of them climbed a scaffolding set against the wall. Delmas began firing at once. He did not waste his bullets. In a few minutes twenty-eight Chinese were killed or wounded. The officer shouted: " Hurrah for Delmas ! Twenty-eight out of twenty-nine !"

He had no sooner spoken than Delmas was wounded in the right arm. The second sailor took the place of his wounded comrade. Of course, he had to expose himself. Paul Henry was bending over him in the same opening and commanded him to fire on a troop of besiegers who were advancing through a door in front of them. Before Callac had time to fire the officer behind had his neck and shoulder pierced by a ball. Paul Henry felt that he was mortally wounded. He began to descend the scaffolding. A second ball wounded him in the middle of his body, piercing him through and through. He had still strength to walk about fifty steps. The sailors who were waiting for him saw him turn pale. He fainted. He fell into the arms of Lehoux and Callac. The latter, in spite of his own wound, went to the assistance of his chief.

The Italian Midshipman Olivieri was there with the French and Italian sailors ready to make a sally. A large number of Chinese were there too. Everyone rushed towards him. Lehoux, who supported him,

noticed a drop of blood on the wounded man's collar. He unfastened the hook. The blood gushed out. The poor sailor tried to stop it by placing his two fingers on the wound. It was in vain. . . . The truth dawned upon them. Several of them supported their officer and friend to a veranda near by. A Chinese priest, Rev. Father Tso, gave him the Last Sacraments.

The attempt was given up. There was no one defending the walls. The enemy went on shooting at Pe-Tang, and for the first time they were not answered. Paul Henry was dying.

Bishop Favier was sent for in haste. . . . The Bishop says: " I was praying when my servant said: ' The officer is wounded.' I ran at once. I had not walked three steps when he said to me: ' He is dead.' Listen. I could not restrain the tears. I had done so until now. Not I alone, but all present wept.

The Chinese said: ' Why did not God keep this holy man alive?' I left priests in all dangerous places, in order that if any one was wounded, he could receive the Last Sacraments. He did not suffer one minute. The wound prevented him from speaking. He was smiling. There was neither frown nor change upon his face until his last breath. When he was brought to me, he was lying on a small bed, his face already quite pale. He was like the wax figure that one sees placed upon altars, and was twice as handsome as when he was alive."

At the news of his death, the sorrow was general. The sailors cried like children. The Chinese were plunged in a deep despondency. The Missionaries and Sisters, now without hope of rescue, silently prepared for martyrdom. The kitchens, where they were getting food ready

for the refugees and which were usually besieged by a starving crowd, were deserted. No one felt like eating. Poor Barbiche, the officer's faithful comrade, ran about insane with sorrow. A witness says: "He ran hither and thither like a soul in anguish, without knowing what he was doing."

Death did not take Paul Henry by surprise. He was ready to welcome it. Sister de Jaurias writes: "During the siege, when his duty did not keep him on the ramparts, he heard Mass daily and often received Holy Communion."

On the 18th of July he wrote his will, a wonderful example of filial love, generosity and faith.

"Kind and beloved parents, dear brothers and sisters: If I am killed these words will be my farewell. Do not grieve too much. I perish for a noble cause. I hope I have fulfilled my duty. I bequeath to you my small belongings. I beg of you to deduct from the money I leave you, one hundred francs for the Chinese Missions, now so tried. Once more, beloved parents, farewell.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The young officer's burial took place the next day amidst the tears of three thousand people. They saw their last human hope disappear with him. He was buried with military honours, in the Park at the foot of the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The Quartermaster Elias became, by Midshipman Paul Henry's death, the chief of the French detachment and the leader of the resistance in the Pe-Tang section. The right of general command really belonged to the Italian Midshipman Olivieri, who was higher in rank.

He exercised his command without leaving Jen-Tse-Tang; but really Bishop Favier and Bishop Jarlin managed everything.

The danger became graver, because of the demoralization among the sailors caused by their officer's death. Truly the most resolute and courageous were disheartened. Their physical and moral strength was exhausted. For sixty days they had been in the breach, unceasingly in contact with the enemy, watching and fighting. They slept in the trenches for a short time, disturbed by the roar of cannon. They were awakened every moment by alarms. The food was insufficient and unwholesome. The spirit of cheerfulness, which had helped them to bear every privation and suffering, left them at the death of their chief. Despondency was great, especially among the refugees. The Europeans could not get any help from them. Bishop Jarlin himself, who had great influence over them and whose zeal had excited them, could no longer animate their lethargy. The old Chinese fatalism prevailed, and they said: " It is better to let death come, since it is unavoidable, than to keep on with a useless resistance."

It seemed as if the Boxers guessed their state of mind. On the 31st of July, the day after Paul Henry's death, many arrows fell on Pe-Tang. Printed leaflets were fastened to them, exhorting the Christians to give in. " Chinese Christians shut up in Pe-Tang, reduced to the last misery, eating leaves, why do you resist with so much madness when you can no longer hold out? We have against you cannon and mines. You will be blown up in a short time. You were deceived by the European devils. Come back to the old Fu religion. Give up into our hands Bishop Favier and others, and you will be

safe and will be given food to eat. If you do not, yourselves, wives and children will be cut into pieces."

"In other ways," says Sister de Jaurias, "the Boxers promised the Christians, if they betrayed and deserted, that they would share in the spoil of Pe-Tang when it was plundered. These promises and threats found the Christians immovable. Not a single one fell away. They had no more courage to resist, but they were resigned to die, spurning the idea of apostasy and betrayal."

The temptation was great. Hunger, which is a bad adviser, tortured them. Bishop Favier says: "The matter of food is almost the only one that worries us. Balls and shells one can fight, but famine cannot be fought."

The stores of the besieged were almost spent. The daily allowance, which was settled from the beginning at a pound per person, was reduced from the 2nd of July to three hundred grams only. Food for ten days more could be provided only by so lessening each one's part. To increase their supply, the Chinese refugees climbed the trees of the Park to gather the leaves in spite of the balls that whistled through the branches. Several met their death. "On the 8th of August," writes Bishop Favier, "a Christian woman was shot and fell like a poor bird pierced by an arrow." Others dug up bulbs of dahlias and lilies, and roots of other plants in the garden. They boiled and ate these greedily.

In spite of danger, some got beyond the walls at night. They searched the burnt houses. They sometimes brought back a little damaged or burnt rice; sometimes they did not come back. About ten of our Christians left us, not being able to endure the hunger any longer. Three of them were at once cut to pieces by the Boxers. The most fortunate succeeded in capturing some of the

wandering dogs, so numerous in Pekin, which were prowling round the ramparts, attracted by the odour of death. Unfortunately this piece of luck did not often fall to their share.

On the 2nd of August Sister de Jaurias writes: "We are giving our children and refugees only two small bowls of rice a day. After this week we shall not have any more to give."

On the 3rd of August they had to reduce this allowance. Bishop Favier writes: "We have weighed carefully anything that could be possibly eaten; the whole stock amounts to seven thousand pounds. It has been decided to give only one thousand pounds daily for the three thousand people. This will enable us to live for seven days more."

"We can distribute only one bowl of very light rice each day," writes Sister de Jaurias. "This is enough to prevent starvation. Every one looks dreadful. We feel sorry for our poor children. Half of them will die. Dear little ones! they do not complain, they are very good, but they are suffering. What a torture it is to see people starving!"

Bishop Favier says: "More than three hundred children were crying for food. The very hot weather prevented me from sleeping. All through the night it seemed as though I heard the bleating of a flock of lambs destined to be sacrificed. The moan decreased daily, for we buried one hundred and seventy of these innocent creatures."

"The poor mothers gave part of their allowance to their infants. They could no longer suckle them. They poured light rice into their mouths with pieces of tin instead of spoons. One morning, before Holy Mass, one of these valiant Christian women, who had given

birth to a child during the night, cast herself at my feet, saying: 'Bishop, I beg of you, have a bowl of millet given me in order that I may suckle my child.'" With tears the Bishop had to tell her there was none left.

The strongest and most enduring men were struck with dismay by this scourge. Emaciated, they dragged themselves along, supporting themselves by the walls. They remained whole days under the veranda, even refusing to get up to protect themselves from the bullets. When they were asked to work at laying mines, they answered, without turning their heads, "I am hungry."

Bishop Favier says: "If the Boxers attack the foremost five hundred lancers, not even twenty-five will be in a state to beat them off."

At last, on the 10th of August, the last of the food was shared out; after this there was no more. Bishop Favier says: "We state with dread that after two days we shall have no more food. We saved four hundred pounds of rice and one mule in order that our defenders might live ten days more. We put the question whether or not we should keep something for ourselves and Sisters. Unanimously it was answered 'No! We shall die with our Christians.' The allowance is reduced to two ounces per person, which gives us six days; but what days! At least water is not lacking; people may live a considerable time when not deprived of it."

These starving people lived in a continual state of anxiety. They were so used to the sound of cannon that they were insensible to it. All their fear was for the underground noises which were heard on every side. The bombardment lessened, but the work of the mines was continued with ardour. A whole net of tunnels ran in every direction under Pe-Tang and Jen-Tse-Tang.

Every moment they expected that the Boxers would explode the mines in spite of the careful guard kept around the walls. Alas ! their fears were only too true.

" On Sunday, the 12th of August," writes Bishop Favier, " at a quarter-past six, a formidable explosion was heard. A mine, more terrible than the others, exploded at the Sisters' Convent. We all ran. Happily most of the Sisters and children were at Mass in the chapel, otherwise half of the people would have been killed. The damage was awful. The whole eastern part of Jen-Tse-Tang was reduced to a heap of rubbish. An opening, twenty-one feet deep by twelve long, marked the place of the explosion. Five Italian sailors and their officer disappeared. More than eighty-five Christians, including fifty children of the Infant School, are buried for ever in this immense chaos. In spite of a shower of bullets we ran to rescue the wounded. If the Boxers had courageously attacked us then we were lost. About fifty of them tried to force an entry, but were killed by the French sailors who had hastened to the scene of the disaster. The others ran away. All day we searched for those who were buried under the ruins. After eleven hours' work we rescued M. Olivieri who commanded the Italian detachment. He was covered with bruises, but he will recover. Among his five sailors, two were found alive, but their wounds are so serious that there is little hope of their recovery.

" A party of French sailors is installed at Jen-Tse-Tang with a few Seminarists in case it should be necessary to defend the breach, now two hundred and fifty feet long. Since eight o'clock this morning the shooting has not stopped. We have received more than one hundred projectiles. We are in the last extremity."

In spite of these awful events, hope dawned again on the besieged. The most downcast cheered up a little. From certain indications it was concluded that the European troops were not far away.

The bombardment did not cease, but it was carried on in a disorderly way. The marksmanship was bad; it was evident that the cannon were in charge of unskilful gunners.

This unwonted fact showed that the regular soldiers had left the surroundings of Pe-Tang for another destination. The Boxers remained alone to continue their work of hate and destruction. Cannon had been left to them, but ammunition was scarce. To load the cannon they used the queerest projectiles. Bishop Favier writes: "Again to-day sixty cannon-shots. Instead of cannon balls they used anything—pieces of earthenware, nails, stone, and even bricks. That augured well, and gave good reason to hope for a speedy rescue, as did the uninterrupted report of cannon, which was heard in the distance, towards the south-east. It seemed each hour to come nearer, and left no doubt that there was fighting over there."

In the evening of August 11th, for a few hours a balloon was visible, moving to and fro, and showed the place of the battlefield. The irregular but incessant firing of the Boxers reminded the besieged that danger was still serious. They had to maintain the defence until the arrival of the troops. The passion of the fanatics became violent. Seeing that their victims were to escape them, they lost their usual prudence. They came to the foot of the ramparts, and with furious gestures, shouted: "The European devils are coming; we shall die if we must, but you will all be blown up first."

This was not a vain threat. On the 13th of August, at eleven o'clock, another mine exploded under Jen-Tse-Tang. The people were frightened but no one was injured. The damaged seemed only material, but alas ! it claimed one victim.

Sister de Jaurias' constitution, already worn out by hard work, extremely weakened by the privations of the siege, was unable to resist this last shock. These mines, running treacherously underground and exploding suddenly in all directions, produced in her a feeling of dread which she could not succeed in controlling. It was with a smile that she spoke about " the music of the cannon " and the " flute-like song of the balls." She knew that this was the habitual orchestra that attends and supports the battle-cry. For more than two months she went about without losing her peace and serenity in the midst of the grape-shot that abounded. The daughter of St Vincent did not fear death, and it was with a tranquil heart that she faced it.

But she could not overcome her anger and indignation about the use of mines, which she called " unfair weapons." When she talked about them, she lost something of her habitual calm and became agitated, for her nerves were all unstrung by this last shock. " Oh ! these explosions ! If you knew how much I feel them ! None but the agents of Satan would make use of them. They are pictures of hell. The beams of the houses give way; roofs, walls, everything tumbles in. It becomes impossible to see anything. People are buried several yards deep. Corpses cut into pieces give an awful odour."

Every day the besieged noticed with more certainty that the forward march of the European troops was not opposed. Then grape-shot and volleys were heard very

distinctly as they rent the air. Small white flakes, produced by shells exploding in the air, marked the place where the troops were fighting as they approached nearer and nearer.

The inhabitants of Pe-Tang were praying fervently. All were in an agony of doubt as to what would be the outcome of the battle. Would a handful of Europeans succeed in defeating the Chinese armies ? Was rescue or death awaiting them on the morrow ?

At eleven o'clock groups of fugitives were seen moving in haste. Bishop Favier writes: " In spite of the shells which came from all quarters, hope revived; we recovered our speech; we smiled again, for rescue was at hand. At five o'clock in the evening five foreign officers and a sailor, making gestures towards the east, could be seen through the telescope. Not far from the same spot an American flag waved.

" At nine o'clock volleys were multiplied. We saw two or three hundred wounded Chinese soldiers being removed." When night came, no one thought of going to sleep. Indeed, the activities of the Boxers did not cease. The continual firing kept the besieged fully awake. The Sisters, tired to death, were lying on their beds, dressed, ready for anything. At one o'clock in the morning, as the balls were whizzing across the dormitory, they heard moaning near where Sister de Jaurias was lying. The Sisters thought she was injured by a projectile. They anxiously approached her. She said: " I am not wounded, but I think I am going to have a paralytic stroke." The Sisters noticed that her neck was stiff and her tongue affected. She moved with difficulty. Paralysis had, indeed, made its appearance, slight but sure. Prompt care given at once averted

this first stroke. A great improvement was soon visible. They thought that they had warded off the illness. At ten o'clock a new stroke caused her to faint. It did not last long, but they thought it wiser to give her the Holy Viaticum and to anoint her.

This was a great consolation to her. It had been a great grief to her to be deprived of Holy Communion on the Feast of the Assumption, but she resigned herself to it humbly. Divine Providence, touched by her resignation, took pity on her suffering. Everything was arranged for her as with maternal solicitude.

After the reception of the Last Sacraments she felt much better, and within a few hours the Sisters hoped she would recover. The joy produced by the approach of the Allied Troops added a zest to the filial care by which the Sisters of Charity surrounded their beloved Superior. They felt that the last assault had been made. The report of the cannon resounded in the ears of the besieged like a flourish of victory. From the top of the Cathedral they could watch the invasion of the Manchurian City by the European soldiers, driving the regular Chinese soldiers and Boxers before them. It seemed that nothing could stop their march; they were surely coming at last.

Evening came; night fell. The cannon in the distance had grown still. Uncertainty and anguish filled every heart anew; the rescuers had not arrived. They slept on the battlefield. Were they asleep with the feverish sleep of conquerors, dreaming of an incomplete victory or with the heavy sleep of death? . . .

During the night the sound of mines exploding underground alternated with the noise of the bombardment. To remain in Jen-Tse-Tang was considered to be too

dangerous. The ruins of the buildings and chapel were expected to fall in at any moment. The Sisters received orders to go to Pe-Tang. At the dawn of day they carried their beloved patient with them. Bishop Favier put his own room at her disposal, but as she was brought in several Chinese balls pierced it. A safer place had to be sought.

A few hours later it was noticed that the firing had grown fainter. One after another the cannon grew silent. Finally, at about six o'clock, they knew by sounds that the allied troops were only within a few hundred feet.

"I had just said Mass," writes Bishop Favier, "and was making my thanksgiving in the porch, when I heard volleys fired by a large troop coming from the south. At half-past seven the firing was much nearer, and before eight it was heard only nine hundred feet away, behind the gate of the Yellow City named Si-Moa. The gate was closed. There were many soldiers guarding it. In the street leading from this gate to the Imperial Palace several very strong barricades, made with bags of rice, were defended by fifteen hundred men at least, without reckoning the Boxers and regular soldiers stationed at the loopholes in the houses. They were armed with sharp shooting guns.

"Some of our people climbing walls thought they recognized the European soldiers stationed behind the gate; others said they were the Chinese soldiers. We wondered whether this was a last attack or whether rescue was actually taking place. I ventured to blow three times on a clarion 'La Casquette du Père Bugeaud.' No sound, no hurrah from the outside answered; but from inside a shower of projectiles poured on us. A shell burst at my feet, but I had time to get out of the way

and to take refuge behind a column of brick. Half an hour later a courageous Christian, who had climbed the wall of the Yellow City, came running back and said to me: 'They are certainly Europeans; I saw an officer dressed in white with decorations.'

"We had already put a French flag on the top of the church with this signal: 'We ask for immediate help.' The director of the Seminary and our pupils then put out another flag six hundred feet farther north and blew the clarion. The officer who had been noticed approached the flag; a ladder was handed to him. He shook hands with my coadjutor who had gone that way. He was a Japanese Captain. He asked: 'Can you open the gate of the Yellow City?' This was impossible, considering our small numbers. Then he said: 'Very well, I am going to blow it open.'

"He went back to the other side of the wall. At this moment a new troop with blue uniforms were seen advancing quickly, and at the same time keeping up a steady fire. Some one cried to me: 'This time there is no doubt, they are French soldiers.' They ran straight to the flags and fixed a few ladders on their side; we did the same. In a few minutes fifty men of the Marty Company were with us. While this was happening, the Japanese had climbed over the wall on the south and had opened part of the gate. The French artillery, placed opposite, finished the work. In spite of the firing of several shots a minute, they rushed on the barricades. The foot soldiers in Pe-Tang had time to cross our buildings and take the large barricades from the rear. They had to climb into the garrisoned houses and kill the defenders with the sword. A battle was fought. More than eight hundred corpses of Boxers or regular soldiers were lying on the

ground. We have to bewail the death of only two men and three wounded, among them Captain Marty.

"It was about ten o'clock. Pichon, the French Minister, and General Frey had entered Pe-Tang fifteen minutes before this. We were rescued by French soldiers."

After the first moments consecrated to gratitude and joy, it was necessary to bring a little order into the chaos which prevailed in Pe-Tang and Jen-Tse-Tang. Food and shelter had to be provided for the refugees. Bishop Favier had noticed the day before that only four hundred pounds of food remained for three thousand people. He adds: "Providence seems to have counted the grains of rice; who could have reckoned more accurately?"

Everyone set to work courageously. The Sisters went back to Jen-Tse-Tang and contrived to find shelter for their children and refugees. They settled them as well as they could under whatever roofs were still left standing.

Sister de Jaurias, shaking off the numbness which affected her limbs, had her eye to everything. She dragged herself from place to place, encouraging, advising, and directing. The Community exercises, so often interrupted during these last few months, began again regularly, Sister de Jaurias, despite her serious state of health, still attending them all.

On the 19th of August at half-past four in the morning she was in the chapel presiding at prayers with a faltering voice. After hearing Mass she sat at her work-table to write. At ten o'clock her head fell forward on her paper and her body gave way on the right side.

Paralysis followed its usual course and this time spread

over her whole body. The stricken Sister remained for two days perfectly motionless. Her eyes were closed, her lips were dumb, but she smiled gently and her countenance was beaming with joy; she seemed lost in ecstasy. For her the vision of heaven seemed to have commenced.

During these two days Bishop Favier and Bishop Jarlin and the Sisters of the three Houses of Pekin remained by the dying Sister's bedside, attending her with care and prayer. Finally, on August 21st, without opening her eyes, which had been closed for two days, the holy Sister gave up her soul to God. According to her own words she had gone "to heaven to see from there the triumph of Holy Church and the conversion of China" for which she had worked for forty-seven years. . . .

At the beginning of the siege, Sister de Jaurias wrote: "Our establishments are almost destroyed. With happiness I saw them growing up and I think I shall come to an end with them." Her prophecy was fulfilled. She presided at their foundation, and saw their destruction; their revival from this destruction she was to witness from heaven.

APPENDIX

THE following letter has been received from the Sister Superior of Jen-Tse-Tang:

JEN-TSE-TANG,
SI CHE KOU,
PEKIN.

PEKIN,
12th July, 1926.

The House of the Immaculate Conception in Pekin, Jen-Tse-Tang, was almost entirely destroyed in 1900. The siege of Pe-Tang by the Boxers ruined not only material property, but also life and health.

On the day of the relief, August 16th, the venerable Superior saw round her only a heap of ruins under which, with women and children, many of the defenders of Jen-Tse-Tang were buried. Those who survived were little more than shadows.

She who had sustained their courage during the storm succumbed almost immediately, going to receive in heaven the reward of so much labour and so many trials. The months that followed the raising of the siege saw the death of the majority of the children of the Institute. A few of the stronger succeeded in recovering health and strength and became the nucleus from which the whole was to revive.

In 1901 some more children were confided to the Sisters, and in 1902 they had 30 babies at nurse, about 150 orphans and 80 children in the school. Little by little the different departments began to develop again, and very soon the Holy Infancy Orphanage, the workshops, the classes for the children of poor Christians and

for Catechumens, were in full swing. The classes for Catechumens alone registered 200 admissions a year.

Jen-Tse-Tang was destined to suffer new trials, but these were not to prove destructive.

Famine, war and floods brought a multitude of unfortunates to the Institution, and cruel epidemics decimated the Sisters and children.

During 1917 and 1918 so great was the misery that 700 children were admitted to the Holy Infancy, and 300 women and young girls to the catechism classes.

The number of children reached the maximum at this time. A deadly epidemic of typhus which broke out soon after left many a void.

At this epoch another development of the work was set on foot, that of providing a School.

Commencing with six girls, the School counts today 80 pupils, and has become a Franco-Chinese School recognised by the Government. The pupils, whether boarders or day pupils, follow the official Courses of Instruction given by the Sisters and by Chinese masters, and receive diplomas.

A fair number of Mistresses have already taken the diplomas at this "École Normale," and seventy-five of the pupils have entered the Community of the Sisters of Charity. Jen-Tse-Tang at the present date consists of the following departments:

1. Orphanage of the Holy Infancy.

1. Babies at nurse	150
2. Section for the very young children	85
3. Section for the Junior Children	140
4. Section for Seniors—Boys and Girls	132
5. Section for Incurables	86

2. Board School for the Children of Poor Converts.

1. Workshops	40
2. Elementary Classes	130

3. Classes for Catechumens.

1. Neophytes	35
2. Catechumens	110

4. Franco-Chinese Normal School.

1. Pupils	82
2. Aspirants to the Community	12

Personnel.

5. 1. Sisters of Charity	27
	(of whom 20 are Chinese)
2. Professors	4
3. Assistant Mistresses, etc.	50

On March 25th, 1928, Very Revd. Father Le Roy, Provincial of the French Dominicans, visited Jen-Tse-Tang and forwarded the following particulars to the translator:

"The copy of the Bulletin of the Pekin Missions that I am sending you is entirely devoted to Jen-Tse-Tang, which is, as you doubtless know, the part of Pekin occupied by the Sisters of Charity. There are about twenty-seven Sisters—nineteen Chinese and eight Europeans—to direct and control an extremely complicated and difficult undertaking. The number of children in their charge varies from a thousand to twelve hundred. Jen-Tse-Tang consists of six immense buildings. A photo taken from an aeroplane would be necessary to give you an

adequate idea of how they are constructed. Up to the present no such photo exists. I am forwarding to you the only two photographs that I have been able to procure. One shows the interior of the Chapel of Jen-Tse-Tang, the other the tablet erected to the memory of Sister de Jaurias. This tablet is on the left wall of the Chapel. You can just see the corner of it behind the first pillar on the left side of the photograph. It was formerly above the tomb of the Sister, but since the interment the Chapel has been enlarged. It was found necessary to move back the wall about a couple of yards. The tomb has not been touched, but the tablet had to follow the wall. A line in the floor indicates the position of the tomb. On this spot I said in your name a very special prayer.

"If you stand at the tomb and look towards the Sanctuary, the tablet is on the side wall at the left of the Chapel about two yards away."

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